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THE NEW YORKER

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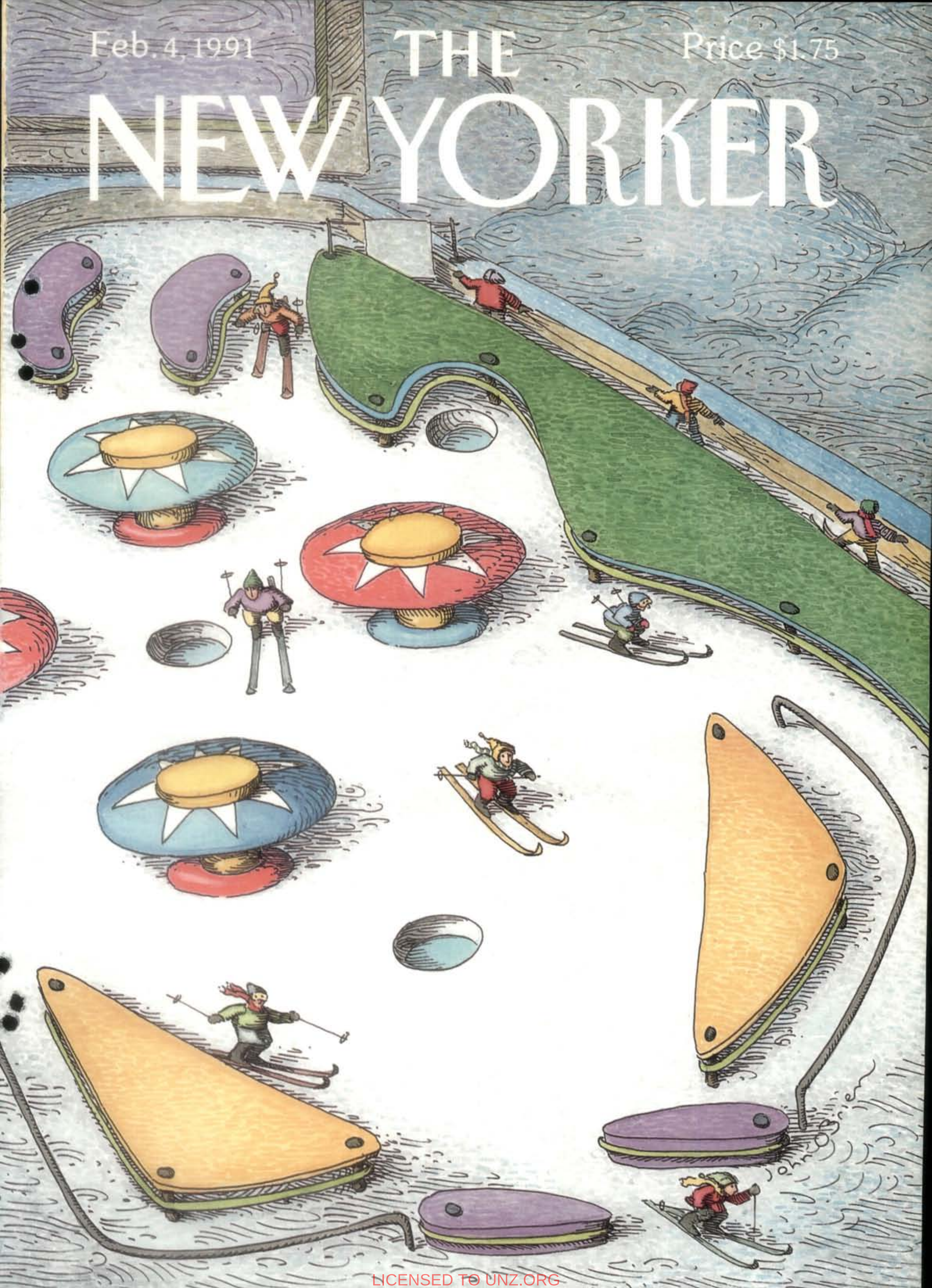
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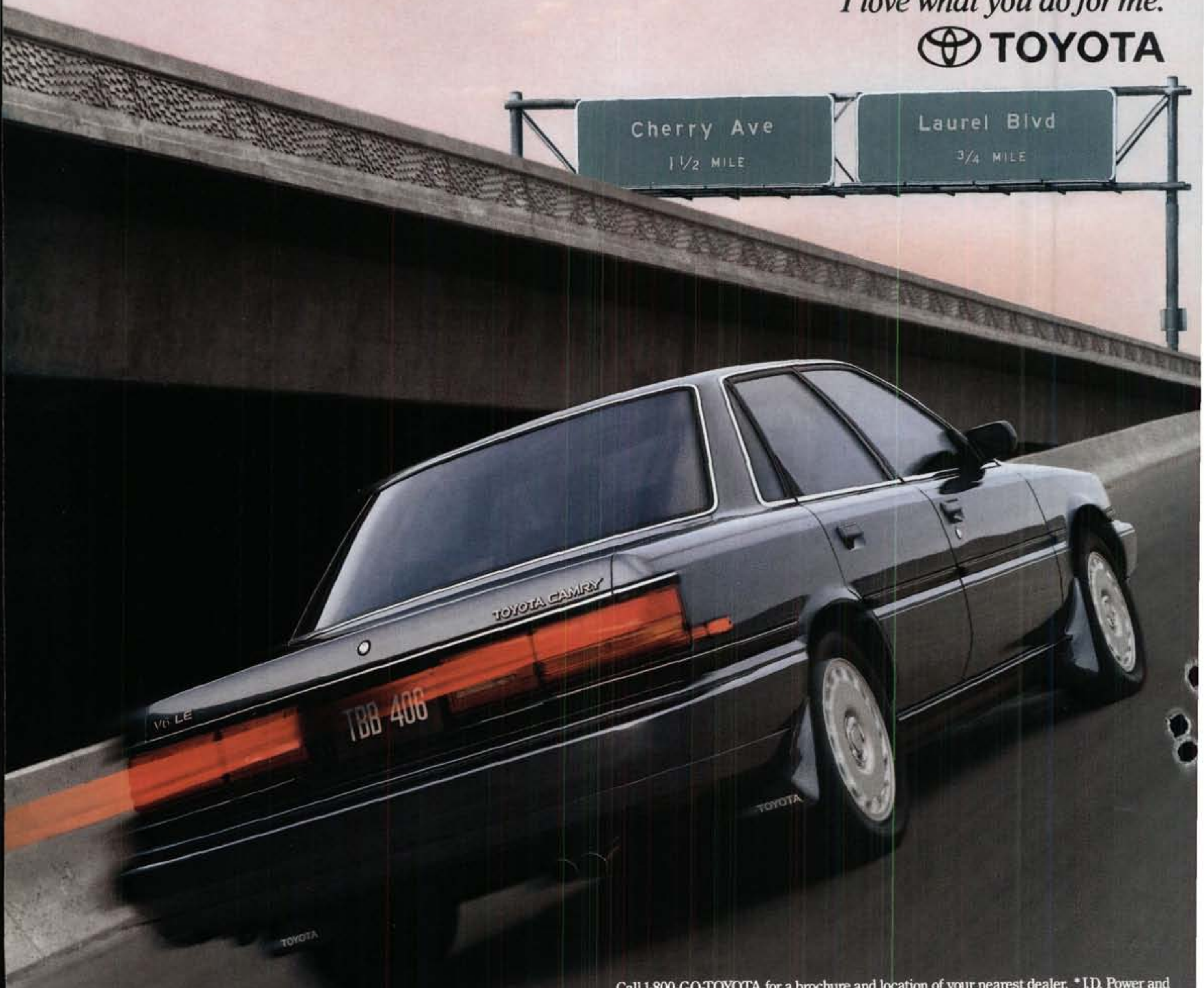

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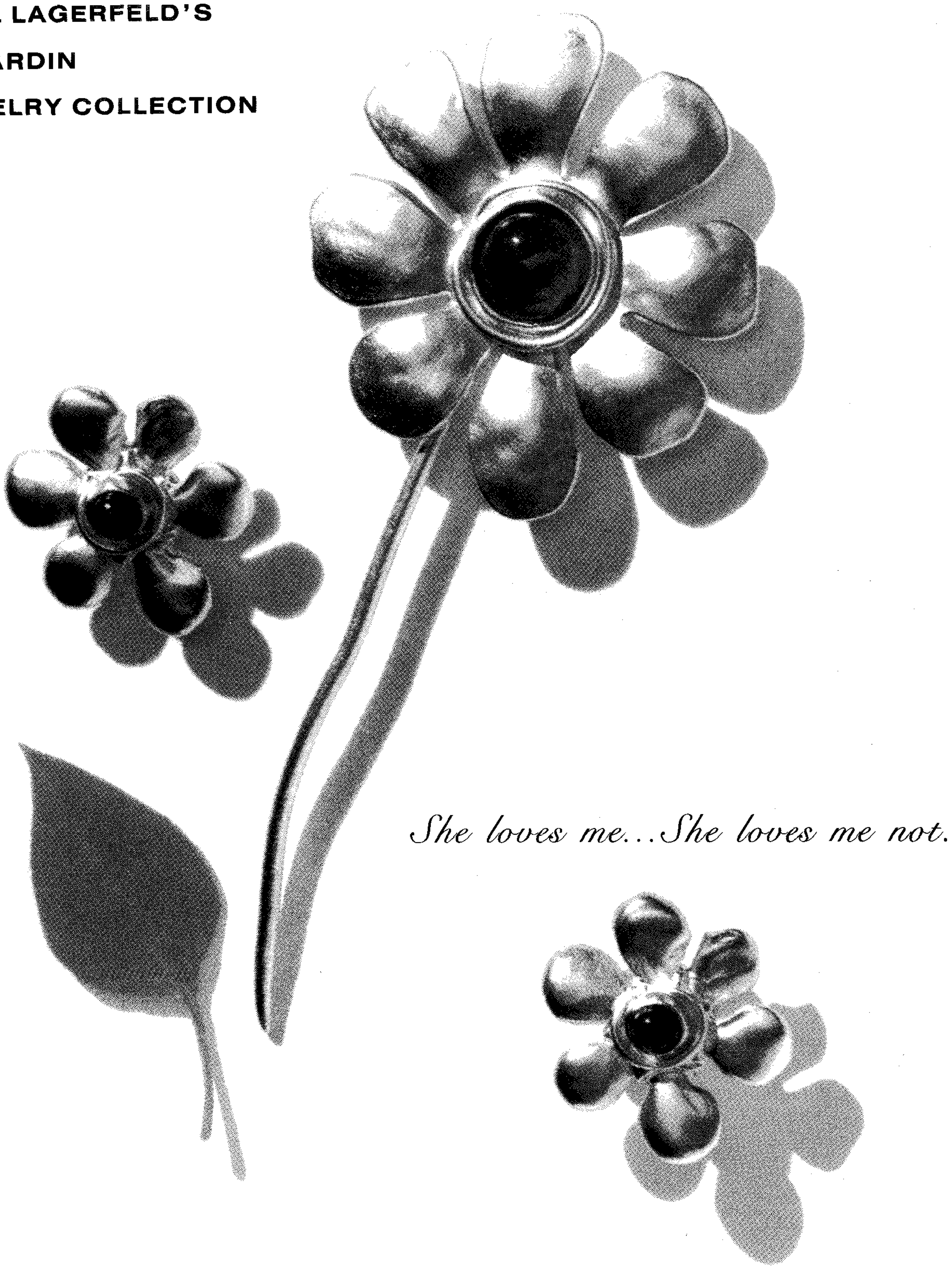

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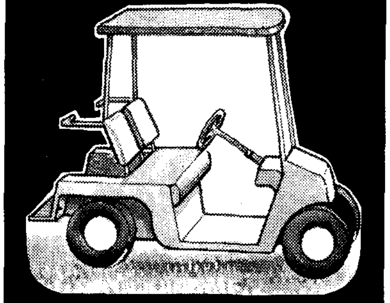

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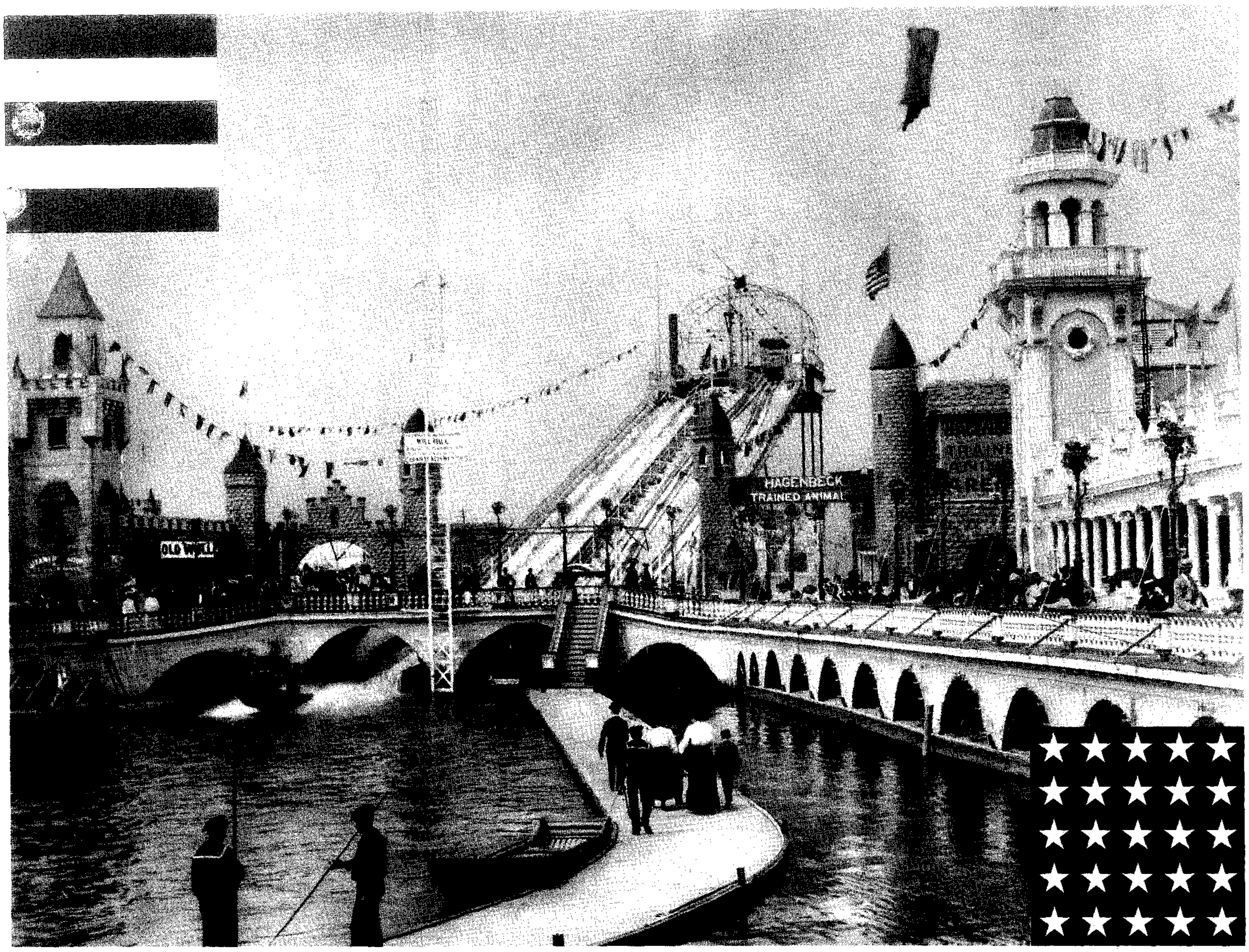
Where the hot dog was invented



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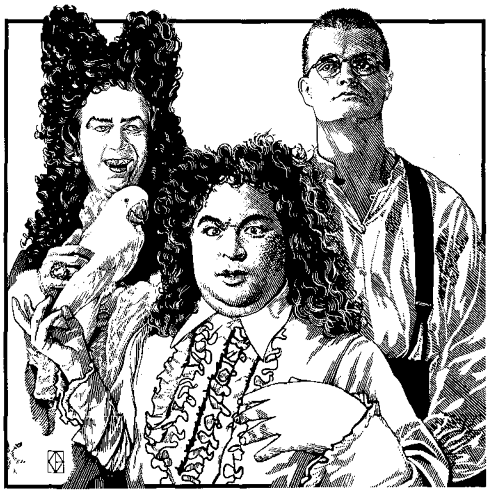
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

SIMÓN BOLÍVAR, as the protagonist of Gabriel García Márquez's "The General in His Labyrinth," wanders unclothed one night through a building where troops have hung his hammock. He overhears a woman singing. "Tell me it's never too late to die of love," the stranger intones under her breath. It's a sentiment that could have easily come from Bolívar's great-niece, the pianist Teresa Carreño, who is the subject of "Carreño," a play—written and performed by Pamela Ross—that has recently returned to the INTAR Theatre after an intermediate stop in the Liberator's birthplace: Caracas. In Ms. Ross's drama, Teresa (1853-1917) dies of love not for a sexual partner but for her first daughter, Emilita, who was given up for adoption without her mother's knowledge. Teresa's years-long search for Emilita is emblematic of a life one might call either unusually tempestuous (four husbands, seven children) or predictably unsettled—the lot of the globe-trotting artist. There is much artistry on display here: Ms. Ross, a well-drilled musician, serves up several selections—mostly Romantic—from Teresa's repertoire. Her rendition of the Chopin C-Sharp-Minor Scherzo (which she has recorded, along with the three other scherzos, on the Musical Heritage Society label) manages somehow to be both hair-raising and restorative. The non-musical aspect of "Carreño" is a recital, too (of facts), one that is not particularly artful but is at least not confusing.



Dylan Baker, Tom McGowan, and Michael Cumpsty in "La Bête"

The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's latest production takes place across the Caribbean from Caracas, in a city that has become the king (sorry, L.A.) of warm-weather cool. The evening's title, "In Miami as It Is in Heaven," would seem to point to this shift in the Zeitgeist, but the phrase is intended ironically: the play involves intergenerational conflict among a group of Cuban refugees, and their concerns are anything but ephemeral. The playwright, Raul de Cárdenas, has a deft, if at times heavy, hand; the director, Alba Oms, has directed professionally; and the cast, led by Emilio del Pozo, is capable. Some performances of "In Miami"—and "Carreño"—are offered in English; others are in Spanish.

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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ABSENT FRIENDS—The New York première of a 1975 comedy by the British playwright Alan Ayckbourn. Lynne Meadow directed. Gillian Anderson, Brenda Blethyn, John Curless, Peter Frechette, Ellen Parker, and David Purdham make up the cast. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

LA BÊTE—Tom McGowan stars in this comedy by David Hirson, which is written entirely in verse. Richard Jones directed. In previews. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

DEAD MOTHER, OR SHIRLEY NOT ALL IN VAIN—A new comedy written and directed by, and featuring, David Greenspan. Previews Jan. 29-30. Opens Jan. 31 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

EARTH AND SKY—A play by Douglas Post, directed by André Ernotte. Jennifer Van Dyck and Justin Deas lead the cast. Previews through Feb. 3. Opens Feb. 4 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

HENRY IV, PARTS I AND II—The sixteenth and seventeenth plays in the Public's Shakespeare Marathon, both directed by JoAnne Akalaitis, will run in repertory through March 31. Both are in previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

MULE BONE—The première of a never-produced 1930 collaboration between Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes. Directed by Michael Schultz. With Akosua Busia, Kenny Neal, and Eric Ware. In previews. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THE MY HOUSE PLAY—A comedy by Wendy MacLeod. With Jayce Bartok, Lewis J. Stadlen, Welker White, and others. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

TAKING STEPS—Another comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, this one from 1979. With Christopher Benjamin, Bill Buell, Jonathan Hogan, Spike McClure, Pippa Pearthree, and Jane Summerhays; directed by Alan Strachan. Previews begin Feb. 1. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

RECENTLY OPENED

ASSASSINS—Stephen Sondheim's new musical, with a book by John Weidman; directed by Jerry Zaks. The cast includes Victor Garber, Annie Golden, Jonathan Hadary, Terrence Mann, and Debra Monk. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

BETTER DAYS—A play by Richard Dresser, presented by the Primary Stages theatre company. With Daniel Ahearn, James Gleason, Susan Greenhill, and others. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471. Closes Feb. 16.)

BUDDY: THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—Anyone who thinks that rock and roll lives on had better steer clear of this ersatz docu-musical about the life of Buddy Holly. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/19/90.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

CAMILLE, A TEARJERKER—Everett Quinton and the late Charles Ludlam are both at their best in this revival of Mr. Ludlam's 1973 spoof, which gives Mr. Quinton a chance to "play the whore" on a grand scale. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

CARREÑO—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross and directed by Gene Frankel. Most performances are in English; a few are in Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE COUNTRY GIRL—A first-rate revival of the Odets play, with David Rasche as the bibulous star, Karen Allen as his steadfast wife, and Paul McCrane as the misguided director. (1/21/91) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes Feb. 10.)

THE DANCE OF DEATH—Strindberg's play, in a translation by Harry G. Carlson. With [illegible]oanne Camp, Richard Fancy, Janet Kingsley, and Paul O'Brien. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Feb. 16.)

DAUGHERTY & FIELD OFF-BROADWAY—The cabaret team of Bill Daugherty and Robin Field in [illegible] revue of swing and show tunes. (Double Image, 15 Vandam St. 924-1120.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—The Israeli actor Topol makes a commanding Tevye—the best of all of them—in this production, which falls somewhere between revival and facsimile. The songs are by Bock and Harnick; the dances and direction are re-created from the Jerome Robbins originals; and the costumes are from the Patricia Zipprodt originals. (12/3/90) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

GROWN UPS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's 1981 play. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes Feb. 10.)

IN MIAMI AS IT IS IN HEAVEN—A play by Raul de Cárdenas. Three performances a week are in English, and four are in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

JACKIE MASON: BRAND NEW—The comedian brings his one-man show to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: Ibsen's WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN (through March 29) and Cocteau's INFERNAL MACHINE (through Feb. 1). (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

LYNDON—Lyndon Johnson, in the person of Lawrence Luckenbill, wanders around the Oval Office reviewing (and justifying) his political career. He is convincing most of the time, both dramatically and historically, and this one-man show is more interesting than most. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes Feb. 17.)

MAMBO MOUTH—John Leguizamo's one-man show. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

MONSTER IN A BOX—Spalding Gray's latest autobiographical monologue. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Mondays and occasional Sundays, through Feb. 25.)

ONCE ON THIS ISLAND—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Mark Neibuhr is the former and Miriam Healy-Louie is the latter in this production by Theatre for a New Audience. Bill Alexander directed. (Victory, 209 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

SHADOWLANDS—William Nicholson's vulgar stage adaptation of the beautiful television film about C. S. Lewis that he wrote for the BBC is essentially a tourist trap. [illegible] Broadwayizes everything that in the movie was subtle or sincere. Directed by Elijah Moshinsky; with Nigel Hawthorne and Jane Alexander. (11/26/90) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. (6/25/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

THE SUM OF US—David Stevens' poignant comedy about how hard it is for parents and

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

children to break free of each other (particularly if they get on too well) is set in present-day Australia. Depending on how you look at it, the play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed; but cast and direction are both excellent. (11/5/90) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

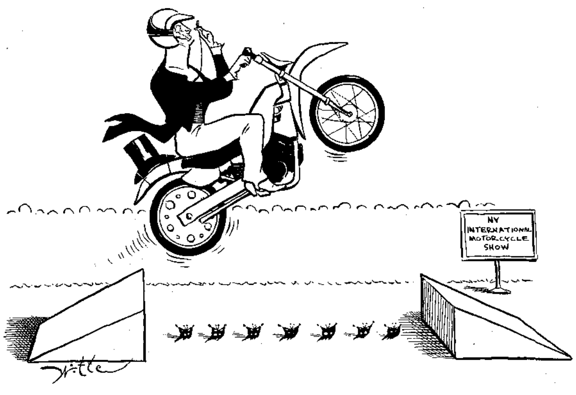
Those Were the Days—One could almost wish that this tribute to the Yiddish musical theatre, directed and choreographed by Eleanor Reissa, were less assimilated—stricter in its concept and selection (witness the title song, which has nothing to do with the Yiddish musical theatre). But the charming and adept performances of Bruce Adler, Robert Abelson, Mina Bern, and Lori Wilner, together with Zalmen Mlotek's klezmer music, make the show a joyful celebration of the shtetl culture, and put it among the very best of its kind. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

When Lightning Strikes Twice—A double bill of plays by H. M. Koutoukas: "Awful People Are Coming Over So We Must Be Pretending to Be Hard at Work and Hope They Will Go Away" and "Only a Countess May Dance When She's Crazy." With Everett Quinton. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of **PHILEMON,** the 1970 musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Feb. 3.)

LONG RUNS

ASPECTS OF LOVE: Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cars or trains) but ends up being a monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular setting and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirtieth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. With Rene Ceballos, David Carroll, Lynette Perry, and Chip Zien. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **PRELUDE TO A KISS:** Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. John Randolph is the old man, Ashley Crow is the bride, and John Dossett is the groom. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.) . . . **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick, and Sherman Yellen. Directed by Lonny Price. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN:** This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray, it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)



DANCE

"WHEN people ask me about Chinese dance, I always feel a little sadness. The support system to maintain it is just not there." The speaker is Margaret Yuen, director of the Red Silk Dancers, who specialize in works based on traditional village dances from various parts of China. Ms. Yuen, who is also one of the group's choreographers, has learned village dancing over the past twenty years—from Chinese practitioners who emigrated to the United States, and during her own visits to China. Still, she cautions against taking her interest for granted. "In terms of cultural background, I'm not any more Chinese than anyone else is," she said during a recent conversation. "Don't take my color as evidence of anything; don't say, 'She must know more about Chinese dance because she looks Chinese.' "

Ms. Yuen's voice grew more determined. "Look," she said, "there are two questions: How will these old art forms survive? and How does one look at them now?" She pointed out that, despite concerted attempts since 1949 on the part of anthropologists to record popular dances in China, the inflections, the meanings, and even the steps inevitably change with new performers. Furthermore, when theatrical professionals who specialize in such dancing emigrate from China to the United States, they usually want to take up entirely new lives and quickly stop dancing altogether. As for the Chinese-American community, Ms. Yuen argues that the performing arts in general do not enjoy there the prestige accorded literature or painting; although small children are encouraged to study Chinese dance, they tend to drop out by adolescence. In New York, which has one of the largest Chinese communities of any city outside China, there are only two or three teachers of traditional Chinese dance now active. Most of the Red Silk Dancers study ballet; a few practice Peking Opera-style acrobatics as well.

As for looking at what we call ethnic dance, Ms. Yuen wondered, "When do we recognize that all art forms are art *forms*, and not just expressions of ethnic identity?" She continued, "If I were a child of non-African heritage, and I saw only Africans do African dances, I'd never want to learn them myself. 'I don't have those bodies, that color,' I'd say. 'So I can't hope to move that way.' But if I saw several non-Africans dance those dances I might think, Well, maybe."

The Red Silk Dancers—whose roster currently includes one or two dancers not of Chinese descent—have performed hundreds of times in the New York metropolitan area, most recently at the American Museum of Natural History. This Friday, in honor of the Chinese New Year (February 15), they will appear at the Henry Street Settlement House (466 Grand Street), near Chinatown.

New York City Ballet—Jan. 29 at 8: "La Source," "Prodigal Son," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: "Mother Goose," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 8: "Square Dance," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2 and 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 1: "Mother Goose," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 7: "Swan Lake," "Mozartiana," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Quiet City," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 8: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 24.)

Feld Ballets/NY—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through March 10. Jan. 29 at 7: "Intermezzo No. 1," "Ion" (première), "Common Ground" (première), and a demonstration/performance by students of the Feld's New Ballet School. (A benefit.) . . . ¶ Jan. 30 and Feb. 1 at 8, and Feb. 3 at 7:30: "Consort," "Embraced Waltzes," and "Common Ground." . . . ¶ Jan. 31 and Feb. 5 at 8: "Meadowlark," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo No. 1." . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 8 and Feb. 3 at 2: "Meadowlark," "Charmed Lives," "Ion," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Savage Glance" (première), and "Skara Brae." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Desrosiers Dance Theatre—A Toronto-based company in the U.S. première of "Incognito," a full-length work. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Jan. 29 at 7:30; Jan. 30-Feb. 1 at 8; Feb. 2 at 2 and 8; and Feb. 3 at 3.)

Doug Elkins Dance Company—In "A Cerca de la Escuelita," "More Wine for Polyphemus" (première), "Rushing Deconstructivism/Drastic Romanticism," and "Accumulation/Mo(or)town." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 31- Feb. 2 at 8 and Feb. 3 at 3. Through Feb. 10.)

NIGHT LIFE

THE Brazilian festival currently taking place at the Ballroom has whipped up some excitement in these otherwise somnolent days on the music scene. Maybe it's the appeal of tropical music during a slushy winter, maybe it's the novelty of a well-established cabaret trying something different, or maybe it's just the new Paul Simon record—whatever the reason, the club is packing them in. Unfortunately, the management can't quite handle the frenzy: the scene at the late show for Elza Soares the other night looked like a run on a bank. By the time the audience was seated, about an hour after the show was supposed to begin, at least one waiter could be seen trying to cool tempers by offering free dessert. Ms. Soares, a sixty-year-old singer who has recorded more than three hundred albums and is widely known in Brazil, put on a lively, saucy performance. Wearing a tight-fitting white dress with long fringes that at one point got caught on some equipment, she bumped and ground, and flirted with the audience in broken English. Her singing was boisterous, growling, a little coarse—she's like a cross between Eartha Kitt and Louis Armstrong—and she got some remarkable effects with her voice: bird noises that even birds probably can't make, and simulated percussion sounds that leave Al Jarreau in the dust. Although Ms. Soares occasionally slowed down to ballad speed, for the most part she stuck to a flashy, tacky, carnival style of Brazilian pop. This appeared to be what most of the audience had come to hear. As for those who hadn't, some found Ms. Soares to be campy good fun, but others seemed to be wondering what they had waited in line so long for.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer-guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI, JR.,** finishes up his tour of the Oak Room on Feb. 2. Singer **JEFF HARNAR** starts up on Feb. 5. Harnar, who is introducing two new shows here, will sing one number with a quiet, gentle lilt, then drop his voice down low and belt out the next with a vibrato that could shake a diploma off a wall. His performances usually include just the right amount of bad jokes and over-the-top theatrics, as well as some pleasant musical surprises. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen, Harnar will dedicate his show to the "1959 Broadway Songbook." (He was born that year.) Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-fifteen, he'll sing Cole Porter. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hangs over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. A festival of Brazilian female singers continues, with **MARGARETH MENEZES** Jan. 29-Feb. 2, **KENIA** on Feb. 3, and **ELBA RAMALHO** beginning Feb. 5. Ms. Ramalho is a brassy, Las Vegas-ready performer, who sings hard, dances hard, and smiles hard, and whose band cooks up some full-throttle, percussion-heavy samba music.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. The **BARRY HARRIS** trio is in evidence through Feb. 2; **FREDDIE BRYANT'S** quartet rolls in on Feb. 3; and the **MIKE LONGO** trio commences on Feb. 4. Music from nine.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. Saxophonist **GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.,** will be here Jan. 29-Feb. 3; **TITO PUENTE** and **MONGO SANTAMARIA** start up on Feb. 5. First set at nine. Dining.

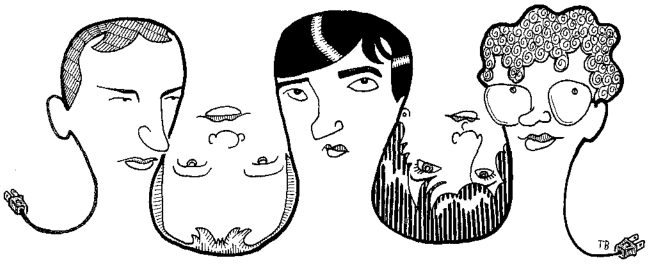
Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Two generations worth of a cappella can be heard here on Feb. 2. The **PERSUASIONS,** who continue to call forth a romantic, nice-and-easy street-corner nostalgia, will be followed by the campy, genre-bending **ROCKAPELLA.** Rockapella's sets have been known to include "Zombee Jamboree," "Hound Dog" and "Long Cool Woman in a Black Dress," as well as some more predictable numbers like "Under the Boardwalk." All of the above is accompanied by some wonderfully cheesy jokes and a good deal of goofy, put-your-*left*-foot-in choreography. Also this week: **AZTEC TWO-STEP** and **ANDREW RATSHIN** will perform on Feb. 1. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. Saxophonist **CRAIG HANDY,** pianist **JOHN HICKS,** and bassist **DON PATE** set the pace through Feb. 2. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Mark's Place. (892-0370)—An unpretentious storefront café devoted to such things as Irish stew and the *Irish Times*. There's no stage per se—and the club's owners eschew such things as advance bookings—but bohemian musicians regularly gather around a piano and work up wistful sets while bohemian patrons sit writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over one of the two varieties of beer sold here: Budweiser and Rolling Rock. Sin-é means "that's it" in Gaelic and is *not* Sinéad O'Connor's nickname. The café is an agreeable place to while away an hour, and you never know who'll turn up and tune up. Music generally begins at about eight-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** is currently in the Café Carlyle. The quartet, which has been doing its fastidious swinging for more than thirty years and has some four hundred pieces in its repertoire, tends to play in big halls these days, so its occasional layovers in this intimate space are to be treasured. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **FRANK OWENS** presides at the piano from nine-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by metalheads, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across



The Feelies at Maxwell's

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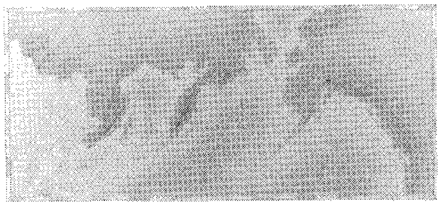

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

the floor at an easy pace; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. On Feb. 3, **AL COBB'S** big band, co-led by Howard Johnson and featuring vocalist Lord Burbage, will be in charge. Music from eight to midnight.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug catacomb just east of Union Square. **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a *fiery tenor-sax man from Memphis,* who sat in on some seminal B. B. King recordings, leads a foursome Jan. 29-Feb. 3. Drummer **ARTHUR TAYLOR'S** outfit begins a six-night stay on Feb. 5. The **CLIFFORD JORDAN** big band is in swing on Mondays. Music after nine.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awninged, soul-food-serving, chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays and zydeco on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, bar birds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays) and native string bands (on Saturdays). Sets begin at nine.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway, and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON,** who leans toward hard bop but can sail through other styles as well, is an intense, technically proficient player who tends to dominate the bandstand. Through Feb. 3, he's here leading a quartet that includes pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** The jazz-rock ensemble **ELEMENTS,** featuring bassist **MARK EGAN** and drummer **DANNY GOTTLIEB,** begins work on Feb. 5. Mondays are set aside for guitarist **LES PAUL,** who was known as Rhubarb Red back in the twenties and thirties, when he was an itinerant country picker. Music from eight. *Dining.*

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of businessmen and a lot of hanging plants. In the middle of the main dining room, you'll also find a Steinway grand, which, beginning on Jan. 29, belongs to **RALPH SUTTON,** a stride pianist whose Fats Waller- and Art Tatum-influenced style hasn't changed much since he first came on the scene, in the nineteen-forties. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. Piano-bass teams come together at the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CALVIN HILL** will be at work Jan. 30-Feb. 2; **STEVE KUHN** and **DAVID FINCK** start up on Feb. 6. Music from nine-forty-five.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood *that boasts the Puck Building to the* west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. The schedule, in part: Feb. 1, the Maudlins and **NO SAFETY;** Feb. 2, **SUPER CHUNK** and **FISH & ROSES;** Feb. 3, **MARILYN CRISPELL** and **TIM BERNE,** and others; and Feb. 4-5, the **REGGIE WORKMAN** quartet. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. Guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN,** of Jefferson Airplane and Hot Tuna fame, claims Jan. 30-31. Music after eight-forty-five. Dining.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap Ecuadoran food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, the Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for *big-fish bands. There's not much here to look* at: it's a back-room affair with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to cover with papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists. The **FEELIES,** who appear Jan. 31-Feb. 1, have used this club as their main base of operations since the late seventies. They have an immediately recognizable sound—a combination of incantatory strumming; droning, restrained vocals; and furious tempo accelerations—and in concert they're unassuming and introspective: they look almost apologetic for presuming to be onstage. Music at ten on Thursdays, and at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Where you can always smell the stogies. The **GEORGE SHEARING** quartet, which, apart from the brilliant, British-born pianist, includes bassist **NEIL SWAINSON,** drummer **GRADY TATE,** and vibist **DON THOMPSON,** *will begin a three-*week engagement on Feb. 5. They will be performing material from the repertoire of Shearing's original quintet, which he formed in 1949. Closed Sundays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to meet women. Last fall, after a long slumber, the Tea Room's small red-gold-and-green cabaret reopened with a series of performances. This winter's series—a ten-week stretch that will include singers of Algonquin calibre—begins with **HILDEGARDE** on Feb. 3, at eight and ten-thirty. A performer for seventy-one years, Hildegarde would be considered an "expert" in just about any courtroom in the country. She continues to be charming and chatty—absolutely *fabulous,* to dip into cabaretspeak. She refers to her audiences as "my dear people"; she announces her own solos by chirping "Take it away, girl"; she spins yarns; and she teeters about the stage with an endearing, little-old-lady shtick. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. *(243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, paint*ed a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. There'll be a Bob Marley Day celebration on Feb. 6. Closed Sundays. Dining.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St., entrance on Great Jones Street. (533-7000)—The café's subterranean jazz annex—located around the block on a chunk of real estate that's temporarily safe from the encroachment of Tower industries—is a newcomer to New York's night life. On the club's back wall one finds embarrassingly cheesy renderings of full-figured gals—the kind of artwork usually reserved for pinball machines. Otherwise, Time Café is an airy, convivial place with some comfy, diner-style booths, a fleet of IKEA-style tables and chairs, and jazz musicians on the bandstand every Friday and Saturday, beginning at ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—It is said that the New Orleans-bred singer-pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** is cut from the same cloth as Sinatra, and from this one can only assume that there wasn't quite enough cloth left. Though still in his early twenties, Connick is as slick as jazz "purists" come. It's strange to find him leading a quartet at the Vanguard, but lead one he will—his week-long gig begins Feb. 5. Until then, **BOBBY WATSON'S** Horizon Quintet will be holding forth. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis is in charge on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. The reggae-rap crooner **SHINEHEAD** will be here on Feb. 1, and Feb. 2 belongs to New York's answer to the Grateful Dead, the **SPIN DOCTORS.**

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. Pianist **LYNNE ARRIALE** and bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** work out through Feb. 2, and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** get under way on Feb. 4. Music weeknights from eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

NEW YORKERS love a crisis. That's why we're being asked "How long do you think the war will last?" almost as often as we're barraged with "But where do you go on a Monday night?" Our answer to the latter question is the more surprising—amateur night at Tatou. Yes, Tatou, the same club you've undoubtedly heard trashed by scores of your pulse-taking, curfew-breaking friends, the same friends who once told you that Limelight would never make it and that 150 Wooster and Canal Bar would stay fabulous forever.

In the meantime, Tatou (né Club Ibis and Café Versailles, né the Roundtable and the Rat Fink Room) is shoehorning into its full-scale Cedric Gibbons "Love Me or Leave Me" *supper-club décor the fortunate ones* who've finally learned how to set their VCRs to tape "Murphy Brown" and "Designing Women." Oh, they're just bridge-and-tunnel people, your friends say. Guess your friends can't get in. Several years ago, a similar idea was tried with the reopening of the Latin Quarter, and it failed miserably (for some wounded guests, almost fatally), but that was back when everyone wanted to be a kid again. In case you haven't noticed, the only youth having any fun these days is Macaulay Culkin. If people want to go back in time now, it's only so they can look like Jean Shrimpton, dress like That Girl, and get treated the way Ray Liotta and Lorraine Bracco do at the Copa, minus the tracking shot. Tatou (151 East 50th Street) is like a big Milton Bradley board game called Let's Play Soigné, complete with ringside tables, upper tiers, decent sight lines, and those little lamps with the conical hats.

As far as amateur night is concerned, the hopefuls aren't exactly saying hello to a mike for the first time. Their common denominator? Raw talent bastardized by the desire to be star-searched. For these people, *singing—not knowledge—is power.* A male contestant atypically intones "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." Someone else wails "America the Beautiful" for the forces overseas. And only one soul commits the cardinal amateur-night sin: singing an unfamiliar song. It is blissful, though, how no one imitates Streisand or gives us "From a Distance." Yet. "Gusto" is the operative word on both sides of the stage. Well, for the first two hours, anyway. When it becomes apparent that this much talent usually comes with a tote board and Jerry Lewis, the flips begin to droop. It's back to reality and CNN. But everyone will return next week. So tell your friends: peace may be dead, but downtown isn't. It just moved to a better neighborhood.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Ice Capades—With Barbie and the Simpsons. (Meadowlands Arena. Jan. 29-Feb. 3. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-201 935-3900. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. Feb. 5-10. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-516 794-9300.)

Walt Disney's World on Ice—Mickey's press agent reports that the mouse is honored to be celebrating his diamond jubilee at Radio City Music Hall. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Feb. 1-10. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Carol Fonda & Company—In "Point of Departure: A Fantasy About Reality." (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Jan. 31-Feb. 1 at 8. For reservations, call 431-3364.)

Idris Ackamoor—In "An American Griot (A Jazz Autobiography)." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Jan. 31-Feb. 2 at 10.)

Benefit—A three-day affair at P.S. 122. Jan. 31 at 7: Annie Sprinkle, Julee Cruise, Eric Bogosian, Bebe Miller, John Kelly, and Diamanda Galas. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 8: Alien Comic, Penny Arcade, Quentin Crisp, Allen Ginsberg, and others. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 11: Sarah Skaggs, Yoshiko Chuma, Lenny Pickett, Deb Margolin, Reno, and others. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 8: Philip Glass, Laurie Carlos, Richard Elovich, Carmelita Tropicana, Paul Zaloom, and others. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 11: John Leguizamo, Robbie McCauley, Eileen Myles, Everett Quinton, Tigresa, and others. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

A BUSINESS DOING PLEASURE

The Apple Bank Building, at 73rd Street and Broadway, has installed loosely Expressionist portraits of four writers associated with New York—Edith Wharton, Henry James, Edgar Allan Poe, and Allen Ginsberg—by the contemporary painter and writer Peter Josyph. Originally called the Central Savings Bank, the building is a historical landmark. It was designed in 1928, by York & Sawyer, to resemble a Florentine palace, a design that was meant to reflect the sophisticated tastes of the bank's wealthiest patrons. The portraits are installed high up under the vaulted ceiling at the north end of the magisterial interior.

Under the auspices of the Smithtown (Long Island) Township Arts Council, Mr. Josyph has been working on a series of "New York Signatures" portraits for nearly a year. A craggy-featured Ginsberg is shown in profile at a book-signing, in the act of inscribing "BUDDHA SAYS: AH!," which is blazoned across the canvas. Poe is portrayed not in his usual grungy black coat and with his usual sour expression but as a more dashing man of letters. Particularly noteworthy is the Wharton, actually a double-image portrait ("For a woman writer at that time, she had to become her own strongest ally," Mr. Josyph said), flanked on the opposite wall by the portrait of James, who was one of the few well-known male writers to support her throughout her career. James, who peers contemplatively over his spectacles, is in the act of writing. Maybe he's making a note about New York City—"Poor dear bad bold beauty; there must be something about her!"

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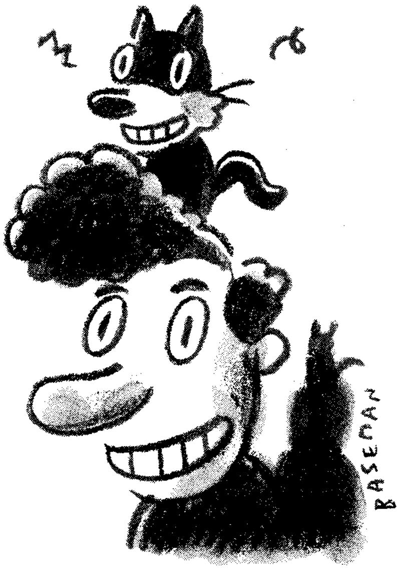
ART

Brice Marden is a master of chromatic enigmas, and his paintings are among the most ineffably beautiful in contemporary art. Beginning with his odes to gray from the sixties and continuing all the way up to his most recent forays in a gestural mode that invites analogies to Mondrian's early tree paintings and ecstatic Sufi dancing, this artist's plain yet vastly suggestive body of work has long held many viewers in an aesthetic thrall bordering on mooniness. The sight of Marden's classic seventies "Grove Group," assembled for the first time at the Gagosian gallery (980 Madison Avenue; through March 16), is a slow, considerable pleasure as well as of historical note. The five abstract greenish paintings, inspired by sojourns in Greece, seem fired by landscape, tempered by architecture, and glazed by a sort of neo-Ruskinian moral anxiety, as well as, more literally, by the artist's characteristically lapidary encaustic technique.

It is the historical note, however, that is being struck with a certain quizzical vehemence. Almost every Gagosian show has a twist, usually stemming from a revisionist insight—as it is expressed by Robert Pincus-Witten, the gallery's in-house writer and historian—combined with hard-core evidence of Larry Gagosian's skill at hunting down works of art. Marden himself, for instance, never actually saw the "Grove Group" together before, not even in his studio (they were not in fact created as an ensemble, and the last two canvases were painted three years after the others), but this *is* the group as he sees it now. An illuminating assortment of documents—such as the artist's notebooks from the period, including sketches, jotted descriptions of Greek landscape and statuary, various clues to Marden's pictorial process, and some phone numbers—are tapped to juice this revision. Most intriguing, however, is Pincus-Witten's new take. In an essay that is effusive as well as madly, if quite charmingly, arch, we read that Marden—once the high priest of minimalist painting—is now our leading symbolist, a contemporary Puvis de Chavannes, and that the "Grove Group" paintings are to be considered "muses gathered anew at a *mouseion*." That's Gagosian's *mouseion*, in case there's any doubt.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES



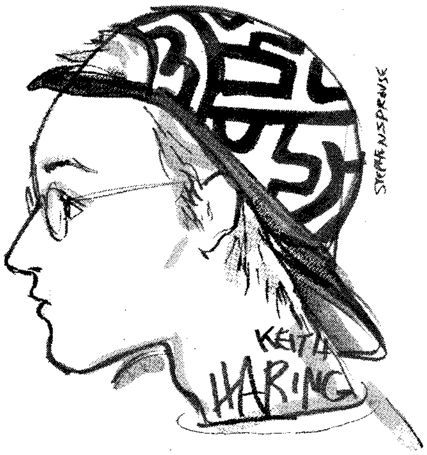
Self-portrait by Gary Baseman (see Other Galleries)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An engaging show of American portrait miniatures—mainly little locket likenesses, in watercolors on vellum or ivory—from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, in which we can see styles evolve from neoclassicism to Romanticism, as well as trace the rise and decline of this medium all the way from naïve Colonial portraiture to the aftermath of photography. Many members of the celebrated Peale family are represented, both as artists and as subjects, but Joseph Wood's self-portrait (circa 1810) wins the portable-matinée-idol award. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ "Théâtre de la Mode," in the Costume Institute, is a re-creation of a 1945 fashion exhibition that raised money for French war relief. Due to a fabric shortage, the couture, by such designers as Balenciaga, Lanvin, and Worth, was presented in miniature, on thirty-inch wire mannequins with ceramic heads. A hundred and seventy of the original dolls have been restored for this show. Through April 14. . . . ¶ The best works in the new Carroll and Milton Petrie European Sculpture Court are, in fact, in an annex—more an architectural afterthought—off to the side of the court, in the entrance to the Henry R. Kravis wing. There you will find Rodin's "Burghers of Calais," which is awkwardly sited but would look great anywhere; Bourdelle's amazing bronze statue of the sculptor Carpeaux; and a number of Maillols. Perhaps the finest works in the Petrie Court proper are the earliest: two very funny sculptures of a fruit-bearing Priapus and Flora that originally graced the entrance of the Villa Borghese, by Pietro Bernini, who was assisted by his soon-to-be-better-known young son, Gian Lorenzo. . . . ¶ Nine paintings and eleven works on paper by the German Romantic Caspar David Friedrich (1774-1840). All of the works are from the Pushkin and the Hermitage, in the Soviet Union. Through March 31. . . . ¶ "Albrecht Dürer: The Apocalypse" presents fifteen woodcuts of apocalyptic catastrophes, along with a small number of Gothic and Renaissance prints. Through March 17. . . . ¶ Photographs from the fifties and sixties, including work by William Klein, Helen Levitt, and Lisette Model. Through March 17. . . . ¶ Seventeen Dutch-style cupboards crafted in New York and New Jersey between 1650 and 1800. Through April 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum's third "Artist's Choice" exhibition consists of a hundred and seventy portraits in various mediums, selected by Chuck Close. Through March 19. . . . ¶ An installation by Dennis Adams that includes documentary photographs of the museum's 1942 photography exhibition "Road to victory." Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Recent photographs of Antarctica by Stuart Klipper. Starts Feb. 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A small show of twenty-nine more or less surrealistic works on paper made between the late nineteen-thirties and the recent past. There is a fast segue of drawings by figures, minor and major, of the New York School—from Gerome Kamrowski to Robert Motherwell, from Pavel Tchelitchew to Jackson Pollock—who were strongly influenced by European émigré artists of the Second World War era. The aim of these artists was to liberate Surrealism from any hint of narrative or illustration. Biomorphic abstraction was the outcome then. And though we are offered works by mavericks such as Lee Bontecou (whose tondo drawing is a cross between Oskar Schlemmer and "The Road Warrior") and the altogether maniacal Jess, biomorphic abstraction—vintage 1989, by Carroll Dunham—is also the last note of this show. Through April 7. . . . ¶ Sixty paintings, sculptures, and prints from the nineteen-eighties, including work by Jasper Johns, Barbara Kruger, Susan Rothenberg, and David Salle. Through March 24. . . . ¶ "Robert Rauschenberg: The Silk Screen Paintings, 1962-64." Half of the nearly eighty silk-screen paintings the artist made during the early sixties are on view, and their energy is intense. These paintings are striking because not only do they chronicle the spirit of their time with amalgamations of machine-produced media images—Rauschenberg's Kennedy is as much an icon as Warhol's Marilyn—but they are also chockablock full of glorious brushwork. Through March 17. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Keith Haring . . .

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A lobby installation by Reeva Potoff that includes, among other elements, pages of the 1911 Encyclopædia Brittanica arranged in a cone that reaches to the ceiling. Through March 31. . . . ¶ More than fifty works of art from Oceania (mostly from the Sepik and Ramu river basins in New Guinea), including three-inch-long fishhooks, three monumental carved-wood "guardians," and a skull rack made of palm and bamboo. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Manifest Destiny," a show of rare nineteenth-century books and illustrations relating to government expeditions into "frontier" areas in the United States. Through April 30. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Romance of the Taj Mahal," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, carpets, jewelry, and other items relating to the grand "jewel" in the crown of India. Included is the extraordinarily carved Taj Mahal Emerald, from the Mogul period, in which the palace was built. Through March 17. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of pamphlets, posters, propaganda leaflets, invasion maps, personal letters, and official speeches produced during the Second World War. One display juxtaposes two letters sent home to wives after the launching of D Day: one from Eisenhower, hopeful and optimistic, the other from Rommel, who wrote, "The enemy's superiority in nearly all regards is overwhelming." Through March 2. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A hundred sculptures and thirty-one drawings by Jacques Lipchitz. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Be Merry & Wise" examines the development of children's books in England from the seventeenth century to the mid-nineteenth. Among the many books, manuscripts, and drawings on view are the "History of Tom Thumbe" (1621, the first English folktale in print), Dorothy Kilner's "The Life and Perambulation of a Mouse" (1783), and the third edition of Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" (1861). Through Feb. 3. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Eastman Johnson's "The Cranberry Harvest, Island of Nantucket" was first shown at the National Academy's 1880 annual exhibition, and it is now the centerpiece of a small show that includes thirteen of the artist's other cranberry-harvest paintings. Through March 24. . . . ¶ Drawings and watercolors by the British Romantic Henry Fuseli (1741-1825). Through March 24. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Rhetorical Image." An impressively ambitious exhibition that brings together artists of different generations from Eastern and Western Europe, North America, Brazil, and Japan. The premise of the show is that the art in all its diversity was created as a means of resistance to accepted expressions of power. The curator, Milena Kalinovska, favors some of today's more full-bodied political art, the kinds that have a strong sense of poetry and are thus not trapped by their own ideologies. But somehow the work doesn't look very good here. For example, both Lothar Baumgarten's impeccably designed word installation—about Native Americans and the railroads that displaced them—and Lawrence Weiner's equally exquisite wordwork, which have always shown in distinctive architectural settings, are here somewhat diminished by their arbitrary placement. Even so, the exhibition and its catalogue are worth the effort if only for the cross-pollination they encourage. Through Feb. 3. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"On Paper" examines the history of papermaking, from its invention in China through John Cage's edible paper. Through March 2. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ Manuscript fragments, letters, first editions, photographs, and illustrations are all part of "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work." (Berg Collection. Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

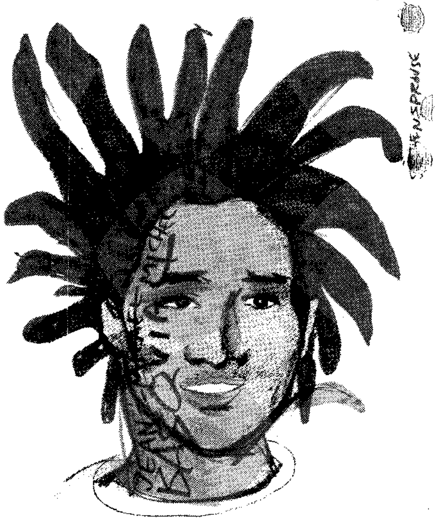
George McNeil / Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—The much maligned city of New York is the subject of some celebration in both of these artists' work. However, McNeil's noisy, heraldic evocations of, for instance, Canal Street and LaGuardia Airport are cheery without being joyful and busy without being particularly insightful or funny. / Porter's one painting of a city street, in milky-gray tones, is dreamily poetic. The other works, leisurely visions of Maine or Long Island, are also a sort of visual balm. Through Feb. 2. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Donald Sultan—A show of sculptures that marks a departure for the painter. A life-size lemon cast in lead and a large, raw-wood cube shoved into an iron pot are sensitive and intelligent, but much of the work comes off as crass or pretentious. In the former category are a dramatically huge chain cast in rubber to look like iron, suspended from the ceiling and left to dangle just above the floor, and a thirty-five-hundred-pound lead ball with attendant chain. As for pretentiousness, there are three lead "Rain Pots," each, according to the checklist, weighing twenty-three hundred pounds and filled with water. They seem to be some sort of attempt to summon the Zen power of minimalist art, a quality that nevertheless eludes them. Through Feb. 9. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Short List—Thomas Hart Benton, Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through March 2); **Gregory Gillespie,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through March 2); **Stephen Pace,** Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. (through Feb. 23), and Perlow, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 27).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alice Provensen—A show of original watercolors for a recently published children's book titled "The Buck Stops Here: The Presidents of the United States." The visual style is bright, busy, and folkloric—quilts and samplers seem to have been inspirations—and the nuggets of information conveyed about our leaders are clear, essentially non-partisan, and respectful without being reverential. Well-known earlier collaborative works by Mrs. Provensen and her late husband, Martin, are also on view. Through March 9. (Feiwel, 24 W. 57th St.)



. . . and Jean-Michel Basquiat

"The Times, the Chronicle, & the Observer"—Although the sixties are traditionally thought of as the time of the maturation of Pop and the rise of minimalism, curator Douglas Blau has selected paintings that emphasize a narrative complexity not usually associated with the period. He has brought together artists who are rarely linked, and much is gained in the mixture. Many of the works are associated with death, either literally, as in Warhol's electric-chair or car-crash silk screens, or metaphorically, as in Morley's painting of a postcard showing an anachronistic cruise liner. But the interest in death also seems to demonstrate a burgeoning attitude toward picture-making that came to influence many later artists. In these works there is much emphasis on mechanical process—the film strip for Warhol; the postcard for Morley; the snapshot for Artschwager, Richter, and Celmins; the Polaroid for Baldessari. There is also an exploration of the shifting relationship of the viewer to the work of art, as seen in Celmins' view out a car window onto bland freeway or in Baldessari's placement of the viewer both inside and outside the frame. And most of the paintings were executed in various shades of newspaper or black-and-white-TV gray. But despite all the concern the artists had with mechanical processes a lot of glorious works are included here, such as Richter's "The Hunting Party," a kind of Futurist update that is about as gorgeous as painting gets. Through Feb. 9. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—A sculpture show that includes Judd's fine early "Untitled Spice Rack" and Oldenburg's "Ice-Cream Sandwich." The oddest inclusion, as well as one of the strongest, is not a sculpture at all; it is a large Nauman drawing of the words "Dream Reaper"—a vintage Nauman inversion—in highly sculptural letters. Its inclusion seems to be ghoulishly well timed. Through Feb. 23. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**JAMES BOHARY,** Prats, 24 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 12); **RICHARD CHIRIANI,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 20); **GRACE HARTIGAN,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 9); **ALEXANDER LIBERMAN,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 2); **FREDERICK KIESLER** and **LEONARD STOKES,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 2); **CHERYL LAEMMLE,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 2); **JAMES MOORE,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 2); **HUGH O'DONNELL,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 2); **JOSEPH B. O'SICKEY,** Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 2); **ROLPH SCARLETT,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 6); **KARL SCHRAG,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 6); **FREDERIC MATYS THURSZ,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 9); **NIELE TORONI,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 23).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alan Charlton—A mature British painter, little known here, who must be the most rigid of the minimalists: he makes Carl Andre and Sol LeWitt look impulsive. The show is a physically overwhelming installation of fifty-eight gray, markless panels of identical size and demeanor, differentiated only by their shade, which changes from one wall to the next. The canvases are hung close together and snake around the room, like a filmic sequence of nothingness. They possess both the sense of mechanization for which some have criticized Reinhardt and the workmanlike marking that Ryman claims as his preferred method, but they offer little more. These paintings have been emptied of soul and poetry, and the loss is lamentable. Through Feb. 2. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Robert Colescott / Richard Hull—Colescott is the Thomas Hart Benton of the contemporary era. His sassy vignettes are loaded with political issues, related to both art and society, and they seem to spill over with aggression and play. What distinguishes these new paintings is their sheer compositional complexity; they demonstrate the artist's uncanny ability to orchestrate a multitude of forms and colors. The narratives are so complex that unravelling them could take days, a quality one has come to expect from Colescott. / Five large and highly charged drawings in which the artist has broken out of his segmented format, crossing Hundertwasser with Ensor and processing everything through the eyes of the naïve. One of the works depicts wrought-iron grating as if it were stained-glass tracery, and goblins flying through the air. Through Feb. 13. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Gianni Dessì—Small, intense, biomorphic abstractions by Italy's answer to Bill Jensen. The recurrent imagery centers on an almond shape, which appears variously as a cocoon, a body, a pit, and an eye, but which usually evokes a dark, vaginal presence. The artist has a great feel for paint and a gift for lending decorative colors poignancy. Occasionally, the works have an O'Keeffian light-over-the-plain intensity, but they often become choked by their overly refined romanticism. Through Feb. 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Keith Haring (1958-90) and **Jean-Michel Basquiat** (1960-88)—There are those who contend that Haring was not much of a painter; the aim of this show is to prove otherwise. The impressive grouping includes some of the artist's most exuberant paintings on tarp—the ones that display a sense of mission as well as a fine command of the drippy brush—along with several painted objects, such as a standing Nefertiti-like sarcophagus. In the few works where Haring has attempted to be more pictorial as opposed to pictographic, his charismatic hold seems to evaporate and his limitations as a painter become clear. Basquiat, on the other hand, never had to prove himself a painter. He seemed to spring forth fully formed, with a masterly, scratchy hand that made him the most commanding scribbler since Twombly, and an unerring compositional sense that allowed him to put the list, the "X," and the smudge in exactly the right place. The show ends on a bittersweet note with a late painting by Haring in his earlier style. It depicts a pile of crowns, the kind Basquiat drew in his Samo days. It is a reverential portrait of Basquiat, although it is unclear whether the pile is an accumulation of trophies or of refuse. Through Feb. 9. (Shafrazi, 130 Prince St.)

Matthew McCaslin—1970 is back, and McCaslin establishes himself as part of the scatter revival with this series of sculptures made of electrical conduits, industrial sockets, porcelain outlets and bare bulbs, and orange extension cords, and with a floor littered with the leftover packing material. The result is Barry Le Va updated, or Cady Noland without narrative. Through Feb. 2. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Eric Orr—This Southern California comrade of James Turrell and Robert Irwin is caught between dazzling pyrotechnics (sometimes quite literally) and ultraslick art production. The show begins with a modest yet magical work: a rectangle of blue light that floats in the center of an otherwise blank wall and seems both dimensionless and immeasurably deep. In the center of the exhibition proper is a black granite box that shoots a startling and magnificent torch of spiralling flame high into the air (it may or may not be on when you visit). Also on view is one of the artist's contemplative fountains, a striated vertical column with water cascading in mesmerizing streams like beads of mercury. In their intense, shaded light, however, the paintings and assemblages in the show are at best Rothkoesque: they tend to be overly showy, distracting from the artist's gift for humble, or at times humbling, wonderment. Through Feb. 2. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway.)

"Synthesis"—There is a rich range of works in this show—a kind of report on the state of contemporary nonobjective painting—and most of the pieces are earnest, spirited, and skillfully done. But it nonetheless has an overstudied, somewhat academic feel. Among the notable exceptions is David Row's "Homage to the Queen of Hearts," a modest yet hearty space-bending painting (also a tribute to de Kooning) that makes bright-apple green and glow-in-the-dark lipstick pink appealing. Through Feb. 9. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

Group Show—Karin DiGia, executive director of Children in Crisis, has got the most unlikely assortment of artists to decorate store-bought rocking horses that will be sold to benefit that organization, which tracks down missing children. As a concept for an art show it may sound a tad silly, but the installation is striking—better-looking, in fact, than much contemporary installation art. Rocking horses decorated by John Chamberlain, Elizabeth Murray, and Sol LeWitt don't look anything like what you'd expect, while those by Jenny Holzer (with truisms) and the designer Betsey Johnson (with ponytail and tutu) do. Where else could you find a decorative item hand-painted by the diehard Conceptualist Lawrence Weiner? A number of the horses are endearingly, adoptably ugly, and at least two—by Mike Glier and Kim Jones—would be interesting in any context. Through Feb. 2. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Short List—**SIAH ARMAJANI,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 16); **JENNIFER BARTLETT,** Cooper, 149 Wooster St. (through Feb. 2); **ROBERT BORDO,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Feb. 2); **JANET CARKEEK** and **JIM ISERMANN,** Feature, 484 Broome St. (through Feb. 2); **CHRYSSA** and **LAWRENCE WEINER,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Feb. 9); **HANNE DARBOVEN,** Castelli, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 9); **VICTOR ELMALEH,** Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (through Feb. 23); **SUSAN HILLER,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (through Feb. 2); **ALFRED JENSEN,** Pace, 142 Greene St. (through Feb. 23); **KOMAR & MELAMID,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Feb. 16); **MARY LUCIER,** Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 23); **JEFF PERRONE,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through Feb. 23); **RALPH ROSENBORG,** Snyder, 588 Broadway (through Feb. 23); **JOHN SALT,** O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Feb. 2); **MARGO SAWYER,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Feb. 9); **ADAM SIMON,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Feb. 9); **MICHAEL VENEZIA,** RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (through Feb. 9).

OTHER GALLERIES

"Cool Cats"—Sixty-five illustrations of the feline companion. Among the artists are Gary Baseman, Roz Chast, Victoria Roberts, and Douglas Fraser. Through Feb. 16. (The Illustration Gallery, 330 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**NATALIE BOOKCHIN,** Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. (opens at noon, through Feb. 9); **DAVID HAMMONS,** P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City (opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays, through Feb. 10).

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PHOTOGRAPHY

WITH what's going on in the world right now—with images, both mental and visual, of destruction on twenty-four-hour call, with the sight of people in gas masks being played and replayed over the air—photography has come to seem like an old-fashioned device, too slow for the information process and too accurate for modern warfare. This past week, we visited "The European Eye: Landscape Photography of the 1850s," an exhibition at Min-Lowinsky (584 Broadway; through February 28) that features pictures taken at a time when photography was a new invention, ready to change the way people saw the world. Among the show's remarkable images, by some of the finest early practitioners, are two photographs of Jerusalem taken by Auguste Salzmann around 1854. One is called "Village de Siloam," and the other "Vallée de Hinnom." The photographs are salt prints made from waxed-paper negatives, a fact that makes them seem like a particularly miraculous presence—frail, but victorious, having survived the years. The images themselves show buildings and walls made of stone, which disappear into the dry landscape of hills and brush. We looked for a long time and couldn't detect figures in either of these scenes; we could sense only what the people had built. The photographs seemed like prayers.

Short List—**lewis baltz,** Castelli, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 9); **neelon crawford,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through Feb. 23); **harold edgerton** and **helen levitt,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Feb. 2); **judy fiskin,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 9); **ruzzie green,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through Feb. 16); **martin kippenberger,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 23); **lisette model,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Feb. 16); **judith joy ross,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Feb. 16).

MUSIC

WE read with utter bafflement the news of the St. Louis Symphony's upcoming Carnegie Hall program. We had been vaguely aware that, before Ravel made his celebrated orchestral version of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," Sir Henry Wood had already made one of his own in London, and that Leopold Stokowski, who couldn't keep his hands off anything, had done still another for the Philadelphia Orchestra. We had noted, with puzzlement, that in recent years Vladimir Ashkenazy had felt compelled to add to the stew. And of course we realized that ever since Mussorgsky died, the poor man's music has been seen as fair game for rearrangement, elaboration, reorchestration, cutting, and editing of various kinds.

But we had no idea that there were more than *twenty* orchestrations of "Pictures" in existence, several of them by musicians of some standing and with substantial performing histories even in the post-Ravel period. Leonard Slatkin and the St. Louis musicians are bringing a composite version by no fewer than nine orchestrators to Carnegie.

Arranging piano music for dissemination to wide audiences was standard practice in the growth years of the symphony orchestra; Brahms' "Hungarian Dances" and Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" used to be standard bonbons and are still sometimes played. But this is something else, especially the more recent manifestations. Why is orchestrating "Pictures" such an obsession? We cannot shake an impression of insects mindlessly swarming over a piece of food, or of lemmings rushing into the sea. Why don't these talented musicians write something new? Why don't they orchestrate something that hasn't been orchestrated already, like César Franck's symphonically inclined organ music or, for that matter, the Chopin scherzos? That would be, at least marginally, a useful contribution. There is already a good orchestration of "Pictures at an Exhibition." Sir Henry Wood had the taste to withdraw his after Ravel's appeared. We certainly wish Mr. Slatkin and his audience a fun evening, but we can't help thinking they must have something better to do with their time.

Barbara Hendricks

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**die fledermaus,** with Pamela Coburn, Barbara Kilduff, Helga Dernesch, Neil Rosenshein, Siegfried Jerusalem, Walter Berry, and Dom DeLuise; conducted by Julius Rudel. (Jan. 28 and Feb. 5 at 8.) . . . With Pamela Coburn, Barbara Kilduff, Helga Dernesch, Walter MacNeil, Siegfried Jerusalem, Franz Mazura, and Dom DeLuise; Julius Rudel. (Feb. 1 at 8.) . . . **don giovanni,** with Cheryl Studer, Patricia Schuman, Thomas Hampson, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Jan. 29 at 8 and Feb. 2 at 1.) . . . **die zauberflöte,** with Kathleen Battle, Luciana Serra, Francisco Araiza, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. (Jan. 30, Feb. 2, and Feb. 6, all at 8.) . . . **fidelio,** with Elizabeth Connell, Helen Donath, Gary Lakes, Hartmut Welker, and Kurt Moll; Christof Perick. (Jan. 31 and Feb. 4 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 29 at 7:30: Zdenek Macal conducts Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, Kabalevsky's First Cello Concerto (with soloist Lorne Munroe), and the New York première of "Eating Living Monkeys," one of an ongoing series of compositions by David Lang meant to evoke the world of cavemen. (Preceded at 6:30 by a curtain-raising performance of Mozart's "Clarinet Quintet," interpreted by members of the orchestra.) . . . ¶ Jan. 31 and Feb. 2 at 8, and Feb. 1 at 2: Zubin Mehta conducts Mozart's first and last symphonies (K. 16 and K. 551, the "Jupiter"), and his "Davidde Penitente" (a cantata derived from the incomplete C-Minor Mass); with the Westminster Symphonic Choir and soloists.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting. At Carnegie Hall. Jan. 30-31 at 8: Bartók's "Concerto for Orchestra" and Pavel Haas's "Study for String Orchestra," both composed in 1944. The latter was written in the Theresienstadt concentration camp; its composer died later the same year at Auschwitz. Also on the program is Wieniawski's First Violin Concerto, with Midori as soloist . . . ¶ At Avery Fisher Hall, Feb. 1 at 8: Schubert's Ninth Symphony ("The Great") and Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto (with Maria João Pires).

Concordia—Marin Alsop conducts the chamber orchestra in music by saxophonist Gerry Mulligan (who appears with his quartet), Jon Deak, Harry Freedman, and Jeffrey Hass. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 31 at 8.)

Concert Royal Baroque Orchestra—James Richman conducts music by Purcell and Handel, on authentic instruments; soprano Christine Brandes is featured in songs by Pepusch and J. C. Bach. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 31 at 8.)

Boston Pops—John Williams conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 2 at 8.)

Paul Whiteman's Experiment—In 1924, bandleader Paul Whiteman presented "An Experiment in Modern Music" at New York's Aeolian Hall, which made a historic impression by placing jazz works alongside classical pieces on the same program—and by introducing a new work for piano and jazz band by George Gershwin, called "Rhapsody in Blue." Conductor Maurice Peress re-creates the evening (and its original orchestrations), with pianists Ivan Davis and Steven Harlos. (Colden Center for the Performing Arts, Queens College, Flushing. 1-718 793-8080. Feb. 2 at 8:30.)

St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Feb. 3 at 8: Joseph Schwantner's "Aftertones of Infinity," Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," and Barber's Violin Concerto, with Kyung Wha Chung as soloist. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: Music by Berlioz and Elgar, as well as the première of Terry Riley's "The Jade Palace Orchestral Dances."

Philadelphia Orchestra—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts works of Beethoven and Dvořák (including his Cello Concerto, with soloist Natalia Gutman). (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 5 at 8.)

Clarion Concerts—Three wind partitas (by Franz Krommer, Peter Winter, and Mozart), and an octet ("Le Matin et le Soir," by Joseph Starzer). Newell Jenkins conducts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 5 at 8.)

The Classical Band—Bruno Weil conducts two overtures and two symphonies (the fifth and sixth) by Schubert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 6 at 8.)

RECITALS

Artek Ensemble—Performing music from seventeenth-century Germany, with Zephyrus, a vocal quintet. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Ninth Ave. at 60th St. Jan. 29 at 8. For information about tickets, call 873-0473.)

Aequalis—A cello-piano-percussion trio presents the New York premières of works by Miriam Gideon, Marilyn Shrude, and James Baker III, as well as music by Webern, Rand Steiger, and Chinary Ung. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 29 at 8.)

Orion String Quartet—Performing quartets by Mendelssohn and Bartók, as well as Chausson's "Concerto," Op. 21, with the assistance of violinist Jaime Laredo and pianist

Joseph Kalichstein. (92nd Street Y. Jan. 29-30 at 8.)

Anton Nel—Piano, in a program of works by Haydn, Mozart, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, and Jolivet. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Jan. 31 at 5:45.)

Bargemusic—Classical guitarist David Starobin and a string quartet perform quintets by Luigi Boccherini, in a program that also includes music by Barber and Giulio Regondi (a nineteenth-century virtuoso of the guitar, concertina, and melophone). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Jan. 31 at 7:30 and Feb. 3 at 4.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing a Beethoven quartet, Toru Takemitsu's "A Way Alone," and, with violist Masao Kawasaki, Brahms' G-Major Quintet, Op. 111. (Metropolitan Museum. Jan. 31 at 8.)

Dora Ohrenstein ahd Phillip Bush—The soprano and pianist present music by Charles Ives, including twelve songs and the "Concord" Sonata (with assisting artists). (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Jan. 31 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Joseph Silverstein—Violin, plays a Bach partita and John Harbison's "Four Songs of Solitude"; pianist Jonathan Feldman joins him for music by Schubert, Wieniawski, and others. (Metropolitan Museum. Feb. 1 at 8.)

Paula Robison and Eliot Fisk—The flutist and classical guitarist include on their program the world première of George Rochberg's "Muse of Fire," as well as music by Villa-Lobos, Leon Kirchner, and others. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Feb. 1 at 8.)

Japanese Music—Shakuhachi player Hozan Yamamoto and koto player Tadao Sawai perform their own compositions, as well as traditional works. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Feb. 2 at 5.)

Oleh Krysa—The Ukrainian violinist, with guests, performs works by Beethoven and Berio, as well as the première of a piece by Virko Baley. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 2 at 8.)

Yosif Feigelson and Mark Pakman—The cellist and pianist perform an all-Russian program: Rachmaninoff, Shostakovich, and Andrey Golovin. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 2 at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—Songs and chamber music by Mozart, including the "Kegelstatt" Clarinet Trio and the G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 2 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Quartets by Mendelssohn, Bartók (his sixth), and (with oboist Matthew Dine) Mozart. (Metropolitan Museum. Feb. 2 at 8.) . . . ¶ Mozart's Divertimento in E-Flat, K. 563, and Brahms' String Sextet, Op. 18 (with violist Steve Tanenbaum and cellist Timothy Eddy). (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 6 at 8.)

Michelle Makarski—The violinist, winner of the 1989 Carnegie Hall International American Music Competition, performs John Harbison's "Four Songs of Solitude" and, with pianist Brent McMunn, sonatas by Fauré and Poulenc, and the première of Anthony Davis's Violin Sonata. Violinist Ronald Copes joins them for Stephen Hartke's "Oh Them Rats Is Mean in My Kitchen." (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 3 at 2.)

Steven Lubin—Performs music by Haydn and Mozart (on fortepiano), and by Chopin (on modern piano). (Wave Hill, 675 W. 252nd St., the Bronx. 549-3200. Feb. 3 at 3.)

Barbara Hendricks—Soprano, with pianist Staffan Scheja, performs lieder by Schubert, Wolf, and Dvořák, as well as Fauré's song cycle "La Bonne Chanson." (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 3 at 3.)

Benita Valente—Soprano, performing songs by Mozart and Brahms. A chamber ensemble plays a Mozart quintet and his Piano Concerto K. 414, with pianist Tung Kwong-Kwong, accompanied by a quartet. Presented by the Si-Yo Music Society. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Feb. 3 at 3.)

Blanca Uribe—The Colombian pianist performs Isaac Albéniz's "Iberia." (92nd Street Y. Feb. 3 at 3.)

Anthony Newman—Organ, performs preludes and fugues from J. S. Bach's early years, at the court of Anhalt-Cöthen. Presented by the Friends of Music. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Feb. 3 at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Joshua Bell and Stephen Hough—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Brahms and Grieg, Schubert's C-Major "Fantasie," and Arvo Pärt's "Fratres II." (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 3 at 7:30.)

Pomerium Musices—Directed by Alexander Blachly. The choral ensemble, with vocal and instrumental soloists, presents works by Johann Sebastian Bach and Johann Michael Bach, who was simultaneously Sebastian's cousin once removed and his father-in-law (Sebastian's first wife, Maria Barbara, was the daughter of his father's cousin, and therefore his own second cousin). (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Feb. 3 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

The Music Project—Pianist Artur Balsam joins the ensemble for a rare chamber-music appearance. The program consists of Beethoven's G-Major Piano Trio, Dvořák's E-Flat Piano Quartet, and Piston's Trio for Flute, Clarinet, and Bassoon. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Feb. 4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-9190.)

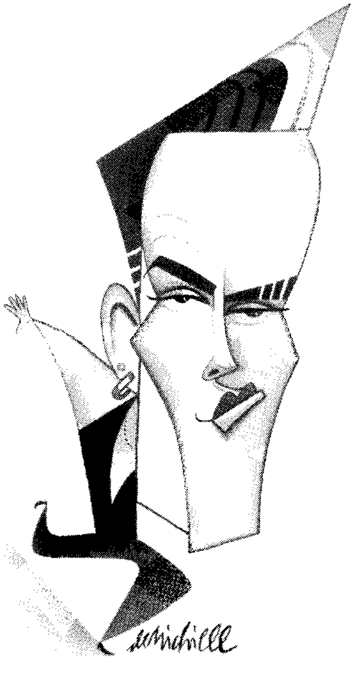
Kevin McMillan—Baritone, singing Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin," with pianist Warren Jones. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 5 at 8.)

Bion Tsang—The cellist, bronze medallist of the 1990 Tchaikovsky Competition, performs works by Schubert, Schumann, Britten, and Leon Kirchner; with pianist Richard Bishop. (Bösendorfer Center, 406 E. 79th St. Feb. 5 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Performing the Bible of counterpoint, J. S. Bach's "The Art of Fugue." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University. Feb. 6 at 8.)

Shanghai String Quartet—Playing quartets by Mozart, Beethoven, and Barber. (92nd Street Y. Feb. 6 at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Performing music by Antonín Reicha, Fauré, and Thea Musgrave, as well as two works by Arthur Berger: an early, tonal C-Major Quartet, and the composer's new revision of his 1984 Wind Quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Feb. 6 at 8.)



Vanilla Ice

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Neil Young & Crazy Horse—"Around the next bend take the highway to the sun/ Or the rocky road, it really don't matter which one." A total commitment to freedom of choice, stubborn consistency, ecstatically intense self-scrutiny—Young's long-running obsessions bring his brilliantly performed rock and roll to an absolute pitch. Having reconciled with his band, Crazy Horse, and made the best record of 1990, "Ragged Glory" (quoted above), Young is on the crest of his first complete emergence into willing stardom since the magnificent "Rust Never Sleeps" period of the late seventies. After the events that began on January 16, this voice of wildness and conscience will be an important one to seek out. A crucial concert. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 4 at 8.)

Vanilla Ice—This acrobic rapper (a.k.a. Robby Van Winkle) is stealing the hearts (and money) of young white females across America. Ice thinks he moves like Jean-Claude Van Damme, but the Tin Man had more rhythm. His music, mostly "borrowed" riffs from Bowie, the Jackson Five, James Brown, etc., is so derivative, so lacking in persuasive delivery, that he makes MC Hammer sound like Bruce Springsteen. A smarmy, unconvincing performer who believes that "it's harder writing rap music . . . you got to think up more words," Mr. Van Winkle would be doing music video a favor if he'd just shut up and go back to sleep. As for his début album, there have been better raps performed on McDonald's commercials. Eight million sold. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 6 at 7.)

ZZ Top—With the Black Crowes. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 28-29 at 8.)

Laura Seaton, The Soldier String Quartet, and Framework—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Feb. 4-5 at 8.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the Washington Bullets, Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Vs. the Sacramento Kings, Feb. 2. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Miami Heat, Feb. 6 at 7:30.

Rangers—Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, Feb. 6. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Jan. 31 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Feb. 2 at 5:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Hartford Whalers, Feb. 3 at 5:05.

Devils—Vs. the Calgary Flames, Feb. 5 at 7:45. (The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

CHAMPIONSHIP—TRACK & FIELD

Millrose Games—A world-class indoor track meet, this year featuring Diane Dixon, Michelle Finn, Said Aouita, and Javier Sotomayor. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 1 at 5:45.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

New York International Motorcycle Show—Bikes, brakes, scooters, tires, batteries, vintage bikes, biker movies, and Doug Domokos, the Wheelie King, will all be on view at Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Feb. 1, from noon to 10; Feb. 2, from 11 to 10; Feb. 3, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door.

Fair Films—Roger Arcara, a historian, was foresighted enough to bring a movie camera to two World's Fairs (1939 and 1964, both in New York City). On Feb. 3 at 3, he will be showing the films he made at each fair back to back at Lehman College in the Bronx. Tickets are free, and audience members are invited to bring to the screening any souvenirs or mementos they may have picked up at either of the fairs. Call 655-3085 for more information.

Readings—Feb. 3 at 7: Ruby Dee, Roy de Carava, Avery Brooks, and others read from the poems of Langston Hughes, in a posthumous birthday celebration. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, Lincoln Center. Tickets are available at the box office only.) . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: Doris Lessing reads from her own fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

Talks—After the screening of clips directed by Charlie Chaplin, Ernst Lubitsch, Preston Sturges, and Jean Renoir, people in the film biz will talk about comic performers. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Jan. 29 at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 708-9795.) . . . ¶ Samuel Freedman, Pete Hamill, Joe Klein, Andy Logan, and E. R. Shipp talk about the place of the arts in the city's budget. (New York Public Library, at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Jan. 31 at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 870-1671.) . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: Doris Lessing talks about feminism. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ Cornel West talks about civic responsibility. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Feb. 5 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Memoranda—February is Black History Month. . . . ¶ The Winter Antiques Show continues through Feb. 3 at the 7th Regiment Armory.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	28	29	30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

Seeing "Come and Get It," Samuel Goldwyn's de-luxe 1936 production based on Edna Ferber's timber-tycoon saga, you know why the director, Howard Hawks (who shared credit with William Wyler), considered Frances Farmer "the best actress I ever worked with"—a statement that puts her on top of a roster that includes Katharine Hepburn and Carole Lombard. In a tricky dual role, Farmer displays enigmatic allure and sure acting intelligence. As the earthy saloon singer who falls for the smitten Edward Arnold when he's just the head of a lumber camp, she's a native-born Dietrich, with a moaning, growling voice, a low-slung posture, and gestures that are casual yet deliberate. The ambitious Arnold abandons Farmer to wed his boss's daughter; twenty-three years later, he's one unhappy tycoon. When Arnold visits his best buddy (Walter Brennan), who had married Farmer years before and still lives in a Wisconsin timber town, he lays astonished eyes on his true love's daughter—the image of her now dead mother. Farmer is an ingênue who's also a bit of a tease. She imbues both her characters with fascinating mixtures of brass and innocence.

The story and the direction get awfully sentimental (the filmmakers overuse the saloon singer's theme song, "Aura Lee"), and Arnold isn't an ideal hero—he seems as old and portly at the beginning as he is at the end. But the dependable Joel McCrea shows up as Arnold's son, establishing a comic-dramatic tension that climaxes in an Oedipal competition. "Come and Get It" (playing February 3-4 at the Biograph Cinema) also offers vibrant documentary details of the timber industry, flavorful 1884 and 1907 period settings, and Hawks' sophisticated, often humorous handling of Arnold's love for the chanteuse and her look-alike daughter. Brennan won an Oscar for his exuberant overplaying as Arnold's Swedish sidekick, but Farmer does the acting in this movie.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "To Sleep with Anger" (†).
Theatre 2: The Third Animation Celebration.
Theatre 3: "Vincent & Theo" (†).
Theatre 4: "Too Much Sun" (directed by Robert Downey), with Robert Downey, Jr., Eric Idle, Ralph Macchio, and Andrea Martin.
Theatre 5: "The Russia House" (†).
Theatre 6: "Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman), with Edward Clements, Carolyn Farina, Christopher Eigeman, and Taylor Nichols.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Rodrigo D: No Future" (Victor Manuel Gaviria; a Colombian film, in Spanish); and "A Tale of the Wind" (1988, Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan; in French), with Ivens.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 2: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.
Theatre 3: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.

Cinema 12, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Vanishing" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Godfather Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dances with Wolves" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Godfather Part III" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 31: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson. From Feb. 1: "Book of Love" (Robert Shaye).
Theatre 5: "Dances with Wolves" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Jan. 31: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field. From Feb. 1: "Queens Logic" (Steve Rash).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 31: "White Fang" (Randal Kleiser), with Klaus Maria Brandauer and Ethan Hawke.
From Feb. 1: "Run" (Geoff Burrowes), with Patrick Dempsey and Kelly Preston.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Grifters" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Green Card" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson, Glenn Close, Alan Bates, and Paul Scofield.
Theatre 3: "The Sheltering Sky"(†).
Theatre 4: "The Field" (Jim Sheridan), with Richard Harris, John Hurt, Tom Berenger, Brenda Fricker, and Sean Bean.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Godfather Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.
Theatre 3: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro, Robin Williams, John Heard, Julie Kavner, Penelope Ann Miller, and Max von Sydow.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"GoodFellas" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Eve of Destruction" (Duncan Gibbins), with Gregory Hines and Renée Soutendijk. From Feb. 1: "Queens Logic" (Steve Rash).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 31: "White Fang" (Randal Kleiser), with Klaus Maria Brandauer, Ethan Hawke, Seymour Cassel, and James Remar. From Feb. 1: "Run" (Geoff Burrowes), with Patrick Dempsey and Kelly Preston.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cyrano de Bergerac" (Jean-Paul Rappeneau, in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Grifters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro, Robin Williams, John Heard, Julie Kavner, Penelope Ann Miller, and Max von Sydow.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Green Card" (†).
Theatre 2: "Memories of a Marriage" (Kasper Rostrup; in Danish).
Theatre 3: "Mr. & Mrs. Bridge" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Look Who's Talking Too" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Russia House" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Godfather Part III" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson, Glenn Close, Alan Bates, and Pa[illegible] Scofield.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-131[illegible]
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Godfather Part III" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "White Fang" (Randal Kleiser), with Klaus Maria Brandauer, Ethan Hawke, Seymour Cassel, and James Remar. From Feb. 1: "Run" (Geoff Burrowes), with Patrick Dempsey and Kelly Preston.
Theatre 2: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 29: Six new films from Europe, South America, and Asia. From Jan. 30: "Wait for Me in Heaven" (1987, directed by Antonio Mercero; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 31: "Breathless" (1959, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo. From Feb. 1: "1900" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 2: "Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro and Robin Williams.

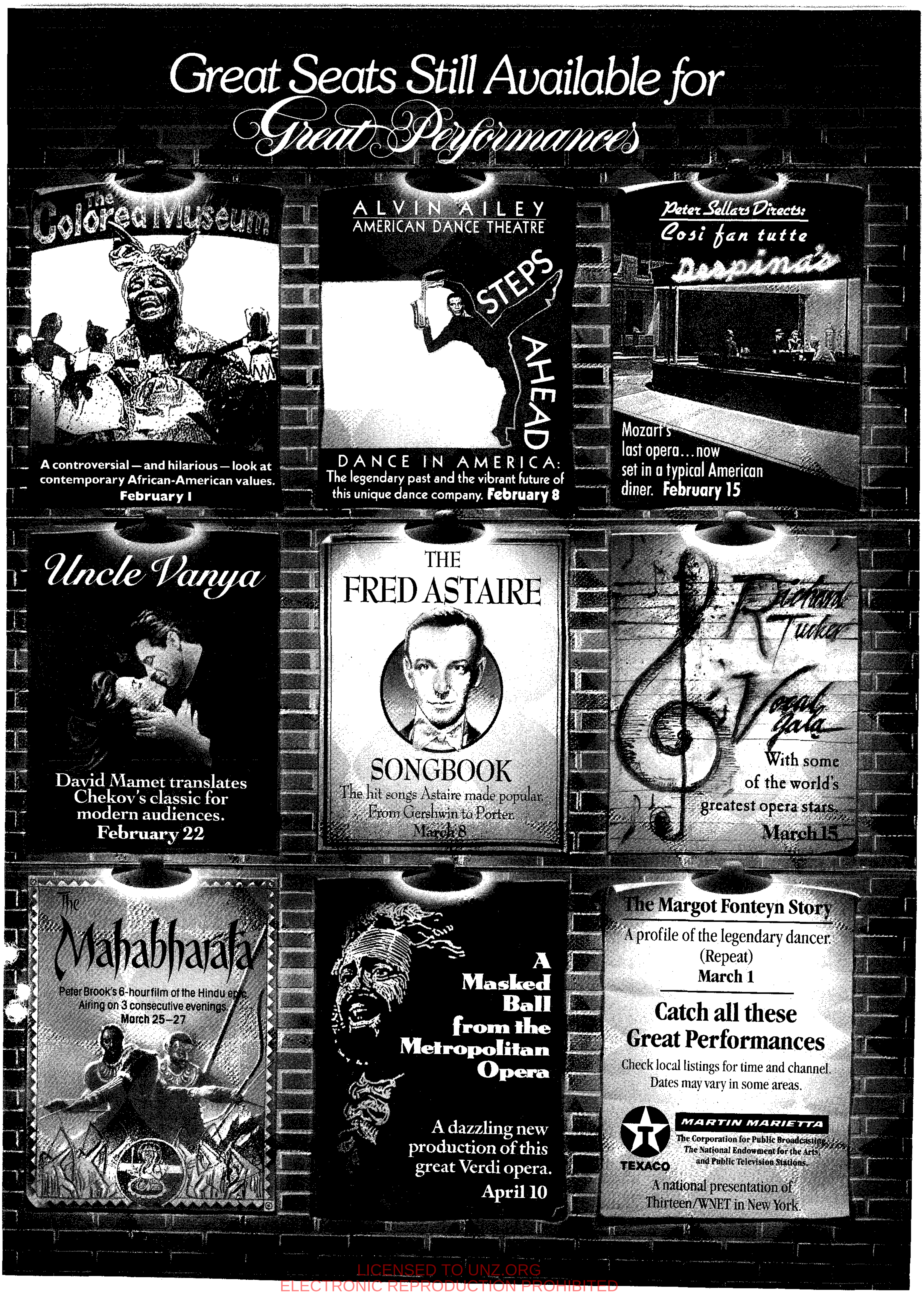
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson, Glenn Close, Alan Bates, and Paul Scofield.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Godfather Part III" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Grifters" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Green Card" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 4: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Misery" (Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.
Theatre 2: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Rei[illegible]man), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Pene[illegible]ope Ann Miller, Pamela Reed, Linda Hunt, and Richard Tyson.
Theatre 3: "Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), *with Richard Dreyfuss and Holly* Hunter.
Theatre 4: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci.
Theatre 5: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.
Theatre 6: "Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro and Robin Williams.
Theatre 7: "The Grifters" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek and Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 9: "The Grifters" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The End of Innocence" (Dyan



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Despina's

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David Mamet translates Chekov's classic for modern audiences. **February 22**

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The hit songs Astaire made popular. From Gershwin to Porter. March 8

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With some of the world's greatest opera stars. **March 15**

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TEXACO

MARTIN MARIETTA

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A national presentation of Thirteen/WNET in New York.

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Cannon), with Cannon, John Heard, and George Coe.

Theatre 2: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 3: "Eve of Destruction" (Duncan Gibbins), with Gregory Hines and Renée Soutendijk.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Green Card" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Hidden Agenda" (Ken Loach), with Frances McDormand, Brian Cox, and Brad Dourif. From Feb. 1: "Meet the Applegates" (Michael Lehmann), with Ed Begley, Jr., Stockard Channing, and Dabney Coleman.

Theatre 2: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 3: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Theatre 4: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 5: "Mermaids" (Richard Benjamin), with Cher, Bob Hoskins, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci.

Theatre 6: "Postcards from the Edge" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Edward Scissorhands" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

Jan. 28: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.

Jan. 29-31: Theatre closed.

From Feb. 1: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Sheltering Sky" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Men of Respect" (William Reilly), with John Turturro.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"The Long Walk Home" (Richard Pearce), with Sissy Spacek and Whoopi Goldberg.

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Alice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Come See the Paradise" (Alan Parker), with Dennis Quaid and Tamlyn Tomita.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dances with Wolves" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Awakenings" (Penny Marshall), with Robert De Niro and Robin Williams.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze.

Theatre 2: "Taxi Blues" (Pavel Lounguine; in Russian).

Theatre 3: "Rikyu" (Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Rentaro Mikuni and Tsutomu Yamazaki.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Once Around" (Lasse Hallström), with Richard Dreyfuss and Holly Hunter.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson. From Feb. 1: "Book of Love" (Robert Shaye).

Theatre 2: "Hamlet" (Franco Zeffirelli), with Mel Gibson, Glenn Close, Alan Bates, and Paul Scofield.

Theatre 3: "The Russia House" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Grifters" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Godfather Part III" (†).

Theatre 6: "Green Card" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 2: "Kindergarten Cop" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: "Eve of Destruction" (Duncan Gibbins), with Gregory Hines and Renée Soutendijk.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Misery" (directed by Rob Reiner), with James Caan and Kathy Bates.

Theatre 2: "The Grifters" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 31: "The Bonfire of the Vanities" (Brian De Palma), with Tom Hanks, Bruce Willis, and Melanie Griffith. From Feb. 1: "Popcorn" (Mark Herrier), with Tony Roberts.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 31: (Separate admissions) "Come See the Paradise" (Alan Parker), with Dennis Quaid and Tamlyn Tomita; and "Predator 2" (Stephen Hopkins), with Danny Glover and Gary Busey. From Feb. 1: "Book of Love" (Robert Shaye).

Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (†).

Theatre 6: "Look Who's Talking Too" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, and Olympia Dukakis.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Flight of the Intruder" (John Milius), with Danny Glover, Willem Dafoe, and Brad Johnson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: "Eve of Destruction" (Duncan Gibbins), with Gregory Hines and Renée Soutendijk.

Theatre 2: "Not Without My Daughter" (Brian Gilbert), with Sally Field.

Theatre 3: "The Russia House" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Godfather Part III" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Home Alone" (Chris Columbus), with Macaulay Culkin.

Theatre 2: "Lionheart" (Sheldon Lettich), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 31: "White Fang" (Randal Kleiser), with Klaus Maria Brandauer, Ethan Hawke, Seymour Cassel, and James Remar. From Feb. 1: "Run" (Geoff Burrowes), with Patrick Dempsey and Kelly Preston.

Theatre 2: "Reversal of Fortune" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Jan. 28: "The More the Merrier" (1943, directed by George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn; and "These Three" (1936, William Wyler), with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and McCrea.

Jan. 29-30: "Ride the High Country" (1962, Sam Peckinpah), with Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott, and Mariette Hartley; and "Stars in My Crown" (1950, Jacques Tourneur), with McCrea, Dean Stockwell, Ellen Drew, Alan Hale, and Lewis Stone.

Jan. 31-Feb. 2: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941, Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake, Joel McCrea, William Demarest, and Jimmy Conlin; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942, Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

Feb. 3-4: "Dead End" (1937, William Wyler), with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart; and "Come and Get It" (see blurb on page 14).

Feb. 5-6: "The Richest Girl in the World" (†); and "Three Blind Mice" (1938, William A. Seiter), with Joel McCrea, Loretta Young, David Niven, Stuart Erwin, and Marjorie Weaver.

Cinema Village, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)

Through Jan. 29: "The Unbelievable Truth" (1990, Hal Hartley), with Adrienne Shelly, Robert Burke, Christopher Cooke, and Julia McNeal; and "Strapless" (1988, David Hare), with Blair Brown, Bruno Ganz, and Bridget Fonda.

From Jan. 30: "Straight Through the Heart."

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Through Jan. 29: "My Life to Live" (1962, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967, Godard; in French), with Marina Vlady.

Jan. 30-31: "Les Carabiniers" (1963, Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Le Petit Soldat" (1960, Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Michel Subor.

Feb. 1-5: "Alphaville" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "All Boys Are Called Patrick" (1957, Godard; in French).

From Feb. 6: "Hail Mary" (1985, Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "First Name: Carmen" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 28: "Band of Outsiders" (1964, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Charles Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959, Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Jan. 29: "Made for Each Other" (1971, Robert B. Bean), with Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; and "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970, Otto Preminger), with Liza Minnelli, Ken Howard, James Coco, and Kay Thompson.

Jan. 30: "And Then There Were None" (1945, René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Louis Hayward; and "The Old Dark House" (1932, James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.

Jan. 31: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962, Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "This Property Is Condemned" (1966, Sydney Pollack), with Natalie Wood, Robert Redford, Charles Bronson, and Kate Reid.

Feb. 1-2: "Stage Fright" (1950, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951, Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman.

Feb. 3: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pin[illegible] and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977, Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.

Feb. 4: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "My Life to Live" (1962, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Feb. 5: "Goldfinger" (1954, Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery, Gert Frobe, Honor Blackman, and Shirley Eaton; and "From Russia with Love" (†).

Feb. 6: "To Catch a Thief" (†); and "Wait Until Dark" (1967, Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Jan. 28 at 2:30: "Blue Eyed" (1989, directed by Reinhard Hauff; in German), with George Götz. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 3: "Recent Sorrows" (1984, Jerry Barrish). . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 6: "Rendezvous in Travers" (1989, Michael Gwisdek; in German), with Hermann Beyer. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 6:30: "Shuttlecock" (1989, Barrish). Mr. Barrish will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2:30: "The Architects" (1990, Peter Kahane; in German), with Kurt Naumann. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 5: "Crossing Borders" (1989, Hark Bohm; in German), with Uwe Bohm. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2:30: "Wedding" (1990, Heiko Schier; in German), with Angela Schmid-Burgk. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 3 and 6: "Berkeley in the Sixties" (1990, Mark Kitchell), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 6: "Looking for Causes" (1990, Dietmar Hochmuth; in German), with Peter Zimmerman. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2:30: "The Hard Way" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 3: "Repetition" (1963), "Judith" (1965), "Flower" (1970), and "Traps" (1967), all directed by Jon Jost. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6: "Hard, Fast, and Beautiful" (1951, Ida Lupino), with Claire Trevor and Sally Forrest. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6: "Slow Moves" (1983, Jost), with Roxanne Rogers. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2: "The Light That Failed" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2:30: "Rembrandt Laughing" (1988, Jost), with Jon A. English. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5: "Never Fear" (1950, Lupino), with Forrest, Keefe Brasselle, and Hugh O'Brian. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5: "Bell Diamond" (1987, Jost), with Marshall Gaddis. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2: "Outrage" (1950, Lupino), with Mala Powers and Tod Andrews. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2:30: "City" (1964), "April 24" (1968), "Chalma" (1964), and "X2: Two Dances by Nancy Karp" (1980), all directed by Jost. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5: "The Hard Way" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5: "Plain Talk & Common Sense" (1988, Jost). . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2:30: "Hard, Fast, and Beautiful." . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 6: "The Light That Failed" (†). . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30: "The Hitch-hiker" (1953, Lupino), with Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, and William Talman. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6: "Never Fear."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—James Dean television appearances. Jan. 29-Feb. 2: "The Bells of Cockaigne" (1953, NBC), an episode of "Armstrong Circle Theatre," with Gene Lockhart; and "Glory in the Flower" (1953, CBS), an episode of "Omnibus," with Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. . . . From Feb. 5: "Keep Our Honor

Bright" (1953, NBC), an episode of "Kraft Television Theatre"; and "The Evil Within" (1953, ABC), an episode of "Tales of Tomorrow," with Rod Steiger. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 2. . . . ¶ "On Stage at Carnegie Hall: A Centennial Celebration." Jan. 29-Feb. 2: Two programs of "NBC Symphony Orchestra with Arturo Toscanini" (1951 and 1952). . . . From Feb. 5: "Julie and Carol at Carnegie Hall" (1962, CBS), with Julie Andrews and Carol Burnett; and "Carnegie Hall Salutes Jack Benny" (1961, CBS). Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Jan. 30 at 8: "Reassemblage" (1982, Trinh T. Minh-ha), "Castro Street" (1966, Bruce Baillie), and "Killer of Sheep" (1976, Charles Burnett). . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 7: Seven short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8:30: "Une Femme Douce" (1969, Robert Bresson; in French, with no English subtitles), with Dominique Sanda. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 7: "Peel" (1982, Joan Campion) and "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1984, Billy Woodberry). . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 9: "Caravaggio" (1985, Derek Jarman). . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 9:30: "Surname Viet Given Name Nam" (1989, Minh-ha). . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 11: "Days of Greek Gods: Physique Films of Richard E. Fontaine" (1948-66). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 1: "Maedchen in Uniform" (1931, Leontine Sagan; in German). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 3: "Desire" (1989, Stuart Marshall). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5 and Feb. 6 at 9: "Looking for Langston" (1989, Isaac Julien) and "Trojans" (1990, Constantine Giannaris). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 7: A program of films and videos by Baillie, who will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 and Feb. 4 at 7: "Friends Forever" (1986, Stefan Henszelman; in Danish). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 9: "Nocturne" (1990, Joy Chamberlain) and "Because the Dawn" (1988, Amy Goldstein). . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 11: "Pink Narcissus" (1970, Jim Bidgood). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 1 and Feb. 6 at 7: "Comrades in Arms" (1990, Marshall) and "Flames of Passion" (1990, Richard Kwietniowski). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 3: "Novembermoon" (1984, Alexandra von Grote; in German). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5: "Parting Glances" (1986, Bill Sherwood). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 7: "Another Way" (1982, Karoly Makk; in Hungarian). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 9: "Silence=Death" (1990, Rosa Von Praunheim and Phil Zwickler), "Fear of Disclosure"(1989, Zwickler and David Wojnarowicz), and "DHPG Mon Amour" (1989, Carl George). . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 9: "Virgin Machine" (1988, Monika Treut; in German). . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 7: "Tongues United" (1989, Marlon T. Riggs) and "Flesh & Paper" (1990, Pratibha Parmar). . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 9: "Coming Out" (1989, Heiner Carow). . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 5: "Life on Earth as I Know It" (1989, Penny McDonald), "How to Kill Her" (1989, Ana Maria Simo), "Can't You Take a Joke?" (1989, Viki Dun), and "Justine's Film" (1989, Jeanne Crepeau). . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 8: "The Personal File of Anna Akhmatova" (1989, Semyon Aranovitch).

Richard Dreyfuss in "Once Around"

DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Jan. 31 at noon: "Grey Gardens" (1974, the Maysles Brothers). . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at noon: "James Baldwin: The Price of the Ticket" (1989, Karen Thorsen). . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30: "Stormy Weather" (1943, Andrew L. Stone), with Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, Cab Calloway, and Fats Waller.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films for which Gordon Willis was the cinematographer. Feb. 2 at 2: "The Godfather" (1972, Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, James Caan, Richard Castellano, Diane Keaton, and Talia Shire. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 1: "The Godfather Part II" (1975, Coppola), with Pacino, Robert De Niro, Keaton, Duvall, John Cazale, Lee Strasberg, and Shire.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Jan. 30 and Feb. 1 at 2: "Dry Kisses Only" (1989, Jane Cottis and Kaucyila Brooke). . . . ¶ Jan. 31 and Feb. 2 at 2: "Born in Flames" (1983, Lizzie Borden). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 and Feb. 6 at 2: "The Man Who Envied Women" (1985, Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2: "How to Kill Her" (1989, Ana Maria Simo) and "She Must Be Seeing Things" (1987, Sheila McLaughlin). . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6: "Age 12: Love with a Little L" (1990, Jennifer Montgomery), "Welcome to Normal" (1990, Sadie Benning), "The Way of the Wicked" (1989, Christine Vachon), and "Damned if You Don't" (1987, Su Friedrich).

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Feb. 1 at 6:30: "Amagi Pass" (1983, Haruhiko Mimura; in Japanese), with Yuko Tanaka. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 6:30: "Stray Dog" (1973, Azuma Morisaki; in Japanese), with Tetsuya Watari.

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 6 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983, Euzhan Palcy; in French), with Garry Cadenat.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Through Feb. 3: "Killer of Sheep" (1981, Charles Burnett), with Henry Gayle Sanders, Kaycee Moore, and Charles Bracy. (Showings Monday through Friday at 7 and 9 and Saturday and Sunday at 4, 6:30, and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

ALICE—Woody Allen's latest picture is an awkward blend of whimsy and moralizing. The title character, played by Mia Farrow, is a pampered Upper East Side lady-who-lunches. She lives in a huge apartment with her handsome husband (William Hurt), her adorable children, and a staff, and she looks terrific. But her life, the movie tells us, is totally empty and false. A Chinatown doctor (Keye Luke) gives her a variety of herbal remedies to knock the yuppie malaise out of her system. One of them makes her invisible; one makes her irresistible to men; and so on. As these fantasy episodes mount up, Alice begins to see how artificial her life is, how far she's strayed from the pure ideals of her Catholic girlhood, how much more love she needs than she has been getting, and what a revolting piece of Wasp slime her husband is. In the end, the heroine seems, incredibly, to have redeemed herself through self-absorption; the movie doesn't benefit from any such miracle. Although there are more jokes here than in any of Allen's last few features, the picture isn't really a comedy; it's a sermon with gags. The large cast also includes Joe Mantegna, Alec Baldwin, Blythe Danner, Judy Davis, Bob Balaban, and Bernadette Peters (who does a sensational brief turn as a cynical muse).—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/31/90.) (Loews Fine Arts.)

DANCES WITH WOLVES—Set during the Civil War, this big Indians-versus-Cavalry epic is like a New Age social-studies lesson. Kevin Costner, who directed and is the star, has an untroubled face and laid-back diction. As Lieutenant Dunbar, a Union officer, he sees that the Sioux have a superior culture and he changes sides. This is a nature-boy movie, a kid's daydream of being an Indian. When Dunbar has become a Sioux named Dances with Wolves, he writes in his journal that he knows for the first time who he really is. Costner has feathers in his hair and feathers in his head. He and his friend Michael Blake (who worked up the material with him in mind and then wrote the novel and the screenplay) are trying to show the last years of the Sioux as an independent nation from the Sioux point of view, and it's probably that sympathy for the Indians that the audience responds to. But Costner is a moviemaking novice: instead of helping us understand the Sioux, he simply makes the Sioux like genial versions of us. This three-hour Western weeper, with its sluggish action and poorly shaped scenes, was made by a bland megalomaniac. (The Indians should have named him Plays with Camera.) Shot in South Dakota; the wide-screen cinematography, by Dean Semier, is spacious and open at times, and there are fine images of buffalo pounding by. With Mary McDonnell, Maury Chaykin, Robert Pastorelli, Graham Greene as Kicking Bird, and Rodney A. Grant as Wind in His Hair.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

EDWARD SCISSORHANDS—A Transylvanian castle rises high in the air out of the end of a bare, flat suburban street. One day, Peg Boggs, the Avon lady (Dianne Wiest, magically daffy), makes a call on the macabre, tumbledown place and discovers an adolescent fairy-tale boy, white-faced Edward (Johnny Depp), with two collections of long, sharp shears where his hands should be. (He was created in the castle's kitchen workshop by an aged inventor—Vincent Price, in flashbacks—who died before he could attach the hands he had prepared.) Peg invites the boy to come home with her. At first, this movie, directed by Tim Burton, has a lovely comic spirit, but when the suburbanites think Edward is dangerous and turn against him, the material turns into cheesy, plot-centered melodrama. It has a central flaw: the idea of a boy who cuts when he wants to touch is pre-interpreted. He's the pure creative artist who can't be around people because he can't help hurting them; he's the woeful misunderstood kid. Edward is an emasculated Tim Burton—he's Burton saying, "I've always been a sweet guy." (The picture becomes Christmassy and angelic.) With Winona Ryder.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Ziegfeld.)

FIRST NAME: CARMEN (1984)—In this modern-day version of the Carmen story, the director, Jean-Luc Godard, looks at the performers with the eyes of an apathetic stranger. From the way the movie is put together, it appears that he is resigned to having to tell some sort of story, but he feels it's an imposition on him—an irritation, or worse. He displaces the sensuality that people expect from a Carmen movie onto images that have no specific relation to her story—waves breaking against rocks, Paris traffic at dusk, views of a string quartet that is practicing and (sometimes) performing the Beethoven we hear on the soundtrack. Godard keeps all his sets of images in motion: he's the rare case of an artist whose command of his medium becomes more assured as his interests dry up. Working with Raoul Coutard as cinematographer, he gives you the feeling that he can do almost anything and you'll keep watching it, mesmerized by the rhythms of sound and image. The picture is Godardian in a dissociated way that is sometimes amusing but makes us condescend to it, fondly—and, after a while, not so fondly. Godard himself plays Uncle Jean, a dotty, broken-down filmmaker who mutters spacey epigrams and whacks himself in the face; his slapstick self-parody makes more connection with the audience than anything else in the shallow, withdrawn movie. Uncle Jean's niece, Carmen, is played by a very pretty young Dutch actress, Maruschka Detmers; Joseph is

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

played by Jacques Bonaffi. In French.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; starting Feb. 6.)

From Russia with Love (1963)—The second in the James Bond series—exciting, handsomely staged, and campy—with Sean Connery pitted against a blond Robert Shaw and Lotte Lenya with a dagger in her shoe. Also with Pedro Armendariz, Daniele Bianchi, Vladek Sheybal, and the regulars—Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell, and Desmond Llewelyn. Directed by Terence Young, from a script by Richard Maibaum and Joanna Harwood, based on Ian Fleming's novel. The score is by John Barry. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

The Godfather Part III—Lightning didn't strike three times. It's a big, ambitious project, and it looks like the first two "Godfather" movies, but the internal force has vanished, and the quality of feeling—what gave the films their lyricism and made the public bond with them —is gone. In the first two pictures the director, Francis Ford Coppola, took opportunistic, sensationalist material and turned it into drama. Now he doesn't transform the sensationalist material (the Corleones' involvement in Vatican swindles); he just presents it, with an aura of solemnity. With Al Pacino as the morose godfather, Andy Garcia as his successor, and Diane Keaton, Talia Shire, Eli Wallach, Joe Mantegna, Donal Donnelly, Raf Vallone, Bridget Fonda, Sofia Coppola, George Hamilton, Franc D'Ambrosio, and Helmut Berger. Written by the director and Mario Puzo.—P.K. (1/14/91) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

GoodFellas—The director, Martin Scorsese, gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book "Wiseguy," it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks "Scarface" without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura: the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

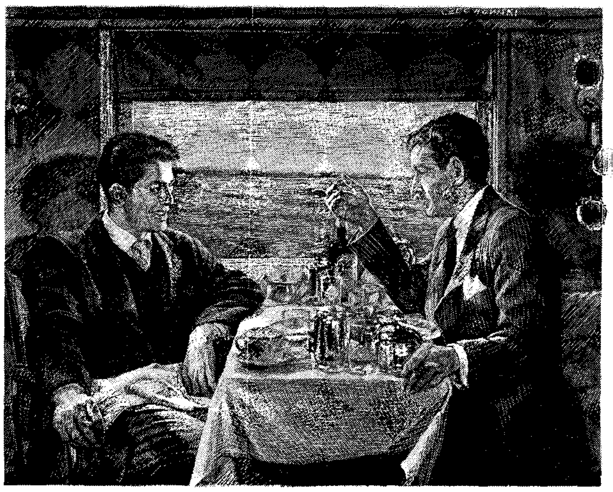
Green Card—A limp, dispirited romantic comedy, written and directed by Peter Weir. A rather prissy horticulturist (Andie MacDowell) agrees to an in-name-only marriage to a Frenchman (Gérard Depardieu); he needs a green card to stay in New York, and she needs to show that she's married in order to get past the stuffy co-op board of the building in which she wants to buy an apartment. They meet (for the first time) at City Hall, do the deed, and separate, until several months later, when they're forced to pretend that their union is real—that they aren't strangers but devoted partners who know every little thing about each other. This is a serviceable premise for a screwball comedy, but the screwball is apparently not one of Weir's best pitches: the movie is as flat and lifeless as a hanging curve. Depardieu—as shaggy and hefty as ever—is a skillful comedian, and he looks as if he's having a great time. Not even his vivid presence is enough to rescue this wan little picture. Also with Bebe Neuwirth and Gregg Edelman.—T.R. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Quad Cinema, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Grifters—This adaptation of one of the punchier pulp novels by Jim Thompson retains Thompson's hardboiled pitilessness. It's about three scam artists: tough, seductive Lilly (Anjelica Huston); her son, Roy (John Cusack), who won't have anything to do with her; and his bubbly bedmate, Myra (Annette Bening), a sex fantasy come to luscious life. These chisellers never got a break and don't give anybody else a break. The director, Stephen Frears, and the scriptwriter, Donald E. Westlake, are smart enough not to attempt to make a big thing out of this L.A. film noir. They keep it snappy, and heighten the sexual electricity. And they smack us with discord: we're watching a form of cabaret. Huston is astounding; you can see why the son is getting even with her by throwing his life away, and Bening's two-faced little-girl quality is just what film noir thrives on. (This is a picture with two competing *femmes fatales.*) It's thin stuff, but it's pretty terrific. (It even has great opening titles.) With Pat Hingle giving the performance of his life, and Gailard Sartain, Stephen Tobolowsky, J. T. Walsh, Henry Jones, Charles Napier, and Sandy Baron. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton; production design by Dennis Charles Gassner.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Hard Way (1943)—Sharply observed and well acted; it doesn't rise to any heights, but it moves along and holds one's attention. Ida Lupino plays a classic stage-mother role, except it's her younger sister (Joan Leslie) whose career she's pushing, as a way of lifting them both out of grimy, Pennsylvania mill-town poverty. Daniel Fuchs and Peter Viertel wrote the script, from a story by Jerry Wald (who also produced), and it has unusual authenticity and vitality for two thirds of the way; then the film gets lost in a series of compromises. It was essential to establish the fresh-faced younger sister's complicity in Lupino's ruthless scheming and sleeping with anyone who could be useful, but (perhaps on orders from the Warners brass?) Leslie is given a pure, outdoor-life romance, and the picture goes flabby. Lupino's English accent comes through at times, but she gives one of the best of her intense, hyper-aware, overcontrolled performances (she seemed to relax only in comedy); the conception here justifies much of her tightness, and she suggests desperate, self-pitying layers under the calculation. The male leads, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan, who play small-time vaudeville hoofers, are very well directed by Vincent Sherman; as a dumb lug who lets the two women walk all over him, Carson is surprisingly touching and convincing. With Gladys George as a beat-out, trampy actress, singing in a whiskey alto, and Paul Cavanagh, Roman Bohnen, Faye Emerson, Julie Bishop, Joan Woodbury, Ann Doran, and Leona Maricle. Well shot (especially the first sequences in the mill town) by James Wong Howe. (Inexplicably, both sisters frequently wear fancy little over-one-eye hats, like papier-mâché cream puffs.) —P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Feb. 1 and 3.)

The Light That Failed (1940)—This faithful adaptation of the Kipling novel jerks cultured tears. Ronald Colman plays Heldar, the great painter, who is injured by a spear in the Sudan and later goes blind, so he doesn't know that his masterpiece has been destroyed—splashed with turpentine—by his spiteful Cockney model, Bessie Broke (Ida Lupino). When he learns the truth, he goes back to the Sudan, bent on suicide. The director, William Wellman, said of Colman, "He didn't like me; I didn't like him—the only two things we agreed fully on." Fortunately, Wellman seems to have got along well with Lupino (this was her big entry in the Bette Davis-slut sweepstakes) and with Walter Huston, who plays the painter's friend. With Muriel Angelus, Dudley Digges, and Ernest Cossart.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Feb. 2 and 4.)

Mr. & Mrs. Bridge—An adaptation, by the Merchant-Ivory team (the director James Ivory, the producer Ismail Merchant, and the writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala), of Evan S. Connell's novels about the painfully respectable Bridge family of Kansas City. Walter and India Bridge (Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward) are pure exemplars of the middle: they're middle-aged and middle-class; they live in a medium-sized city in virtually the dead center of the United States; and they are neither truly happy nor consciously unhappy. They're monsters of moderation. At the beginning of the film, Ivory seems eerily in tune with the novels' distinctive sensibility. The picture gets by, initially, on its strange mood of chilling coziness, and when we tire of that—and we do, because it doesn't change or develop—the actors keep us engaged a while longer. Newman doesn't try to soften the character, or to distance himself from it with exaggerated effects, and his scrupulousness pays off. The character seems not more likable but more human than it does in the novels; by very simple means, Newman enables us to understand Mr. Bridge's insensitivity and emotional ineptitude. And Woodward, too, gives a delicate, subtle performance: she embodies a foolish woman vividly and unpatronizingly. But the screenplay retains the static quality of the books' construction, so at a certain point the scenes begin to feel arbitrary. And Ivory's perspective on the material seems to become clouded by a storm of minutiae—a surfeit of period detail. (The action takes place in the late thirties and early forties.) In the end, the Bridges aren't large enough either to move us or to terrify us; they're the Ambersons without the magnificence. Also with Blythe Danner, Kyra Sedgwick, Robert Sean Leonard, Margaret Welsh, and Simon Callow. —T.R. (12/3/90) (Cinema 3rd Avenue.)



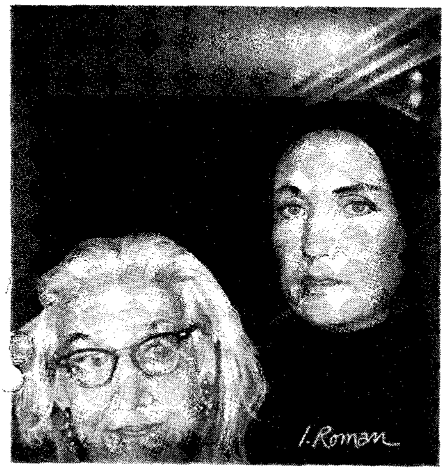
At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Farley Granger and Robert Walker in "Strangers on a Train"

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian region of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. Bertolucci is trying to transcend the audience appeal of his lyrical, psychological films. He is trying to make a people's film by drawing on the mythology of movies, as if it were a collective memory. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) In form, it's an opera-novel, and its homage is to Verdi, the great Emilian who died on the day of the boys' birth; it has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs, and one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour; there are also sequences as great as any ever filmed. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. This is not the cut version that opened in this country in 1977; it's the full version, and it runs five hours and eleven minutes.—P.K. (Film Forum; starting Feb. 1).

Postcards from the Edge—This tale of a sorrowful, wisecracking starlet (Meryl Streep) whose brassy, boozing former-star mother (Shirley MacLaine) started her on sleeping pills when she was nine is camp without the zest of camp. It's camp played borderline straight—a druggy-Cinderella movie about an unformed girl who has to go past despair to find herself. The director, Mike Nichols, is a parodist who feigns sincerity, and his tone keeps slipping around. What's clear is that we're meant to be enthralled by the daughter's radiant face, her refinement, her honesty. Nichols keeps the camera on Streep as if to prove that he can make her a popular big star—a new Crawford or Bette Davis. (She remains distant, emotionally atonal.) The tacky, bright-colored film—a near-plotless version of a woman's picture—is weightless, yet it's watchable. Its jadedness appeals to the narcissism of show-biz insiders and to the would-be insider in the rest of us. (Nichols is acclaimed for being hip to the Zeitgeist.)—P.K. (10/22/90) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

Reversal of Fortune—An entertainingly trashy sick-joke docudrama about how Claus von Bülow's conviction for trying to kill his superrich wife was overturned on appeal through the brainpower of the Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz and his team of students and former students. Jeremy Irons' von Bülow is a pop conception of a decadent aristocrat, and the crowd-pleasing satirical subtext is that the heirs and heiresses of the great fortunes are useless, bored, unloving, and unloved. The fun here is that Irons' performance is a masterly conceit. His von Bülow is a depraved cuckoo; he simply can't resist playing ghoulish comedian and making Dershowitz (Ron Silver) his stooge. The script, by Nicholas Kazan, is skillfully constructed, but it's based on Dershowitz's book about the case, and he's the protagonist—the crusading lawyer searching for evidence of innocence. Silver's Dershowitz seems to be overdosing on proud sentimental Jewishness. (That this is a positive stereotype makes it no less a stereotype.) The direction, by Barbet Schroeder, is assured but often impersonal and emptily energetic. With Glenn Close (very effective as Sunny von Bülow, the comatose narrator), Christine Baranski as Andrea Reynolds, Julie Hagerty (uncredited) as Alexandra Isles, and Stephen Mailer, Annabella Sciorra, Uta Hagen, and Fisher Stevens. Music by Mark Isham.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Quad Cinema, and West Side Cinema.)

The Richest Girl in the World (1934)—Miriam Hopkins is the rich girl who is wary of fortune hunters; so she persuades her secretary, Fay Wray, to swap places with her whenever they're in public. Joel McCrea is the young man who falls crazily in love with Miriam, but thinks he'd better be practical and go after Fay. This surprisingly sexy romantic comedy has been almost forgotten. It's not exactly a classic, but it's pretty nifty. Hopkins was still in her most seductive phase; this was made just a couple of years after "Trouble in Paradise," and she has her distinctive flash and wit. With Reginald Denny, Henry Stephenson, George Meeker, and Beryl Mercer as the maid. Directed by William A. Seiter, from a story and script by Norman Krasna. The cinematography is by Nick Musuraca; the music is by Max Steiner.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Feb. 5-6.)



At the Donnell Library Center, Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter Edie in "Grey Gardens"

The Russia House—Fred Schepisi's movie, based on the novel by John le Carré, is an immensely satisfying entertainment. It's an espionage thriller in which things are much, much simpler than they appear to be—a notion that all but subverts the premises of the genre. As is usual in such stories, there are important secrets up for grabs; here they're contained in a manuscript written by a top Soviet defense scientist, Yakov (Klaus Maria Brandauer). The scientist has tried to put this document in the hands of a man he considers a kindred spirit—an alcoholic, saxophone-playing English publisher named Barley Blair (Sean Connery)—but it winds up in the possession of the intelligence professionals of the C.I.A. and MI-6, who then involve Barley in a complicated espionage operation. In this story, the fine-tuned paranoia of the Cold War seems almost comic. The screenplay, by Tom Stoppard, is cleverly constructed, and Schepisi—a virtuoso at making complex action lucid—gives the picture an even, flowing rhythm: he knows that the thriller elements are a farcical counterpoint to the real story, in which all the thrills are emotional ones. The movie diagrams the moves of the professional-spy game while keeping our attention focussed on the amateurs: Barley, Yakov, and Katya (Michelle Pfeiffer), the beautiful woman who acts as a messenger for Yakov and falls in love with Barley. This is a great role for Sean Connery; he gives his richest, most affecting performance. And he and Pfeiffer are superbly matched, because they're both direct, unfussy actors. (There's nothing devious or self-conscious in their relation to the camera or to each other.) The Russian scenery is lovingly photographed by Ian Baker, and the supporting cast provides small delights throughout. (James Fox and Ken Russell are particularly good.) This movie's professionalism is bracing because the enthusiasm and the generous spirit of the amateur are still in evidence. Also with Roy Scheider, John Mahoney, J. T. Walsh, and Michael Kitchen.—T.R. (12/31/90) (Angelika Film Center, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

The Sheltering Sky—Published in 1949, Paul Bowles' semi-autobiographical account of his marriage fascinated readers by its Olympian closeted tone. Under the novel's vaporousness is a pop theme: what happens to a modern, dissatisfied woman—a New York artist-intellectual—if she's in the Sahara, her husband dies, and she's enslaved in a harem? But this is not simply a male writer's version of a woman's harem-whore fantasy; the wife, Kit, seems to be fulfilling the nature and desires that the husband, Port, cannot fulfill for himself. Bernardo Bertolucci's attenuated film version filters out the pop element that gives the book its bit of kicky horror. The movie is about Kit (Debra Winger) giving over to another way of seeing; it's about the shift in her psyche as she becomes a contented love slave and moves away from the verbal, from definitions and categories and neuroses. Bertolucci appears to have lost interest in pace and excitement and verve; he goes deep into monotony. (The whole thing has the impressively decadent look of an Armani ad.) With John Malkovich as Port (who's full of smug self-hatred), Campbell Scott as Tunner, Jill Bennett, Timothy Spall, and Bowles (at seventy-nine) as some sort of presiding expatriate sage. The script is by Mark Peploe and Bertolucci; the cinematography is by Vittorio Storaro; the music is by Ryuichi Sakamoto.—P.K. (12/17/90) (Murray Hill Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The later, jaded Hitchcock leans to malice and manner. He gets by with it here, largely because of Cary Grant's elegance as a retired cat burglar, and the luscious, sunny Riviera scenery, and Grace Kelly—she actually looks alive, and she's sexier than she is in anything else. The suspense plot (reprised in the 1974 "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much; there are few thrills in this romantic comedy-thriller—it's no more than a pleasant minor diversion—but it does have a zingy air of sophistication. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, John Williams, and Brigitte Auber. The screenplay, by John Michael Hayes, is based on a novel by David Dodge.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6.)

To Sleep with Anger—A domestic comedy with an unusually dense texture. It's shot straightforwardly, in a style that appears realistic almost to the point of banality, and yet right from the start there's something unsettling about its plainness: Charles Burnett, who wrote and directed, keeps hinting that things are not necessarily what they seem. Gideon (Paul Butler) and Suzie (Mary Alice) are a middle-aged black couple who live in Los Angeles; their roots, however, are in the rural South, and they've retained quite a few of the customs, values, and superstitions of the culture they were brought up in. The story gets going when a friend of theirs from back home appears on their doorstep; they invite him to stay with them awhile, and he does. This unexpected guest, Harry (Danny Glover), turns out to be a gifted confidence man, with a sharp eye for human weakness; he's a grinning, honey-tongued demon. He uses his backcountry wisdom with sinister, obscure intent, for purposes that Burnett, cunningly, allows to remain ambiguous. The presence of Harry gives the realistic surface of the movie a vibrant strangeness; he seems to transform everything that happens in these clean, comfortable living rooms and kitchens into dark rituals performed in the woods in the dead of night. The picture has a risky, complex tone: it's a comedy, because the family's threatened world is set right in the end, but there are moments along the way when the intimations of unseen controlling forces—both in Glover's suggestive performance and in the eerie, calm precision of Burnett's direction—give us the creeps.—T.R. (11/5/90) (Angelika Film Center.)

The Vanishing—George Sluizer's film has a simple, powerful thriller hook: a young Dutch woman, Saskia (the radiant Johanna Ter Steege), vacationing in the South of France with her boyfriend, Rex (Gene Bervoets), walks into a highway rest stop to buy soda and beer and never comes back. Rex's search for Saskia, which takes place over several years, produces suspense of an unusually melancholy kind. This fiendishly intelligent little movie is adapted from a novel called "The Golden Egg," by the Dutch writer Tim Krabbé (who collaborated with Sluizer on the adaptation), and its form is essentially literary. It's a sophisticated example of the sort of hermetic intellectual mysteries that Borges is famous for; the fates of Saskia and Rex are worked out with an almost geometric precision. But the movie's rigor isn't alienating, and its symmetries are evocative rather than merely clever. The film is about ordinary lives interrupted, hijacked out of time, and Sluizer, with documentary-style attentiveness to detail, does justice to the varied beauty of ordinariness. The narrative is constructed with flawless elegance, but the movie is far less self-contained than it seems: traces of deep feeling keep escaping from the artifice, like puffs of breath into cold, thin air, and these wispy, ephemeral indications of unself-conscious life haunt us when the story is over. Not many thrillers have the sort of suggestiveness this picture has. It's a small classic. Bernard-Pierre Donnadieu gives a chilling performance as the perverse, enigmatic villain. In Dutch and French.—T.R. (1/28/91) (Cinema 12.)

Vincent & Theo—The director, Robert Altman, and the screenwriter, Julian Mitchell, give us an interpretation of the bond that helps to keep Vincent alive while it tears Theo apart. Vincent is obsessive about his painting; Theo is obsessive about Vincent and about his own inability to sell Vincent's work and help him—he can give him only a pittance. This double Passion-play movie is very different from the other Altman movies (even allowing for how different they are from each other). The theme—the bitter entanglement of art and commerce—is Altman's lifelong theme, and, staying with it strictly in terms of the van Gogh brothers, he's able to release his own feelings about how an artist's frustrations lead him to acts of self-destructive fury—cutting off his ear to spite his face. It's a movie about two sensualists made by a sensualist, who understands that their bond of love of art is also a bond of shared rage at the world of commerce. This daring film works on its own relentless, celebratory terms. With Tim Roth, whose acting is a form of kinetic discharge, as Vincent and Paul Rhys as Theo. The cinematography is by Jean Lepine, the production design is by Stephen Altman, the score is by Gabriel Yared; all three rise to the occasion.—P.K. (11/19/90) (Angelika Film Center.)

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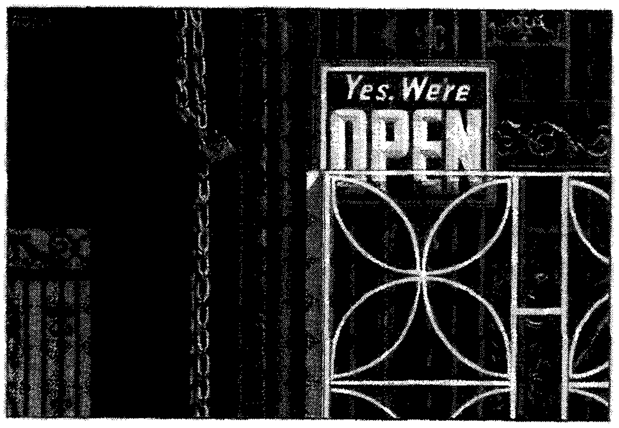
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the first week of the Gulf war, the Pentagon's campaign to control public opinion here at home proceeded at least as smoothly as its campaign to bomb Iraqi troops and installations in Baghdad and Kuwait. Military censorship and other techniques of news management, combined with tacit acquiescence on the part of most news organizations, have until now guaranteed that we Americans know about this war what our government wants us to know, and little else. And if this is the case at a time when the war is said to be "going well," what will happen when the inevitable ground assault begins and casualties rapidly mount?

President Bush keeps promising that this war will not be another Vietnam—that it will not drag on for years, that American forces will be allowed to make full use of the firepower at their disposal, that they will not be made to "fight with one hand tied behind their back." Pentagon officials seem also to be determined that this war will not be covered the way the Vietnam War was. The notion that overly critical reporting contributed to the American defeat in Vietnam flies in the face of the available evidence, but it is what many people in the government and the military believe. Winant Sidle, who served as the last military spokesman in Saigon, has told the *Times*, "The guys who are generals today were majors and colonels in Vietnam and they were the ones who hated the press most." A senior Air Force officer gave voice to this ugly animosity during the first week of the Gulf war, when he opened a press briefing by telling the assembled reporters, "Let me say up front that I don't like the press. Your presence here can't possibly do me any good, and it can hurt me and my people. That's just so you'll know where we stand with each other."



More troubling than any personal dislike of journalists, however, is that the military's ground rules for covering the Gulf war embody a disregard for the principle of an independent press. These rules dictate that reporters travel together in small "pools," which must be accompanied by public-affairs officers at all times while the reporters are conducting interviews. In addition, every news story produced by pool members must pass a security review by military censors before it can be printed or broadcast. (The ground rules that the Pentagon originally proposed, back in December, went even further, prohibiting impromptu interviews and the photographing of severely wounded soldiers. Those regulations were dropped after news executives complained—a change that allowed the Pentagon to appear conciliatory while retaining the restrictions it believed to be essential.)

The Pentagon's apparent strategy is to limit the amount and the nature of the news reaching the American public, and to control its timing. Pool journalists can scarcely be called journalists at all if they have no say about what they see, what they photograph and record, and whom they interview, and no soldier can be expected to speak candidly when an officer is on hand. The rules, it is clear, enable the Pentagon to promote coverage of subjects and events that it wishes publicized and to prevent reporting that might cast it, or the war, in a bad light. Limiting reporters' ability to gather news not only makes critical stories less likely but also makes reporters hungrier, and more grateful, for those stories they *are* allowed to cover, and so encourages positive views of the war.

Security precautions during wartime are legitimate, of course, but experienced reporters and photographers understand this and abide by them. During the Second World War, journalists were rarely required to travel in pools, and many of them knew of and kept confidential highly classified strategies and details. When censorship becomes unacceptable is when it is used not only to protect military security but to protect the military from criticism. Fred S. Hoffman, who was the second-ranking Pentagon spokesman during the Reagan Administration, has criticized the present security-review system, charging that it represents an attempt by the Pentagon "to impose de-facto field censorship without calling it that."

The restrictions in place now are much more severe than those in effect during the Vietnam War, and can be traced back to the Pentagon's policy during the American invasions of Grenada and Panama, when journalists were not allowed to cover the operation until well after the fighting had started. Journalists and news executives were frustrated and angry, but they voiced most of their complaints in private communications with government officials. Meanwhile, their broadcasts and their front pages turned out the very sort of respectful and uncritical stories that the controls were designed to encourage.

After a week of non-stop and overwhelmingly favorable coverage of the Gulf war, the media have become more outspoken about censorship. The networks have labelled some videotape censored, but this device fails to convey the essential truth—that most of the news we have seen, heard, and read about the Gulf war has been either directly provided or indirectly approved by the United States military. We are getting an orchestrated version of the war.

Anyone who recalls the celebrated seizure of former Panamanian General Manuel Noriega's cache of cocaine, which later turned out to be tamales, or the supposedly bristling Cuban-armaments warehouse on Grenada that was eventually discovered to contain only a motley assortment of largely pre-First World War rifles, knows that American military officials are not above distorting the truth. But the real danger of relying so heavily on the military for information is not that the information will be outright false but that it will be incomplete. During the first week of hostilities against Iraq, for example, we saw countless TV stories about Apache helicopters, Patriot anti-missile missiles, and other pieces of high-tech hardware, and we watched astonishing videotapes of missiles boring in to destroy targeted buildings. But we were given no suggestion that many hundreds of bombs might have missed their targets. We heard about two thousand aerial sorties a day and an eighty-percent success rate (later defined merely as the percentage of planes that delivered their weapons, and only half of those sorties were devoted to combat missions), but we were not even given estimates of what such figures meant in numbers of dead and wounded Iraqis—soldiers or civilians. The war we saw on television was virtually bloodless.

The United States has not been alone in imposing censorship during this war; Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Israel, and Great Britain have also clamped down on journalists. None of those countries, however, are blessed with a First Amendment protecting the right of the press to publish what it sees fit. That constitutional imperative should be reason enough for the Pentagon to soften its press restrictions. But there is another compelling argument against such severe censorship—that even some of the American troops, on whose behalf it was ostensibly devised, have criticized it. "You start to wonder what they are keeping from us," one soldier told a reporter from the *Times*.

In wartime, the interests of a government and its citizenry are not entirely the same. Strategists and officers become inexorably obsessed with victory, while we civilians, even in the hardest days, must continue to ask how the war is being conducted, what is really happening, what our soldiers think about it, and what the price of victory will be. When the war news is consistently manipulated by the military, we are being told that such concerns are irrelevant—that this war, which we are paying for with our children's lives and with our tax dollars, is not our war at all. President Bush has maintained that the fight to liberate Kuwait is a fight to uphold freedom and the rule of law. But now there appears to be a real danger that in our effort to save Kuwait we may be compromising and diminishing our own democratic principles.

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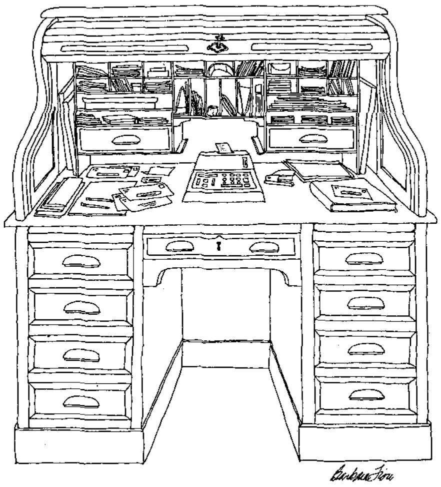
A FRIEND in Jerusalem has sent the following dispatch:

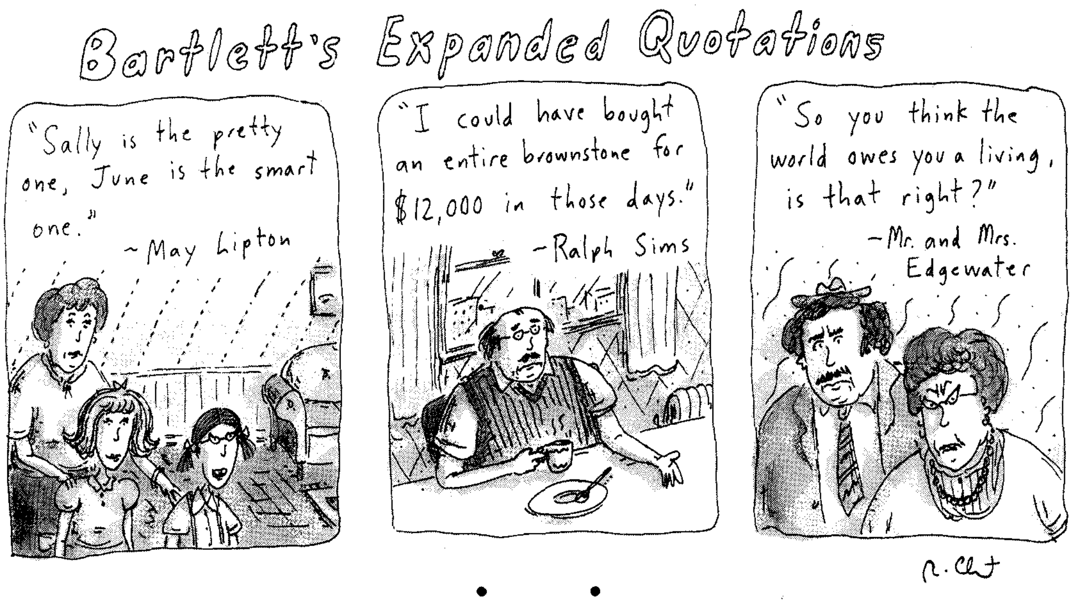
I'm not sure there's much I can tell you about Iraq's missile attacks on Israel that you don't already know. Television viewers in the United States find out when we're being attacked almost before we do—especially if we're asleep at the time and don't hear the air-raid sirens, which aren't very loud. Early in the morning on Friday, January 18th, ten minutes after the sirens sounded for the first time, and as my family and I settled into our sealed room and were getting accustomed to the gas masks on our faces, the cordless phone rang. (We had wisely brought it in with us, along with a case of bottled water, several cans of tuna, biscuits, two radios, and a portable television.) It was my mother, calling from Philadelphia to make sure that we had heard the alert. My wife spoke with her briefly, through the gas mask, and assured her that we were all O.K.—even the baby in his plastic tent. (It reminds me of the isolation tents that children with immune disorders sometimes have to live in.)



Israelis are trying to get through this tense period with good humor. Songs are being written, or rewritten, with a Saddam Hussein theme, and on Friday night, upon emerging after the first of the night's three alarms in Jerusalem (two false, one real), we were able to see a Mr. Johari interviewed on TV. He and Saddam, he said, had been classmates at a Jewish school in Baghdad for a while, and the future Iraqi dictator had not done well in chemistry, biology, or English—really, he made it sound as if Saddam had been an all-around poor student. But you've probably heard about all that.

To a certain extent, people here are enjoying, even basking in, the positive attention and sympathy Israel is garnering around the world. In the daily *Ha'aretz*, though, the columnist Yoel Marcus said about the letup in what has often seemed to be unyielding criticism of Israel, "This doesn't surprise me. The world loves a Jew when he's down. A Jew who's been hit is nice; you can feel sorry for him. Still, I've been thinking that in spite of this sympathy, it's best if we maintain our right to act and to react if there is need. Perhaps this won't be popular, but we didn't establish a state in order to have people pity us."

In any event, even after the fatal attack on the Tel Aviv suburb of Ramat Gan, I haven't heard a single person complain about the restraint that Israel has so far shown in not striking back at Iraq, or suggest with local braggadocio that Israeli pilots could succeed where allied pilots have


Bartlett's Expanded Quotations
"Sally is the pretty one, June is the smart one." ~May Lipton
"I could have bought an entire brownstone for $12,000 in those days." ~Ralph Sims
"So you think the world owes you a living, is that right?" ~Mr. and Mrs. Edgewater

largely failed—in eliminating the threat of missile attacks. People here understand that this is a war unlike any other—that the risks and the stakes are higher than they have been in a long time. Israel's restraint to date isn't due to American coercion so much as to a lack of reasonable military options.

In the meantime, those of us here on the home front are trying to bring our lives back to normal. Especially in Jerusalem, where no missiles have fallen, there is a certain sense of uneasy security. As Jews, we look for the cloud that envelops the silver lining: if Saddam has used only conventional explosives until now, that's because he's saving the chemical ones to catch us off guard; when three nights went by without a missile attack, we assumed that he was trying to lull us into feeling safe before striking again—and we were right. Every night, the commentators are asked the same questions on the TV news about what Iraq can and cannot do, and every night they have to admit that they don't have the answers. For those of us here in Jerusalem, which is seemingly safe, with its large Arab population and its crucial Muslim shrines, the most trying aspect of the situation is the uncertainty.

There are an awful lot of things that sound like an air-raid siren, including a teakettle when it whistles, a motorcycle accelerating in the street, a child imitating an air-raid siren, and the BBC playing an interview with a correspondent in Israel recorded during an alert. And when the electricity went off at work (and in a large part of downtown Jerusalem) for a time a few days ago, and, later, when our phone at home went dead for a few minutes, it was hard to resist thoughts that Jerusalem's public utilities had been sabotaged. When I received my gas mask—packed efficiently in a brown cardboard box, together with a syringe of atropine in case of nerve gas and some sort of powder for burns—I didn't think I'd ever really have to use it. Now I've had it on seven times, and I'm sure I'll need it again. What I keep wondering is: when I pull the mask off for the last time, what sort of world will I be looking at?

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Ice

MOST days, you can't see much sky from the Sky Rink, which sits on top of a sixteen-story office building stretching along Tenth Avenue from Thirty-first to Thirty-third Streets. If the windows were clean, there would be a pretty good view of New Jersey from the snack bar, but all you can see from the ice is the cinder-block walls, painted pale blue, and the low-slung ceiling, crisscrossed with a web of steel girders. For twenty-two years, the Sky Rink has been Manhattan's only public indoor ice rink and, as its patrons like to point out, the only ice rink on top of an office building in the entire United States. During warm weather, when outdoor arenas like Wollman Rink and Rockefeller Center are converted to accommodations for miniature golf and alfresco dining, the Sky Rink operates nearly twenty-four hours a day. The compressors sometimes break down then, and the ice becomes so soft that skating on it is like skating in sand. In recent years, a big pile of slush scooped up by the Zamboni machine would occasionally melt down onto the offices of a division of the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, on the floor below, ruining carpets and computers, and prompting complaints to the landlord, the John Hancock Properties, of Boston, which has periodically threatened to shut the rink when its lease expires, this summer. Another complaint is that the hockey players sometimes shoot pucks in the building's lobby, scuffing up the halls.

David Tewksbury, who is a former Yale hockey player and the general manager of the Road Warriors, a team that plays out of the Sky Rink, is so devoted to his sport that a couple of years ago, when rumors of the rink's demise began proliferating, he joined a new board of directors, made up of skaters and parents of skaters and friends of skaters; got himself elected president; and set about improving the rink's over-all condition and renegotiating its lease with John Hancock. David bought pale-blue paint and gave the premises a fresh coat; he ordered new flooring to replace ripped-up rubber mats; he met with architects and engineers to discuss fixing the compressors and patching up the leaks. "When we took over, it was pretty much of a mess, and the landlord-tenant relations had deteriorated to a sorry state," he told us one recent Friday morning. "After all, John Hancock had lived with the rink for thirteen years and had nothing but trouble. Now I think we've turned them around a hundred and eighty degrees. I think we can prove that they don't need to demolish the rink." He added, after a pause, "The fact that the real-estate market stinks doesn't hurt our cause, either."

David, who works as a commercial-real-estate broker for Cushman & Wakefield, stands about six and a half feet tall on skates and three inches shorter in black wingtip shoes, which he was wearing that morning, along with a gray pinstripe suit and a white shirt that had his monogram on the right cuff. He was doing what he does every Friday—visiting Ken Shelley, a former U.S. national figure-skating champion, the rink's general manager, and a member of the board. Ken has been doing his part to help keep the rink going, and he isn't above pulling a few strings. Not long ago, he asked his father, who used to be president of the Raytheon Company, to call Tom Phillips, who is its chairman and happens to sit on John Hancock's board. "I thought he could put in a good word for the rink at the next directors' meeting," Ken said.

After David finishes his conference with Ken, he usually hops the subway down to his office, on Wall Street. From September to March, he usually returns to the rink in the evening, dons his royal-blue Road Warriors jersey, and leads his team against other members of the so-called Cocktail League. Most of the Cocktail teams are from places like Westchester and Long Island, and many of them aren't too keen about travelling to the Sky Rink, where slapshots disappear into poorly lit corners, and where the Zamboni gate—until it was fixed, just recently—sometimes flew open under the impact of heavy checking.

During the summer, David plays in the rink's house league. This league is run by Bill Norton, who wears high-top sneakers and has a small gold hoop in his left ear, and who used to run a similar league at the Ocean Ice Palace in Brick Town, New Jersey. Scheduling is Bill's biggest headache. "I have thirteen slots for the house league each week, so I have one game each on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, two games each on Tuesday and Thursday, and three games each on Saturday and Sunday," he said the other day. "Then, I have to make time for teams like the Road Warriors, who contract for their own ice. I give them priority, since they're a big attraction." Bill has other special interests to consider, too; for instance, the corporate teams from American Express and Skadden, Arps sometimes miss games for business reasons, and the two teams of Orthodox Jews—the Razorbacks and the Fat Boys—won't play on Saturday. "I try to be sensitive to the players' needs," he said. "I have a real open-door policy." He added that he himself usually plays with the Japan Ice Hockey Club, from one o'clock to three o'clock on Sunday mornings.

The house-league teams include the Brawlers, the Stranglers, the Bobcats, and the Marksmen, Bill told us, and he quickly went on to say, "I think the names are largely for intimidation purposes. We have a policy here at the Sky Rink that fighting is forbidden. We have a team of cops, the Broadway Blues, from the local precinct, on West Thirty-eighth Street. They're a good group of guys, but sometimes they get a little upset, playing the firemen or somebody like that, and we have to let them work things out."

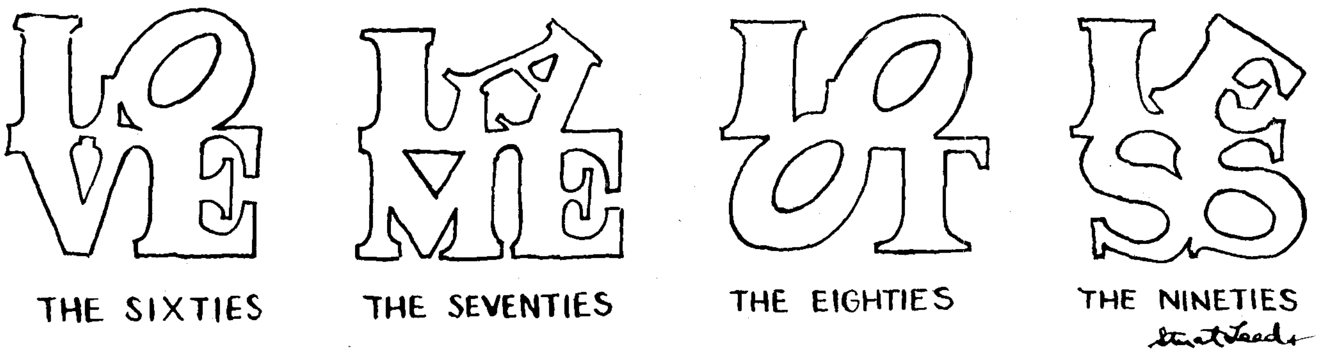
David Tewksbury told us, "Nothing's perfect, but we're trying to make the Sky Rink better. It's not as if you could say, 'I don't like skating at the Sky Rink,' and go find someplace else. There isn't anyplace else."

Party

THE last Horn & Hardart Automat, which is on the corner of Third Avenue and Forty-second Street, is host to at least a hundred parties a year. Not long ago, we went there to help celebrate the publication of a book called "Harvey Wang's New York," which is a pocket-size collection of fifty glossy black-and-white photographs, accompanied by thumbnail descriptions, of New Yorkers who have been hard at work all their lives, many of them in occupations there isn't much call for anymore: there's a blacksmith who hasn't shod a horse since the early fifties but can still turn out specialized tools, a man who made rope fenders for tugboats until discarded rubber tires replaced them, and a man who digs graves by hand in a Queens cemetery that's too crowded to accommodate a backhoe.

The music for the party was provided by another of the book's subjects, [illegible] enterprising bandleader named Carmine Venezia. In the mid-seventies, when Chinatown started expanding into parts of Little Italy, Carmine offered his services to several Chinese funeral homes that had taken over from some Italian ones on Mulberry Street, and started a whole new tradition, unique to New York: Italian brass bands playing hymns like "Abide with Me" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," interspersed with Italian funeral and feast tunes, at Chinese funerals, which are mostly Buddhist. Carmine is eighty-seven now, and besides leading the bands he plays trombone and bass drum. At the party, there were three trumpeters, a horn player, a bass drummer, a snare drummer, and Carmine on trombone; they all wore dark suits and ties, which are what they wear at the funerals, but had on white hats in honor of the occasion, and they proved their versatility by playing about thirty numbers, starting with "Never on Sunday" and finishing up with "God Bless America."

There were other people at the party who appear in Harvey Wang's book, and we talked to all of them except Helen Giamanco, who works in the salad department of the Automat, and who left early to play bingo with her husband uptown. As soon as we met Harvey Wang, who is thirty-four, grew up in Queens, and has short brown hair, brown eyes, and an alert



friendly expression, he steered us in the direction of George Williams, a seltzer bottler. We might not have recognized George from his picture, which makes him look handsome and stern and robust (he was a Golden Glover in 1950), because in real life he looks handsome and affable and robust. "I didn't like it for them to take my picture, because I had to stop from work," he explained. The bottles he fills—refills, actually, since the distributor takes them back from the clients—were reed-blown in Europe sometime in the last century and have no seams. "America made a few, but they have the seam, from the mold, so those bottles are easier to explode," he said. When we asked him what he thinks about all day while he's filling bottles, he said, "I can't think about the bottles, because I would go crazy. I just center my attention on other things—the guys there do a lot of kibitzing."

CNN
LIVE
STEVENSON

We didn't need anyone to point out Rev. Les Ego, formerly Adam Purple. We'd recognize him anywhere by his magnificent white beard and mirrored aviator sunglasses. What he's up to these days, he told us, is a long story, but it involves the application of calculus to traffic flow—specifically, riding a bicycle non-stop. "Pedestrian traffic travels in quanta, just like the automobiles—it comes in little bursts, and then there's nothing," he explained. "So you ride in such a way that you're only connecting the points that don't have anything on them. I ride anywhere—I ride in the middle of the avenue, on the sidewalks—and I make loops, or whatever, but I can go through non-stop. It's like a motion art—it's a performance art."

We didn't need anyone to point out Editta Sherman, either. Editta is a portrait photographer herself, working out of a Carnegie Hall studio with an eight-by-ten box camera, but although she has photographed stars of stage and screen she may be most famous for her hats. She had on a knitted black one that was like nothing we had ever seen before—it was sort of a cloche with a square top—and a black monkey-fur coat, a black dress, and a white scarf. "I'm wearing a very special hat, that was just made for me," she told us. "It's the first time I've worn it. It's like something from the forties, a little unusual—everybody looks and laughs, but who cares?"

We sat down for a minute with Joey Faye, who is eighty-one years old and looks like a mischievous but good-hearted elf, and who got his start in life in burlesque and on the Catskills circuit and then moved on to Broadway. Right now, he's "N.Y.U., New York Unemployed," he told us, and he went on to say, "But I just finished twelve or thirteen years with the Fruit of the Loom commercial. I was the grapes in the Fruit of the Loom—the *green* grapes. It's funny—I've been in thirty-one Broadway shows, but do you think they'd remember me from 'Waiting for Godot' or 'Top Banana' or 'High Button Shoes,' or any of that? No, they remember me as a *fruit*."

Max Morrison, who is ninety-eight years old and has a full head of gray hair and sharp blue eyes, arrived late, and when we spotted him he was doing a nimble little dance step to an up-tempo tune. Since he retired from building and repairing electronics equipment, Max has collected and sold scrap metal, and when we raised our voice over the music to ask him if he was still at it he hollered back, without missing a beat, "Of course! Who sits down doing nothing? Crazy people!"

A few days later, we went back to the Automat to talk to Eladio Rodino, the manager, about a rumor we'd heard that Horn & Hardart was trying to sell the Automat. Mr. Rodino, who came here from Galicia when he was fourteen and has worked for Horn & Hardart for forty-two years, isn't worried; Horn & Hardart's lease, which still has sixty-two years to run, permits only an Automat to occupy its space, and, besides, business is pretty good these days. The traditional Automat dishes—soups, creamed spinach, macaroni and cheese, chicken à la king—are still made from scratch according to the traditional Automat recipes.

And then, finally, we talked to Helen Giamanco. She told us that she was born in America and grew up in Czechoslovakia, and that she had worked as a housekeeper; as a cookware dipper at the Federal Enameling & Stamping Company, in Pittsburgh; as a boxcar stenciller on the Lake Erie line; and as a tongue-in-groove-machine operator at a cooperage in Brooklyn. Then, forty-four years ago, she started working for Horn & Hardart. "I'll stay as long as I can," she said. "I only work part time now, but if they need me I work full time." We asked if she had minded taking time off to have her picture taken, and she said, "No, of *course* not—are you *kidding*? It's a *pleasure*."

THE BEIGE BOOK

“BEIGE BOOK” CITES
MUCH EVIDENCE OF
SLOWING ECONOMY

. . . includes much anecdotal evidence of growing distress.—*The Times*.

I REMEMBER the first time I heard of the Beige Book, that holy of holies never until today mentioned in the newspaper—a shock which has prompted me, the last of my line, to take my pen in hand. It was at Sweatbreads, our enormous family place; I was wearing a small sombrero brought to me by my Aunt Inez, who had defaulted on the largest issue of railroad bonds ever issued in Mexico; and we were being ushered out onto the Merrick Road, where a kindly passerby was destined to take us in, rob us, use us any way he pleased, and then send us to Princeton. Mummy was saying that although everyone we knew was in the Beige Book, no one mentioned it. “It makes others feel queer,” Mummy said, flagging down Mr. M. (the only name I ever knew him by), “to know that there are people who possess a social distinction they cannot aspire to.” I must say that not only were we in the Beige Book but Mr. M. was not, and this I think accounted for his extreme cruelty to us, which has been an inspiration to me ever since. In a way I have the Book to thank for *everything*.

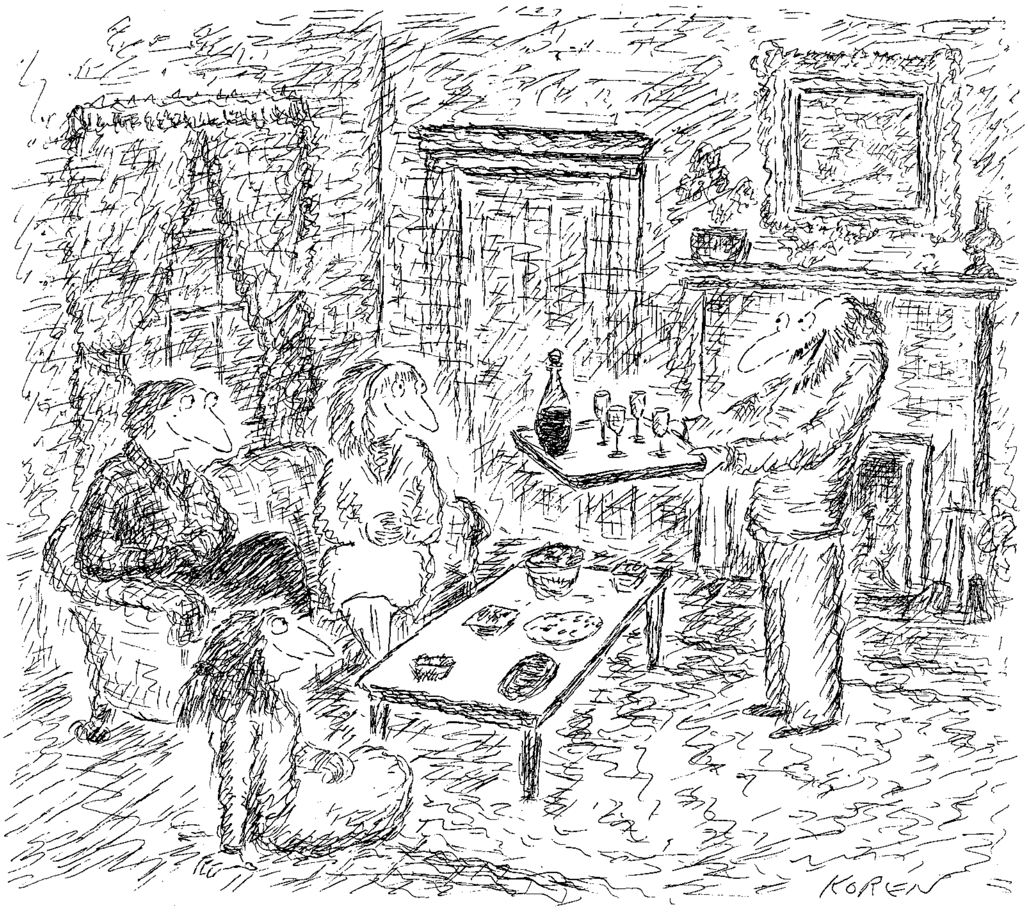
I am not one of those who think the old days were “better” than our own day. I am opposed to mentioning the Book in public, but that may be an old man’s crotchet. When I read, as I do, that an unnoticed loophole or tumor in the tax laws has placed all Americans, living or dead, in Chapter Eleven, and this at a time when Chapter Eleven may be giving way to Chapter Twelve, I think, Yes, this meets the old standards of excellence as to strong anecdotal evidence of growing financial distress. That was always the test, you see. Not just the loss of billions, not just the foolish frittering away of this or that great fortune, but the anecdotal evidence: *that’s* what got you in.

I read: “An economist at the Tokai Bank in New York, Robert T. McGee, called the ‘beige book’ report on current conditions a ‘sombre contrast.’ ”

WASN’T it, though.

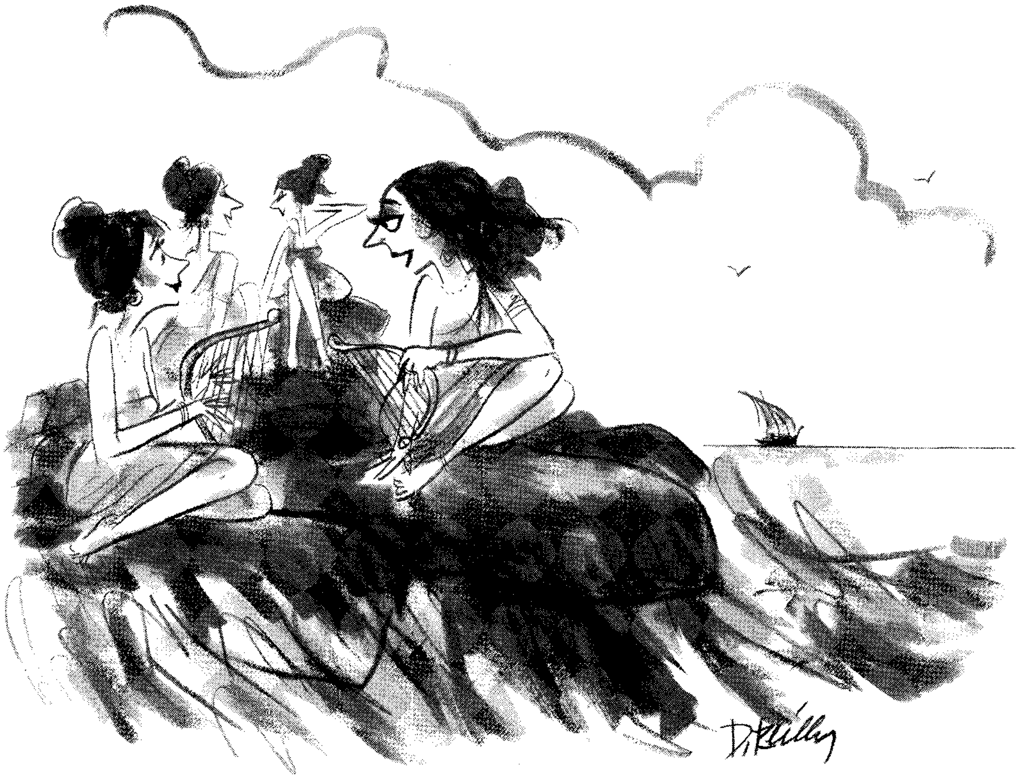
There was C. D. Piller, whose body was disgustingly hirsute, who was always in the book, of course, who married Pilar de Guzmán, of the Crazy Guzmáns, because his last name was vaguely like her first one. God, they were rich—for a while. We were prep-school friends, and, of course, we used to swap wives; we all did back then, quite a different kind of thing than you see now—done so nicely, with everyone’s feelings respected, naturally. Anyway, we used to meet in railroad stations. We were young, rich, and, of course, all of us were in the Book. In fact all of us *carried* the Book with us on our walkouts. That’s what we called a little adultery back then, a little walkout. I don’t need to tell you that the Book isn’t actually beige but a kind of russet, with one thin gold stripe down the cover and the telephone number of Miss Goldie at the Federal Reserve Board on the cover in case we needed any extra cash—just call her. I believe you need only two things in order to have a truly civilized society: access to other people’s wives, and a disinterested spinster of the old school who stands by her phone twenty-four hours a day ready to send you cash. We had those things, thank God, and we fought the Jerries to keep them, and we won, thank God, and now here we are, I think. We *were* in sombre contrast to our parents, who always got a divorce before and after walking out, and also to Walt Whitman, who was much nicer to workingmen. We all wore fine cotton, linen cambric, and summer dresses that whipped smartly in the wind. Our clothes weren’t in sombre contrast, God damn it.

Naturally, I had known Pilar since we were children. She used to come to the small dances we held at Sweatbreads, our enormous ugly home in Factoryville, Connecticut, high above the brass and bicycle works. There I was the target of many friendly stone-throwing contests among the local youths.



“Made with pride in our basement.”

I was called Stinky, and very often had my head held under the water of the filthy old millpond as some local youth or other regaled me with anecdotal evidence of financial distress—all our fault, according to him. Naturally, I didn't begrudge him his fun, because my mind was already roaming far afield into the great world beyond Factoryville, where there was a lot of interesting adultery going on, I felt sure. Besides, my head was underwater. Now I sometimes wish I could remember his words exactly, as he piled adjective upon adjective, before and after the noun, in creating the particular idiomatic form of anecdotal evidence we went in for in Old Industrial Connecticut. That kind of anecdotal evidence brings a pretty penny now, as I have reason to know.



"Basically, we're aiming at an audience of adventuresome, outdoor-oriented, upwardly mobile young males."

MY father was a big man. He stood six feet five in his stocking feet, which we were never allowed to see. He inherited Sweatbreads from his father, who was a very mean man. Even today, the Portuguese of New Bedford hum themselves to sleep with a song describing in most graphic terms what they will do to my grandfather if they get their hands on him. I think I can recall a little of that old song (which my father would sometimes hum merrily to himself, and which he instructed our nurse Guinevere to have us in the nursery learn by heart):

A do ye, kenn ye
Picture the man
Who would crush a poor worker
Down to the ground
Then set him ablaze with
The words of his tongue?
But that mouth will yield up
That wicked old worm,
And those sockets
Will give out
Those wicked pink eyes,
And yr children will live out
Their small wicked lives
Fatherless! Fatherless!
And Old Barney [a name my grandfather disliked—his name was Barnabas]
We will crucify!
And Old Barney
We will crucify!

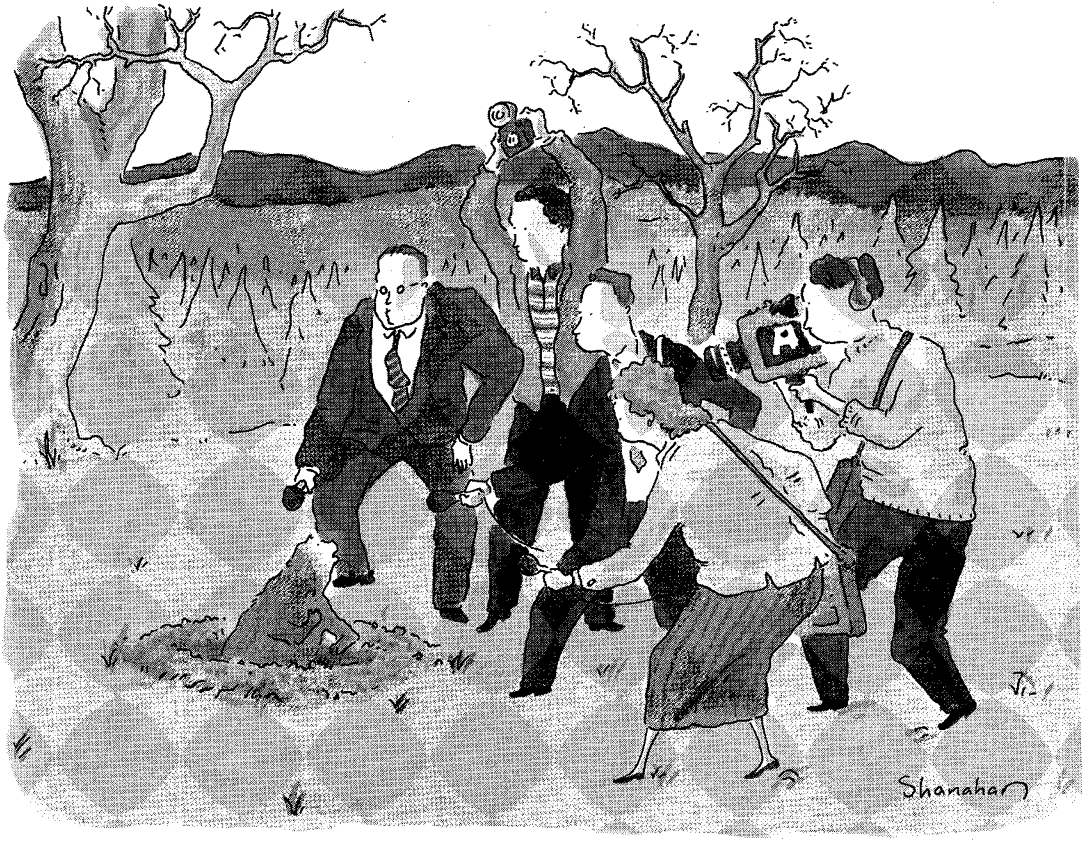
Royalties from this famous piece of anecdotal evidence of financial distress very nearly cover my room rent here at the Hotel Subaltern, so I have reason to be grateful to my grandfather. Moreover, I am informed that the Library of Congress regards this song as possessing "a unique sincerity, recording a deep anguish not to be met with elsewhere, even in the laments of totally extirpated native peoples." Naturally, I am proud to have my family associated with this kind of thing. Some instinct told my father, who was otherwise indifferent to poetry, that this piece of family lore had special merit. As I have implied, it was rare that a day passed when he didn't sing a little of it. Perhaps he would be standing in front of his shaving mirror, or looking out over the lawn toward the stinking town, and suddenly he would break out with "And Old Barney we will crucify! And Old Barney we will crucify!" These were the only times my father was happy, I think. And of course we were happy then, too, looking out over the poor people working in the bicycle works, and the filthy millpond, and over it all the sound of my father singing curses to his father. He had a baritone, quite nice—rather sweet and mournful.

In any case, once, in the dead of night, my grandfather took the family to the train station at Providence, boarded the old Owl, and by morning they were all at Sweatbreads.

Ah, the Sweatbreads of my youth. . . . So unlike my vile room at the Hotel Subaltern. Sweatbreads, now, that was a house of really unparalleled vulgarity. There was a wonderful half-timbered effect, and a thatched roof, and a huge billiard room—but, oh, all gone. I remember taking Pilar de Guzmán there during our year together. It had burned to the ground, but there was still a clock tower and a billiard table—the two indispensable parts of a really good house—and I made love to her there while telling her in quite strict tones that my grandfather had been the meanest man in New Bedford. I must say it had an electrifying effect on our lovemaking.

DOES the modern world have anything to compare? I read the papers. Some stories do have the old *frisson*. I quite often have lunch with my old friend Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has a very nice slot at the Daiwa Bank—not too much work, comfortable men's lounge, and respectable benefits. He has two rooms at the Subaltern, and lunch money.

"Now, Commodore," I said to him the other day, " 'U.S. SUPPLIERS GET



“Shadow, nothing. I saw Elvis.”

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A TOYOTA LECTURE’—anything in that worth thinking about?”

“Not a patch on ‘MINIMUM TAX PROVISIONS EXPECTED TO SNARE MANY,’ ” says he, and he tells me that over at the bank they think that every single American will be in Chapter Eleven before seven months are out. “If we end up having to let Chapter Twelve into the Book, we can kiss it all *auf Wiedersehen.*”

“*AUF WIEDERSEHEN*,” *she said, and turned back into the hotel.* God, what elegance we had. We had just telegrammed her husband to let him know we’d be a little while longer making love in every industrial ruin and under every rusty old railroad bridge we could find. That’s the kind of respect for other people you don’t find so much today. We took a wild guess that one day General Motors would decide to disassemble all its cars. “And Bethlehem Steel will no longer like the Biblical reference,” I added. That’s the kind of thing being in the Book gives you—the security with reference. That night, as we made passionate love under a railroad bridge in Cleveland, her legs twisted around me like a strange railroad loop into a freight yard, like a roundhouse, like a decadent open-hearth steel furnace going down one last time before falling into silence. We guessed that Palm Beach would be reduced to events like “THE REMEMBER WHEN THE WINDSORS DID THE ‘TWIST’ BALL.”

As I brought her to peaks of pleasure she had never known before, she looked up through the railroad ties to the night sky. “No one likes to think about Chapter Twelve,” she said. I didn’t know what she meant—*then.*

FACT: CHAPTER ELEVEN WAS BUILT TO HANDLE TWENTY OR THIRTY MILLION PRISONERS, NOT THE CASELOAD WE’RE THINKING OF TODAY.

I BELIEVE the old values are best. In my crowd, when you committed adultery, by God you sent the fellow you were cutting out a Christmas present. And of course we had plenty of money, and didn’t care how we got it. We were all in the Book, for heaven’s sake; who cared? And there wasn’t any of this coddling of children. When we needed money, we used to use an interesting financial instrument called the Crowbar. It was a kind of third mortgage on your children, technically illegal, but if you were in the Book—who cared? Pilar used this technique while we were together on the Wolverine. We wanted that train to go on and on and on through the night to Chicago without picking up a solitary soul—just barrel through those damned Middle Western towns, leave the peasants at the station, for Christ’s sweet sake just keep *on.* I must say it had an electrifying effect on our lovemaking.

This country has got to come to its senses. If people don’t get married and stay married, you can’t have adultery, for one thing, and without adultery you don’t have the chance to show the kind of manners to the fellow you’re cutting out that one fellow should show to another. Second, when we were being a little irresponsible about something, we always wired the other fellow about it. “WON’T STOP CHI—WALKING OUT WITH YOUR WIFE INSTEAD.” That sort of thing. Gave one a nice store of memories—and gave the other fellow a stock of stylish telegrams he wouldn’t have had otherwise. Plus we were well-schooled fellows, you know. And in the Book, don’t forget that, and we had plenty of anecdotal evidence of financial distress. My God, don’t they treat me like dirt here at the vile Hotel Subaltern, though? I get what I deserve and then some. Reminds me of treasured years at home—and later with Mr. M., God rest his soul. Anecdotal evidence of financial distress is what made this country great. Don’t forget that.

Remember, though: Chapter Eleven was built to hold twenty or thirty million people, not the whole damned country. Do you see where they’ve upgraded Chapter Twelve from Tropical Storm to Unthinkable? Makes one worry, but it *could* have an electrifying effect on our lovemaking. —GEORGE W. S. TROW

DEVIL'S THUMB

Dixie moves the cushion off the bench in the dinette and props it against the cinder-block steps to the trailer, so she can lie in the sun. It snowed a couple of days ago, and now it could be summer it's so hot. If you don't like the weather, wait a bit and it will change—that's what they say around here.

This trailer and one other stand on a narrow strip of land next to the Safeway. In every direction, there are mountain views that could have come right off picture postcards, but somehow from inside the trailer, no matter which window you look through, all you see is parking lot.

Jewel, Dixie's small black-and-white shepherd dog, is nosing through the garbage bins behind the store. "Jewel, get out of there!" Dixie calls. Jewel comes over, tail wagging, and has a drink from a little puddle of melted snow that is forming at the edge of the cushion. Dixie pushes her back. The water's probably full of salt or whatever they spread on parking lots.

Dixie is reading a Treat Redheart book she borrowed. The thing about Treat Redheart's books is they are all different but all the same, set in the Old West, when there were Indians, outlaws, bounty hunters. And they are authentic. You won't find even a weed growing where it shouldn't. That's what everyone says is good about the books, their authenticity. What Dixie likes is their certainty. She knows, for instance, that in this book Adam McCrae, a good man, who's had hard luck all his life, will end up getting married to Harriet Dunroe, an independent woman of twenty-eight, who's had plenty of suitors but has turned them all down because she'd rather stay single than marry the wrong man. You can watch them moving toward each other and you know that however many Indian war parties, bounty hunters, or wrong men and women cross their paths, the two of them (he might be wounded—almost certainly will be—in the course of protecting her) will end up together. That's why Dixie keeps going back to Redheart; it's like a healing spring.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Shane, bare-chested, wearing his jeans, hat, and boots, has just gotten out of bed.

"I'm reading in the sun. What's it look like to you?"

"Lying out like that, you make the place look like trash."

"What, are you on the beautification committee or something?"

You would never find this conversation in one of Treat Redheart's books. It seems to Dixie that events such as this conversation, events that don't fit in and don't make sense, are always coming up in her life—which is why her life isn't working out.

"Why don't you make some coffee at least?" Shane says now. "You just flop down with a book like you're at a resort or something."

"Don't worry. I know I'm not at any resort."

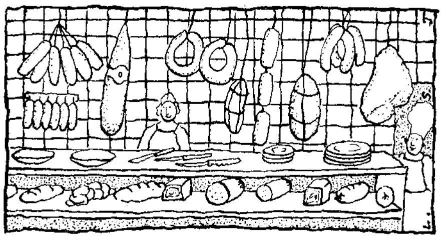
Shane has a new attitude she doesn't like at all—that she should be doing chores, earning her keep, even though she already pays half the rent.

Redheart's picture is on the back of the book. From his face and neck you can tell he's heavy, probably short, and, although he always wears a straw cowboy hat, certainly bald. Without the hat he would look like a laughing Buddha. Dixie sees him looming, fat and smiling, over the mesas and canyons, his short, blunt fingers pushing McCrae nearer and nearer to Harriet:

> She set the cups on the table. Her hands were strong, capable of chopping wood or hauling water, but they were gentle, the hands of a wife or mother. When McCrae looked at them, something went quiet inside him.

"Are you going to make that coffee, or what?" Shane shoves the cushion with his boot.

Harriet wouldn't stand for anyone shoving her cushion. Redheart heroes know when to fight and when to walk away, but Dixie most of the time lets her mood decide, which is wrong. On this sunny Easter morning, with Jewel wanting her breakfast anyhow, it seems easiest just to make the coffee. Dixie hauls herself off the cushion, stretches, lifts her hair back from her shoulders. As she goes by, she brushes Shane with her hip.



Shane used to boil coffee and water in a big pot, cowboy style, and then Dixie bought an automatic coffeemaker at Cashman & Sons. Shane called it a waste of money, but she's noticed he doesn't boil his coffee anymore.

"Shit! We're out of milk," Shane says.

Dixie nudges him out of the way to look in the refrigerator. There's a jar of pickles, some marshmallows left over from she's forgotten when, a can of Pacifico beer, and a piece of pizza that should be thrown out, but nothing she can use for milk.

"If you'll stop bitchin' for a minute, I'll run over to the Safeway and get you some. I'm out of dog food, too."

"See if you can score some of those wholewheat doughnuts so long as you're going."

Harriet and McCrae wouldn't run out of milk, because they'd have a ranch with a milk cow (a dream they hold separately but haven't confided to each other). Dixie wants even less—a cabin with maybe an acre, enough for a few animals. She's wanted that ever since she headed out from Florida, but she hasn't been steadfast enough. If you get an image of your goal and think about it every day, eventually you will attain it. This is called Creative Imaging. She believes in it and knows it has worked for lots of people, but things get busy and she gets distracted and forgets to image. The reason she came to Colorado in the first place was to cancel out the mistakes of the past and begin living her life according to plan. She was born by mistake, as her mother and grandmother were always ready to remind her, meaning she'd better behave, because she was living under her grandparents' roof, and even on this earth, only as an uninvited guest. In later years, when her father would come to take her home to his new family for a visit in the summer, she had to help her stepmother with the babies, and she always felt she was part of that family not by right but because she was useful.

One day in tenth-grade biology, Miss Spencer pulled down a chart that had been hanging rolled up on the wall since the beginning of the year. It showed the development of the human embryo. Dixie saw how the little ball of cells grew, then folded in on itself and began developing a head and body, hands, eyes, mouth, all in perfect order. For the first time she saw that although her mother and father had made a mistake, she herself had come together perfectly according to plan. It gave her hope. Of course, she made mistakes after that. She should have gone to college; she shouldn't have married Bruce. But at least she'd been able to leave Bruce behind her and get out here, where she could work on a plan for the rest of her life.

Now Shane is lying on the cushion, reading her book and smoking a cigarette. "It's pretty good, isn't it?" she says.

"They're all alike. Did you get the doughnuts?"

Dixie hands him the doughnuts and goes in for the coffee. Jewel is waiting patiently by her dish.

When Dixie first knew him, Shane used to talk about buying some land out on Conners Creek Road. He said the trailer was only temporary, until he could get together the down payment on a place. And the trailer did look like an arrangement he'd made for only a month or two. His clothes were in duffels under his bed, and his saddle was just inside the door, waiting for a horse. After Dixie moved in, she bought some secondhand furniture, a dresser and a couple of chairs. She sewed curtains for the windows. Maybe she shouldn't have.

"Doesn't that book make you want to saddle up some old pony and go riding up to the Divide and sleep out under the stars?" Dixie hands Shane his coffee.

Shane stirs it with his doughnut. "I'll be doing that soon enough, I guess. Jim Cosby says they're going to need an extra wrangler over at the Glen Springs guest ranch."

"I mean just us. I could get a few days off."

"In this mud and snow?"

"Later, in June."

"They got all those flies that time of year."

"We could go up anyway, do some fishing—"

But with all the flies it might not be so great. And in July the mosquitoes are terrible. The best time is August, when Shane will be working at Glen Springs. "Maybe you could score me a gig as a cook and I could go with you," she says.

TRUE HISTORY

Which cannot be put into words—
Like a fly on the map of the world
In the travel agent's window.

That street empty in the afternoon heat
Except for my old father
Pressing his head against the glass
To observe her better
As she drags her threadbare shadow
From New York to Shanghai.

Him not sure whether to alert his friend,
The barber, napping next door
With a sheet draped over his head.

—CHARLES SIMIC

• •

"They got cooks." Shane wipes his hands on his jeans and rolls another cigarette. He picks up the book again.

"Excuse me. I think I was reading that." She plucks it from him and goes inside.

It's colder in than out. The trailer is dark, and smells like old sheets. She could wash the sheets, but who wants to spend Easter morning in the Coin-Op, which is probably closed anyway? She opens all the windows and takes the quilt off the bed so she can curl up under it while she reads on the couch:

> He led her to a place where she could see the canyon and the steep trails leading up. He told her she might have to wait for hours, all day and possibly all night, too. If an Apache came up this side of the canyon she had to be prepared to kill him. Could she do it?
>
> She took the rifle from him. Her hands were pale but steady.
>
> It was McCrae who trembled, not visibly but inside, to think that those hands might have to kill. He hoped he would live to see them again.
>
> "Goodbye then. If I'm not back by noon tomorrow, lead your horse down the back and head for Soda Flats. I have a friend at the saloon there, Shorty Stone. He'll take care of you."
>
> She murmured her thanks, but he was already gone, silent as an Indian. She wondered if she'd ever see him alive again.

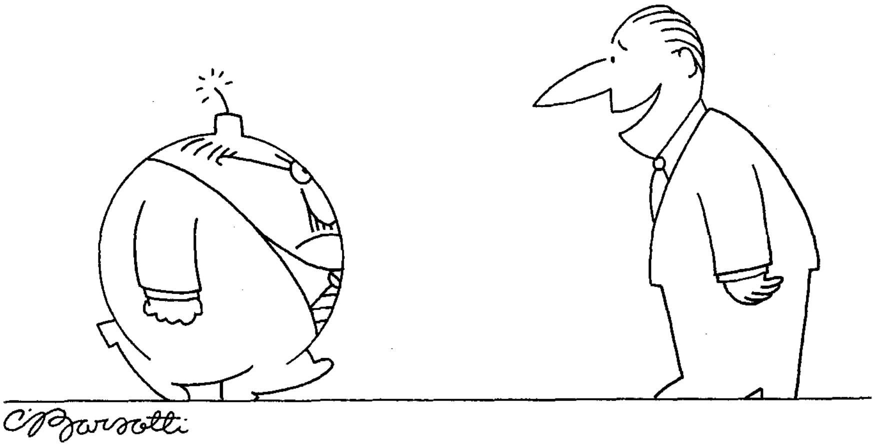
She hears the refrigerator door opening and closing and then the outside door slams shut.

"Shane?" By the time she gets to the door, Shane's pickup is pulling out onto the road. The cushion is still on the steps. She pours another cup of coffee and takes her book out to the sun.

SHANE sits in his truck looking at the Lost Dollar—its one dusty window, with the unlit neon sign that says "COORS," and the fake-stone asbestos siding peeling by the door. It looks as if it had been closed since the last cowboy staggered out after drinking himself soggy to make up for two dry months on the range, or since the last grizzled prospector came down from Poverty Basin and announced there wasn't enough gold up there to fill a tooth with. But in fact it was open last night and will open again today. Not for a while though, because it's Easter. Why is he here? He pulls the tab on a can of Pacifico he brought from home.

What was his life like before Dixie infected it? He can't remember, so it must have been O.K. He doesn't even know how he got mixed up with her, just that one morning he woke up and she was in bed with him. She got up and started fixing breakfast as if it were the regular thing to do—she didn't even ask where anything was. They must have struck a bargain at the Lost Dollar the night before, a bargain he couldn't recall the terms of.

He'd heard of her before he saw her—a flake who'd come to town with a goat and some pet snakes in her car. There are plenty of that type coming and going. Priest Creek attracts them, and sooner or later they all show up at the Lost Dollar. When Dixie did, he was surprised that she was so young and cute. She was little (that was before she got lardy in the thighs). She had a Southern accent—still does, especially after a couple of beers. She'd never been out West before; she'd never known a cowboy. She perched on the barstool, and her eyes shone when he mentioned five-foot rattlers lying across the trail or the time they had to go up to the Divide and rescue a group that had got lost in a snowstorm. Now she's heard all his stories.



"Ah, J.T.—just the man I was looking for."

• •

He tosses the empty can and heads up Canyon Road toward Devil's Thumb. He parks in a turnout where some hiking trails begin and gets out to piss away the beer. The view surprises him. It always does. He forgets what it does to him until he's here and sees the land, unmarked for miles, with a few ranches tucked in beside frozen creeks, looking the way it might have looked a hundred years ago. He breathes deeply. The air up here can wash out your soul. He kicks over the yellow place, making it white again.

He goes back to the truck and twists off the wire that holds the glove compartment shut, and fishes out a poem he's been working on:

A cowboy sits astride his steed.
His heart is proud and free.
Although his work is hard and long
There's nothing he'd rather be.

At first, it sounds even better than he remembered, but on second reading he isn't sure if "his heart" might not be taken to mean the horse's heart. He could change "steed" to "mare," but he likes the way "steed" works with "free" and "be."

When Shane was thirteen he won a Fourth of July poetry contest and got a twenty-five-dollar prize. For about a year after that, he wrote a lot of poems and then he forgot about it, but a cowboy poetry contest in the Priest Creek *Crier* brought it all back. It was the prize money that got him started, but now he likes the way writing poetry takes his head to a different place, especially when he works out here. Last week, he had to run the engine to keep warm, but today the sun is pouring in, warming his thighs so he can almost feel the horse under him, alert, waiting.

Shane threw away his watch when he quit his job in Minneapolis and moved to Colorado, so he can't tell how long he's been asleep. The pines are casting deep-purple shadows, and Devil's Thumb stands out red against the fir-covered mountains behind. It's an effect that is caused by the setting sun, the rays slanting at an angle and bringing out the reds. Shane learned about this in physics, but he can't recall the name for it.

Something's got to be wrong with his brain, when a name he once struggled to memorize can evaporate out, and information he'd like to forget is preserved there, clear and sharp. For instance, he remembers more about his ex-wife, Ginny, than he ever thought he knew, and they weren't together that long. He married her because she was pregnant and he couldn't see himself telling her to go get an abortion. That wasn't the kind of man he wanted to be, although he wouldn't have minded if she had just quietly gone off and had it done and told him afterward. Then the baby was born three months early, with a membrane in its lungs, and died the next day. Soon after that, Shane just quit everything—Ginny, his job—and headed West. It's a part of his life he doesn't tell anyone. Dixie knows. He told her once, and she said it was understandable—that he needed to leave the old life behind, that it was too messed up to fix. The only solution was to start new.

His poem is no good. He sees that now, reading it again. He strikes a match and holds the poem over the flame. The ash floats out the open window. It's a good thing he realized the poem was lousy before he spent a lot of time on it and then submitted it to the *Crier*. That could have been embarrassing.

It's colder now, and there's a wind whining through the trees. Devil's Thumb looks dark and angry, almost like a warning. Shane starts the engine and gets the heater blowing. He's thinking about going home and crawling in bed with Dixie. For all her sloppy ways, she can be sweet, and she smells good—qualities he tends to forget sometimes.

Dixie closes the book and wipes her eyes with her hand. McCrae will recover, and he and Harriet will get that ranch. Redheart doesn't write it all down; it's just understood. She wishes sometimes that he would keep going even after the story has run out, putting down the ordinary things. She feels there is something he isn't telling, some secret that might come out if he kept on.

"Is that book sad, is that why you're crying?" Frankie Delaney is sitting on the steps of his trailer, scratching Jewel behind the ears. It used to bother Dixie, the way he'd come out to watch her, but now she's used to him. He got hit in the head, skiing, when he was nine years old, and his mind never grew after that. He's like a little boy in a man's body. He reminds her of her half brother, Lee, when he was little and got confused and called her Mommy.

"Did you get off for Easter?" she asks him.

"I worked this morning. I saw you come in for doughnuts. Easter don't matter to me." He buries his face in Jewel's fur. Frankie's parents moved away a year or two ago and left him here in Priest Creek to work at the Safeway. You'd think they'd at least send him a bus ticket sometime so he could visit them. They moved to Connecticut or Vermont, she can't remember which.

She drags the cushion inside and turns it on end so she can wipe off the dirt. The place looks forlorn—dishes dirty in the sink, bed all apart. Her bra and Shane's socks are tangled on the floor.

She could clean it all up, do the dishes, even take a load to the Coin-Op. There's time to go to the Safeway and get some food, maybe make a pan of macaroni and cheese. Shane loves her macaroni and cheese. She could make that, and they could eat in front of the TV, drink some cold beers, and afterward get in between some clean sheets.

She puts a Doors tape into her Walkman and tears the sheets off the bed, piles dirty laundry into them, ties them in a bundle, and tosses it into her car.

"Hey, Frankie, do you have any laundry? I'll give you a lift to the Coin-Op."

He jumps up, spilling Jewel onto the ground, and runs into his trailer. Dixie smiles to see him coming out with just a few things in a pillowcase. He didn't really have much laundry, just wants her company.

They're in luck, because no one's there. Frankie takes care of his bundle while Dixie separates her wash into whites, lights, and darks. She buys some bleach from the vending machine and gets three machines going. It's a good sound, three machines filling up with water. Frankie's sitting in the molded plastic chair in front of his machine. "I have a red shirt in there. I like to see when it comes up," he explains.

Dixie sits beside him and watches for the red shirt to wiggle out from the rest of the clothes and press against the glass. It stays there for a while and then tunnels down to the back, or something whisks it over the top. After a while, she begins to yawn, so she goes outside for a breath of air. She recognizes Jim Cosby's pickup parked at the Lost Dollar next door. She goes back and calls, "Frankie?"

He turns reluctantly from the machine to look at her.

"Would you tell me when my wash needs to go in the dryer?"

"Well, where're you going to be?"

"I'm just going over to the Lost Dollar to see someone. Stick your head in when the wash stops, will you?"

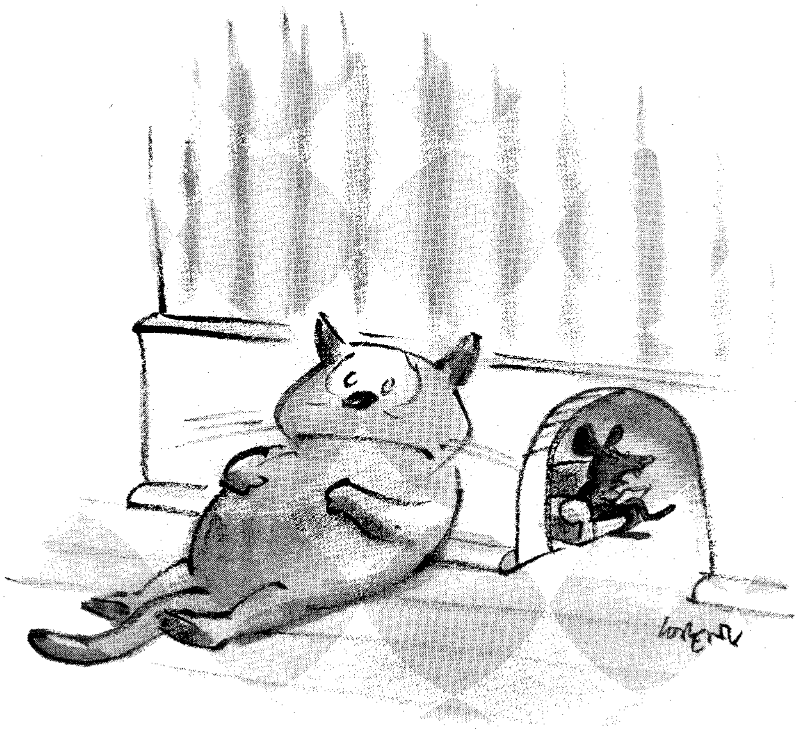
It looks like all the men of Priest Creek are packed into the Lost Dollar. The ones who have families and have been with them all day, because of the holiday, have come to get away from them, and the ones who don't have families have come because it's lonely being without family on a holiday.

Dixie likes being in a room full of men, as long as she knows them. Something about a bunch of male bodies—it charges up the air. And they're friendlier in a group. Dusty Halstead comes over and gives her a beery kiss. Jim Cosby buys her a draft.

"Where's Shane? Didn't he come with you?" Jim looks at the door. Dixie looks, too.

"I don't know where he went. I figured he'd be here. You haven't seen him?"

"I just got here. Maybe he left before I came."



"Don't worry. Fantasies about devouring the doctor are perfectly normal."

"He probably has a woman someplace."

"Why would he have a woman when he has you?" Jim puts his arm around her shoulders. He has three little kids and a skinny wife who wraps meat at the Safeway.

"I don't know, it seems like he's always leaving and never tells me where he's going."

"Well, Shane, he's a complicated man."

"I know."

"He's moody."

Jim finds two stools for them at the bar. Dixie gets so interested in their talk that when Frankie comes in to tell her the wash is ready for the dryer it seems only five minutes have passed.

"I'll be right there, soon's I finish this beer," she says. Jim has bought her another and is telling her that she might be able to work over at Glen Springs as a cook on one of the trips. "Shane was just being—you know how he gets," he says, and snakes his arm down so his hand is on her breast.

She scoots out from under his arm. She has to go, her wash is ready.

"Hold on. You haven't finished your beer. Here, let me buy you some beer nuts. You like beer nuts?"

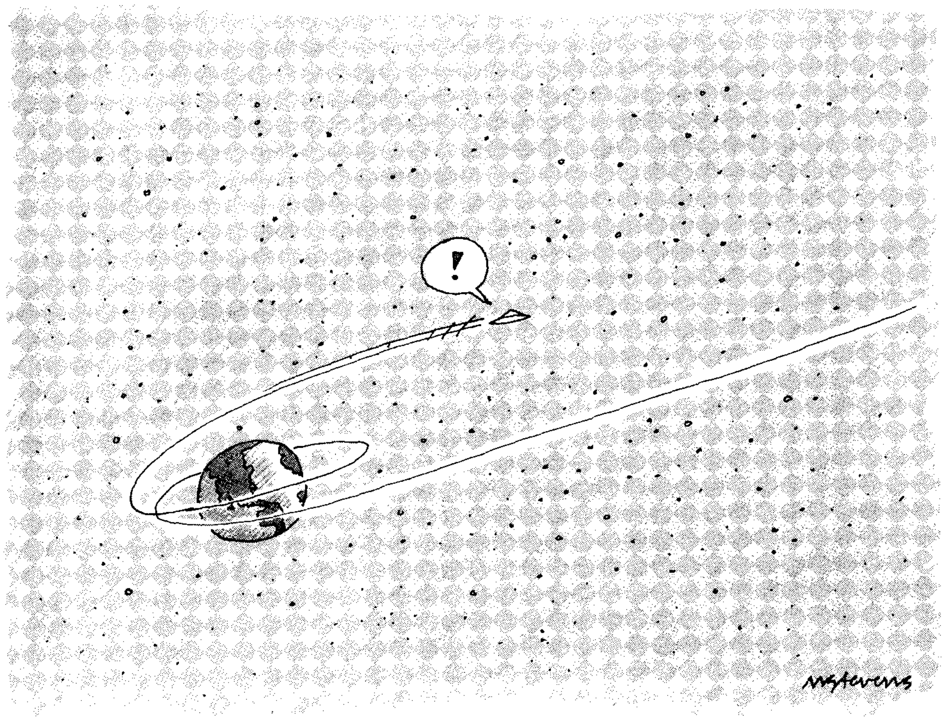
Dixie is talking to Dusty and Jim and she can't *think* for a moment what Frankie is doing, standing there with his pillowcase over his shoulder. Then she remembers. "Oh, my God! The wash!"

"It's too late," Frankie says. "It's locked. It closes at seven on Sundays, Dixie."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried to, and you got mad, remember? You told me to quit pestering. I just came in now because Mr. Petrillo is going to give me a ride home, and he said I should tell you."

When Frankie leaves, Dixie sees that it's pitch-dark outside. Where did the afternoon go?



INTELLIGENT BEINGS FROM OUTER SPACE

"DIX?"

Jewel comes out of the bedroom wagging her tail, scraping her bottom along the floor. The cushion Dixie took outside in the morning is standing on end, caked with mud. There's an empty doughnut box on the counter, and the milk she bought this morning. Shane puts it in the refrigerator and takes out a piece of pizza. He bites into it, then spits it into the sink. It's green on the bottom. The mattress is bare; the quilt is on the couch. Jewel keeps following him, whimpering. He goes to kick her, but it's not her fault. He finds some kibble in the cupboard to give her. No food for him, but there's food for her dog.

Frankie Delaney is standing by Shane's truck looking as if he had something to tell him.

"Frankie, you seen her?" Shane says.

Frankie ducks his head. He's hard to understand, because he's talking into his jacket. "We went over to the Coin-Op, and while the clothes was working she went into the Lost Dollar. I told her the clothes was ready, but she didn't come out. Mr. Petrillo gave me a ride home, but I don't know what she's going to do, because the Coin-Op's closed now. It closes at seven on Sundays."

Anger streams through Shane, making him righteous and strong. Making him gleeful. He could laugh but he doesn't, because Frankie is watching. Instead he clenches his jaw and leaps into his truck.

"Are you going to hit her, Shane?" Frankie throws his arms across his face, as if he had seen something terrible, but it's only the headlights sweeping by.

WAS it a full moon, or what, last night? Because if it was a full moon that might explain it. Dixie can't remember any moon at all, only the headlights from Shane's truck when he cut her off as she was driving away from the Lost Dollar. Then there was the light in the open door of the Lost Dollar when everyone came out to see what was happening.

Jim Cosby and Dusty held Shane while he ranted and swore, all because of some wash left overnight. She can't remember what she said, only the feeling of choosing her fight and standing her ground, like someone at the end of a Redheart novel, when he's run all he can and now it's time to shoot it out.

All the way home she was shouting things like "I have a right after all!" and "Why should I spend two minutes in his stinking trailer?" and "It's my life!" She pulled her clothes out of the drawer and her suitcase from under the bed. And then the light bulb blew out. She went into the living room to take the bulb out of the lamp there and saw the quilt, which she wrapped around herself because she was cold. She went back into the bedroom with the light bulb and suddenly she felt very tired, so she put her suitcase on the floor and lay down on the bed, still wrapped in the quilt. Sometime in the middle of the night, she woke up to find Shane undressing her. And then they were doing it as though it were something they'd been wanting to do all day and hadn't got around to. Now he's sleeping in the quilt and she's shivering on the bare mattress.

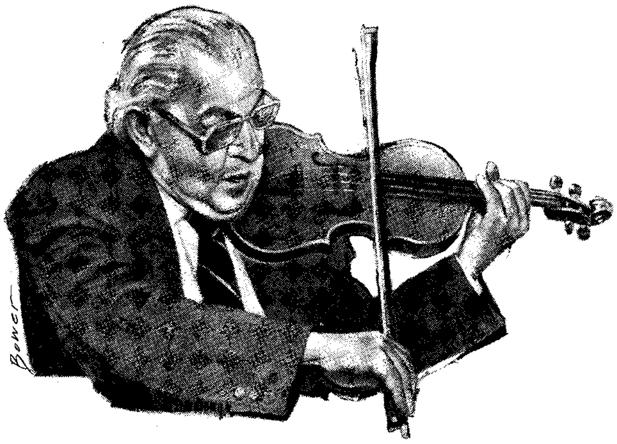
She pulls at the quilt. He mutters, but gives it up and throws an arm across her. Dixie feels his body warm against her and remembers that making love felt good last night. But so did telling him off. But so did taking the clothes to the Coin-Op and putting them in the machines. She wishes someone would unroll the chart of her life so she could see the stages. Maybe she's going through one of those steps that look wrong but later turn out to be right, like when the embryo grows a tail that disappears later on.

Then she sits up and sees her suitcase and her clothes all over the floor and Shane's jeans crumpled on top of his boots at the side of the bed, and she thinks of three machines full of wet laundry that someone will take out and pile somewhere, so it will fall on the floor and get dirty all over again, and she knows this can't be right. If there's a definite plan before you're born—all those steps toward getting you into your life—there must be a plan for once you're in it, and something is blocking her plan. She's like an ant that's trying to get someplace, and someone keeps sticking his big old thumb in her way, making her go in crazy zigzags instead of one straight line. She gets out of bed and hugs her naked body in the cold. A life should go toward something, the way life does in Treat Redheart's books. It should go forward.

—MARY TANNEN

PROFILES

A GOLD COIN



ONE day toward the end of May, 1927, Josef Gingold, seventeen years old, accompanied by his mother, appeared with violin in hand at the door of 48 Avenue Brugmann, in Brussels. Mother and son had come from America in the hope that Eugène Ysaÿe would accept Josef as a student. They were ushered inside and taken upstairs to the study. There, seated in an armchair, was the legendary violinist—a huge presence, wearing a velvet jacket and practicing his instrument with intense concentration. A student of Wieniawski and Vieuxtemps, Ysaÿe had by 1895 become the most widely admired violinist in the world, and he had held that position unchallenged until shortly before the First World War. César Franck had dedicated his Violin Sonata to Ysaÿe, Debussy his Quartet, Chausson his "Poème." Ysaÿe's constitution, mighty as it was, had given way to diabetes in his later years. Now, at sixty-eight, he had largely retired from the concert stage.

Josef had brought with him a letter of recommendation from one of Ysaÿe's American friends, but he never showed it. He took out his violin and was about to begin the Brahms Concerto when Ysaÿe asked him to play a three-octave scale in G major, a deceptively simple assignment. Ysaÿe listened closely for smooth bow changes, for flawless intonation. He then asked that the scale be played with different bowing patterns: the Viotti, the Paganini. Only after what seemed an eternity to Josef did Ysaÿe let him play the concerto. Afterward, Josef's mother asked, "*Maître*, will you accept him?" "*Mais naturellement*," Ysaÿe replied. "*Il est un violoniste né*."

Born to the instrument—and all the more aware of his obligation to work at it. Ysaÿe's lessons often lasted three hours. Every piece had to be memorized. "Ysaÿe never yelled or threatened; he treated me like an adult," Josef Gingold told me as we talked together sixty-three years later, in his home in Bloomington, Indiana. "He worked with me on my bow arm. The bow is your artist in tone production—in color, power, delicacy, and articulation. Every once in a while, he'd pick up his fiddle and speak through the medium of his glorious Guarneri del Gesù. His music-making was full of fantasy; it was poetry. He spoke like a poet—he even wrote poetry. We have masterly fiddlers today, who are products of our age. Ysaÿe was a product of an age when Sarah Bernhardt could recite the alphabet and make it seem a work of art. Ysaÿe could play a scale and it was the most heavenly thing you had ever heard. The first piece I studied with him was Vieuxtemps's Fifth Concerto. In one passage he made plaintive downward slides between certain notes in the way a singer might do. 'Every time I change positions here, there is a tear in my playing,' Ysaÿe told me. 'I'm not playing, I'm crying.' He taught that the most important thing in music-making is to bring out the character of a piece. By doing that, one goes right to the heart of an audience. When I played Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' Sonata, I began the variation in minor key rather quickly. Ysaÿe stopped me. '*Non, non, mon petit!*' he said, and he played it for me, taking his time as he did so. I had never been so deeply moved by anything—the accents were so grief-stricken and dramatic. It was as if the composer were listening in. When Ysaÿe finished, it was all I could do to continue the lesson. Whenever I play that variation, I still try to reach for the unreachable."

Once, Josef arrived early for a lesson and strummed some chords on the piano, an ornate Pleyel. Ysaÿe appeared at the doorway and said, "Treat the instrument gently. Debussy composed 'Pelléas et Mélisande' on it."

"The walls of Ysaÿe's studio were lined with finely bound classics," Gingold recalls. "He had read every one of them. A picture of Tolstoy hung on the wall. Ysaÿe was interested in my obtaining a broad culture; he even corrected my French grammar. Violin playing wasn't enough in itself. It had to be a part of life."

IN 1974, Andrés Cárdenes, a sixteen-year-old violinist, entered the Denver Young Artists' Competition. Andrés realized that he had overreached himself, and was soon eliminated. He was therefore amazed when he was approached by a member of the jury—Josef Gingold, renowned for his career as soloist, chamber-music player, concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, and Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Music at Indiana University. "Keep working," Gingold told Andrés. "Keep your head up, because you've got something special. I advise you not to look at this as a deterrent." Cárdenes, who is now concertmaster of the Pittsburgh Symphony, recently said to me, "Why did he bother to speak to me? After all, I was one of the losers. Yet it wasn't in his nature to separate the vanquished from the victors. He knew that music is an art form—that it's older than all of us combined." Gingold invited Cárdenes to study with him, and a year or so later the young man entered Studio No. 154 in the Indiana University music building, the room that students sometimes call the Gingold Museum. The shelves there are crammed with books on music. More than a hundred autograph letters and etchings and photographs of famous violinists of the past two centuries fill every inch of wall space. Pride of place belongs to a photograph that carries the inscription "*À son cher* *disciple, avec profonde affection et la certitude d'une brillante carrière—Eugène Ysaÿe, 1929.*"

"I was a very confused eighteen-year-old with a highly competitive attitude," Cárdenes recalls. "Mr. Gingold taught me that the beauty in playing the instrument is not to be better than the next person but to stay true to oneself, to set one's own standards and keep to them, not just in violin playing but in life itself. He instills in his students the idea that there is no such thing as a trite phrase, that every minute you have the fiddle under your chin you're striving to find depth and meaning. One day, I brought Richard Strauss's Violin Sonata to a lesson. I had practiced the slow movement with special care. As I played it, I thought, All right, Andrés, it's great—you're doing your best, and it's coming off splendidly. When I finished, Mr. Gingold said quietly, 'That was lovely, but it just needs a little more patience.' Then he played the opening for me. After two bars, I felt that I didn't know the piece at all—the beauty of his sound, the sensitivity of his intonation and of his slides! He took more time over the notes and between phrases—yet without making it slow. After he played, I just couldn't speak. Suddenly, I realized how little I knew about violin playing. It's not a question of preparing a piece for a week; it's a lifetime devotion."

It is rumored in violin circles that Josef Gingold knows everything there is to know about the violin and its history. Players from all over the world approach him for the most arcane points of information. He is a storyteller, always ready to delve into his storehouse of musical lore. Some students initially question the relevance of these tales to their immediate needs, but they soon realize that the stories impart more than knowledge: they illuminate questions of musical interpretation; they connect the present with the past and bring the young players into a family circle that is two hundred years old. "I don't want a student of mine to be a *Notenfresser*," Gingold says. "There's more to music than merely playing notes. If my students become teachers or play in symphony orchestras, they shouldn't be ignorant. They should respect their art."

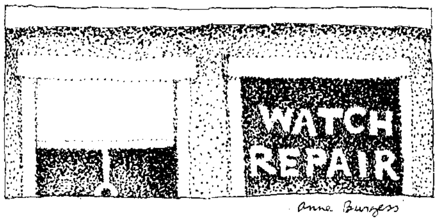
The lore of the past lives on not only in Gingold's words but in his playing and his teaching. He restores artistic dignity to the vast nineteenth-century violin virtuoso literature, which many players value primarily for its technical brilliance. ("Wieniawski is the closest thing we violinists have to Chopin," he says.) He draws upon an encyclopedic knowledge of the repertoire and a detailed recollection of the playing of great violinists to offer his students solutions to virtually every musical problem. He'll show a student a fingering that gives access to a particular, subtle type of slide—say, of Heifetz or of Kreisler—and ask, "You buy it?"

Perhaps Gingold's most valuable service as a mentor is to heal the artistic division between technique and expression, between matter and spirit. He never teaches technique as an abstraction. A constant refrain of his students is "Every étude becomes a wonderful piece of music." He refers to technique as "the vocabulary—a know-how." It becomes a means to every expressive end.

Raymond Kobler, a past student of Gingold's who is now concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony, says, "Gingold's humanity comes out in his playing as in no one else's that I know of. It's a unique, heartfelt expression. You can say it's representative of an era that's gone by, but for me it's as current as anything. I don't believe in this 'old-fashioned' thing. Either something is beautiful or it isn't."

"I happen to be in love with my muse—a beautiful expression that's rarely used nowadays," Gingold says. "Ysaÿe would say, 'I didn't play well—the muse wasn't with me tonight.' It was another time, before the mechanical influences began to creep into our art."

The eminent cellist János Starker, who is a colleague of Gingold's at Indiana University, told me, "I consider Josef Gingold the greatest violin teacher I have ever known. His background is almost unparalleled; he has done practically everything that a string player can do in music—even played in Broadway shows. He's the only teacher I know who is equally qualified to teach the instrument, solo repertoire, orchestral repertoire, and chamber music. He also happens to be one of the most genuine human beings I've ever met."



Pinchas Zukerman says, "I can honestly say he is the kind of man who comes along once in a century."

IN his comfortable but not lavish living room, in a neocolonial apartment house ten blocks from the Indiana University music building, Josef Gingold settled down into what he calls his Archie Bunker chair and urged me to call him Joe. He had recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. Forty-seven former students had come to Bloomington to pay him homage, and his colleague Paul Biss had organized a gala concert. Gingold expressed regret that he had thus far succeeded in answering only a hundred and fifty of four hundred cards he had received. He still teaches at least twenty-five students a week. But now, just after New Year's, he had a few days free to reminisce about his life.

Joe Gingold is nobly pear-shaped (he is a devotee of hamburger steak and chocolate cake), but the sense of roundness he conveys is more than physical. His manner is genial and jovial. He wears his long, silver hair swept back, and he sports a touch of mustache. As outgoing as he is, he has a natural dignity that keeps him from excess, sentimentality, or any coarsening of his private world. Everything about him seems rooted. He is pragmatic with his time—a philosopher not prone to philosophizing. A trace of Russian accent betrays his origins; he takes care to express himself clearly in English. His words have a resonance of feeling; sometimes he nearly sings them. His gestures have the expressivity of violin bowings. His voice, imitated by violinists the world over, is as gravelly as that of Louis Armstrong.

"The violin is my life," he said. "I have no hobbies. I don't play cards; I'm too old for sports. Four years ago, I walked all the way from school to my home; I sat down and couldn't move. The doctor called it nerve stress in the leg. It's terrible; it seems I'm a one-sided man. But I am what I am." We discussed the fact that many people of his age tend to reject their past. "Don't you think that they were unhappy with what they were doing?" he asked. "I

ON THIN ICE

Then we lifted the cans of snow
to flock the tree in our sixth-grade classroom
& we sprayed the stencils
pressed against the windows
to make snowflakes, each one different,
believing, because we were told,
that under a microscope
each powdery flake of real snow
has its own composition. That's the first
I'd heard of formal variance, & I
could see that no matter
how far into the deep woods
I would go, each little particulate grief
would have a structure. It's for memory's
sake, the teacher told us,
the words are arranged by rules
of poetic composition, & in my sleep
the rhymes kept repeating,
like our fingers drumming against the desk tops
as we scanned verse, lost in reveries
that had little to do with meaning
but rose instead from sound,
playing in the preholiday afternoons
like music. Swedenborg said the angels
express thought with consonants
that clack across the tongue
in regimental order, while feeling flows
through the vowels, small in number,
but always essential in making
a whole. My brother wrote words
backwards, as if he'd already been where
the rest of us would go. *Tell me*
what it's like there, I think
I wanted to say, cupping my mittened hands
around each syllable, but my brother
lay on the white sheet
of the hospital bed, unmoving,
like a branch in an icy field we walked
away from. Across the frozen tundra,
Gerda travelled to bring Kay home,
& when she found him at the Snow Queen's
palace her breath froze in the air
into clouds of angels. I do not know
how long Kay struggled
under the northern lights to solve
the Ice Puzzle of Reason, pushing
the letters over the earth
to form "eternity," but I know
that as long as his heart was pierced
with a fragment of evil, the work
he did was useless. Once, my brother
put down the ragged pieces
of a life he couldn't fit
together. It's by sheer will
he's come back, following
the tracks across each wintry page
he holds before him, & when
he stumbles, the austere & beautiful
face of the Snow Queen
turns & mocks him at the window.

—Susan Prospere

• •

have such a beautiful life to remember. Imagine—I can tell my students how Heifetz played when he was twenty! Even the unhappy things that have left a little hurt to this day have, in their own way, been helpful to me." I suggested that every experience from his past had been a creative building block. He took a puff on a forbidden cigar, and said, "But, you see, my dear—my past is my present."

Anna Leiserowitz was an unusual woman. The daughter of an Orthodox rabbi, she was born in 1874 in the Russian town of Brest Litovsk, on the Polish border. At fifteen, she entered into an arranged marriage, meeting her bridegroom for the first time under the canopy at the wedding ceremony. She detested her husband, but in those days, and in her society, divorce was considered a disgrace. However, after a year and a half, and the birth of a son, Israel, she took matters into her own hands and obtained a divorce; thereafter, she was looked upon as the black sheep not only of the family but of the community. Anna eventually married Meyer Gingold, who owned a shoe factory. Meyer, whose first wife had died in childbirth, already had two children, a boy and a girl.

Two girls were born to Meyer and Anna, and on October 28, 1909, their last child, Josef, came into the world. Meyer wasn't musical at all, but his son from his first marriage, Willy, who was seventeen years Josef's senior, was an enthusiastic violinist. From the day he was born, Josef heard the sound of a fiddle. "One day when I was three, my father came home with a small violin for me," Gingold told me. "It was only about seventy-seven years ago—why shouldn't I remember? I was thrilled, and asked, 'What makes it play?' He explained that a little man lived in the violin who began to dance when you put the bow on the string. I wanted to have a look inside, and so I smashed the violin. My mother came to my rescue: 'Why do you tell the boy such fairy stories?' " While waiting for his next violin, Josef would get hold of Willy's fiddle and, with one or two fingers, try to play by ear the "Kreutzer" études his brother was studying. "Many years later, when I studied these same pieces with a real teacher, I found myself making all the mistakes I had heard my brother make," Gingold said. As Josef neared five, his progress on the violin was so considerable that arrangements were made to take him to Warsaw to play for a teacher at the conservatory. Before that plan could be carried out, the European balance of power collapsed, and Germany declared war on Russia.

Brest Litovsk was an arsenal town, and the civilian population was given twenty-four hours to evacuate the city.

"Pandemonium broke loose," Gingold said. "All trains were reserved for the military. My family joined a group of about two hundred people from town who took refuge in the fields between the Russian and the German lines. We wandered about, without any definite plan. When we walked at night, we held hands, so that we could stay together. We slept in the open. Food was scarce. My mother picked apples from orchards and cooked them, so that it would seem we were having a hot meal. She held the family together; she was wise, and had a wonderful head. One bright, chilly day, I was chasing about with a playmate. My mother's nerves were frayed, and to separate me from my friend she took our family for a walk. A shell suddenly fell and killed almost everyone who had stayed behind. The carnage was horrendous. My mother used to say that it was I who had saved our family."

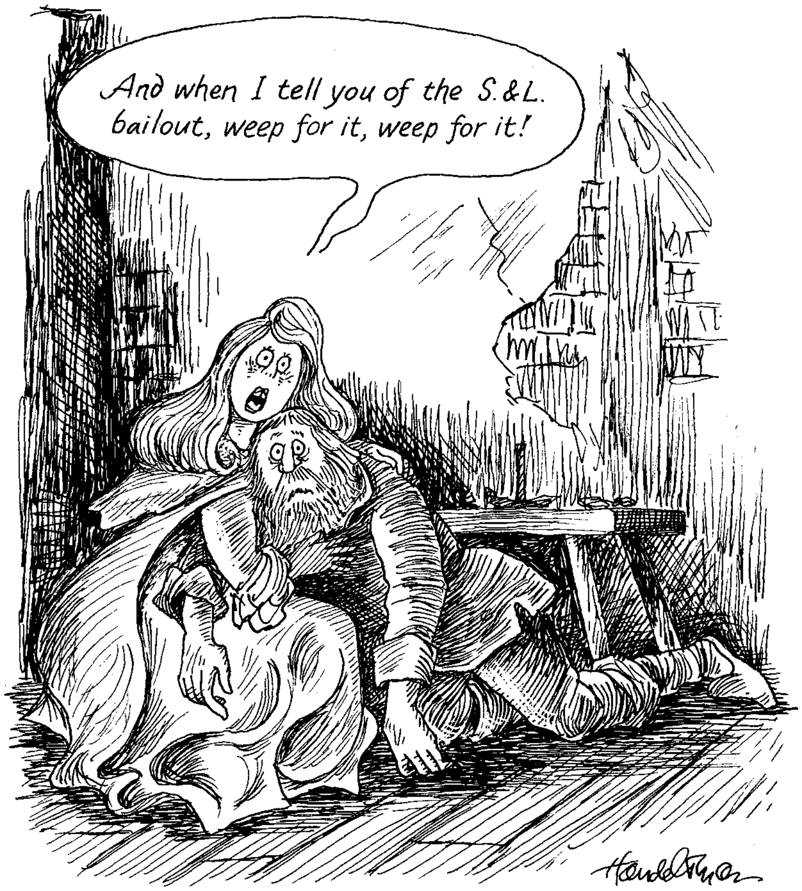
After several weeks, the refugees came to the Russian town of Pruzhany, but found, to their dismay, that it had been occupied by the Germans. The refugees were rounded up and, "for hygienic reasons," put in a big armory, where everyone slept on the floor. Meyer and Willy did forced labor, but the small ration they received barely sufficed for the family. "We were fortunate that these German soldiers—unlike those in the Second World War—weren't indoctrinated to hate Jews," Gingold said. "One day, I heard a fiddle out in the yard. A German soldier was trying to play a tune for his colleagues. I motioned that I, too, played the violin. I must have been a pest, because the sentry let me through the barbed wire. I picked up that enormous fiddle and somehow managed to play the tune. That night, two soldiers carrying guns with bayonets suddenly appeared in the armory and demanded to know which boy played the violin. My mother was desperately afraid, but she woke me from my sleep, and the soldiers took me to a party they were throwing. Oberleutnant Krock announced that a little Russian boy was going to play a song on the violin. I managed to find some notes, and then—I don't know how—played a mazurka by Wieniawski. The audience broke into applause, but I was terrified, not knowing what it meant. The Oberleutnant collected money for me in a hat, but I just pointed to my open mouth and rubbed my belly. I can still see this man as if he were right in front of me now. His eyes filled with tears, and he ordered four soldiers to accompany me back to the armory, carrying bags of food. That was the first fee I ever got for playing. My mother, fine woman that she was, woke up the entire barracks, so that we could share the bread, chicory, and cans of meat. What made the greatest impression on me was the sardines. They were the tastiest things I'd ever eaten in my life. A half century later, when I was teaching during the summer at the Meadowmount School, in upstate New York, I created a near-scandal by eating everybody's sardines at lunch.

"I was made a big fuss over that night, but it was exceptional. My family never thought that I was God's gift to music, never spoiled me, never believed that I didn't get what I deserved in life—ridiculous. What a wonderful way to bring up a child! Today, you have to send your child to a psychiatrist to find out why he doesn't like sardines. That comes to fifteen thousand dollars, and when the treatment ends he still doesn't like sardines. The upshot of my little concert was that when Oberleutnant Krock went on leave to Berlin he brought me back a small violin of my own."

After six months, the refugees were permitted to leave the armory, and the Gingolds found lodgings in Pruzhany, which was still under German occupation. One of Willy's buddies, a violinist named Yablonovich, whose studies at the Warsaw Conservatory had been interrupted by the war, took an interest in Josef; he taught him how to read music and how to use four fingers when he played. Gingold can still play from memory the book of studies he used at that time.

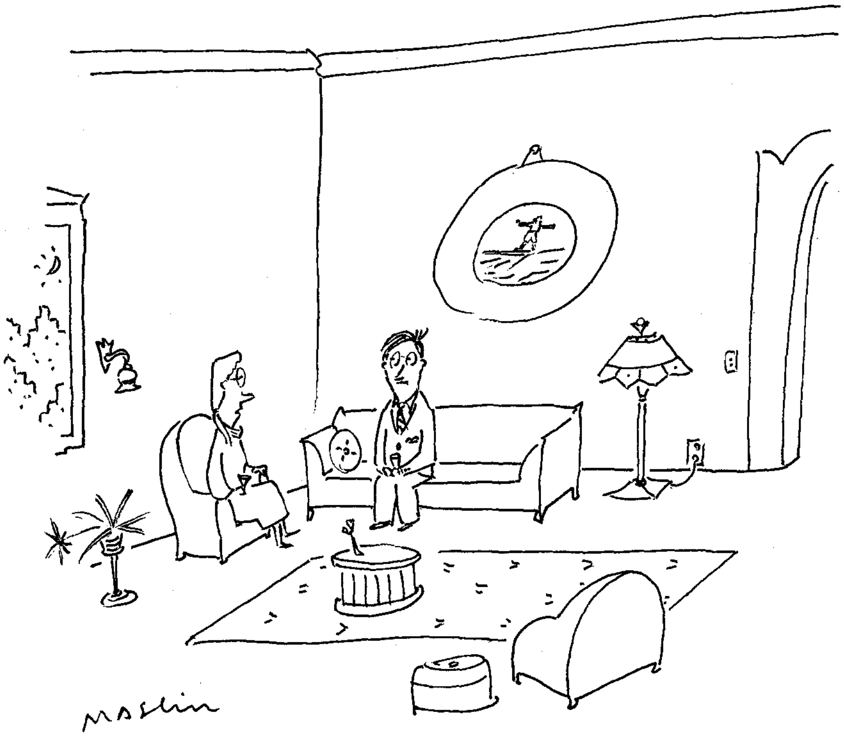
One night, the Germans ordered Willy to play at a party. Because there was no pianist available, he took Josef

ALTERNATIVE DICKENS


And when I tell you of the S.&L. bailout, weep for it, weep for it!

DR. MANETTE SINKS IN HIS DAUGHTER'S ARMS AS SHE TELLS HIM THE SAD NEWS

• •



"I'm sorry it hasn't worked out, Dennis. I'll really miss you—but I'll miss your cowlick even more."

• •

along to provide accompaniment on the violin. Gingold recalls, "I did as well as I could, but I would fall asleep between numbers. Suddenly, as we were playing, a soldier came rushing in and shouted, 'All officers on duty! The Russians are counterattacking!' My brother strapped our violin cases around him with a rope, and, carrying me piggyback, made a run for it. Shells were exploding all around us. There was no pavement—nothing but mud. When we finally managed to get home, we found our parents in hysterics."

At the conclusion of the war, the Gingolds returned to Brest Litovsk. Gingold remembers his father's taking him at the age of eight to the station to see Trotsky arriving to negotiate the peace treaty that was signed on March 3, 1918. Meyer expressed amazement that Trotsky, a Jew, could have risen to such prominence in Russia. Brest Litovsk was now in Polish hands, and Meyer risked being conscripted into the Polish Army, where anti-Semitism was rampant. Gingold recalls, "One day, I was looking out of the window and saw an elderly Jewish man being taunted by a group of Polish soldiers. They began to pull at his beard, and finally ripped it completely off his face. My mother hurriedly closed the shutters. We knew that we had no choice but to leave."

In 1919, Meyer and Anna set out on an odyssey across Europe with their three daughters and Josef to find a ship that would grant passage for six to America. (Josef's two half brothers had already emigrated—Israel to Buenos Aires and Willy to New York.) After obtaining visas in Warsaw, they travelled to Danzig, Hamburg, and Antwerp—but to no avail. As a last resort, they went to Paris, and there Meyer renewed an old acquaintance. His friend, now a furrier, gave a party for Meyer's three marriageable daughters. Fanya, the eldest, met a young man who soon proposed marriage; she decided to stay in Paris. (Fanya's story is worth remembering. During the German Occupation in the Second World War, her husband was murdered by Klaus Barbie. She was given refuge in the basement of a Christian family's house, and didn't see the light of day for four years. After the war, she met one of her husband's employees and married him, although he was seventeen years her junior. They lived happily together for thirty-seven years, until her death, at the age of eighty-seven.)

Finally, in September of 1920, the Gingold family of five managed to get passage on the tanker Niagara, which made the voyage from Le Havre to New York in three weeks. They arrived on Yom Kippur. A new life began for the Gingolds, on the Lower East Side. They lived on Madison Street for two and a half years and then moved to East Second Street. "Conditions were not the easiest," Gingold recalls. "We had to walk up five flights. There was only one toilet for four families. We didn't have a bath—only cold water. But we found it marvellous. We were no longer afraid that someone would kill us for being Jewish. We were free, and life was beautiful."

MEYER had always been his own boss, and considered menial work to be beneath him. He now became an insurance salesman, but with only moderate success. Josef's sisters went to work in a sweatshop. Willy worked in a factory by day and played the violin for silent movies at night. One evening, he asked Josef to substitute for him. "I didn't know how to play the movie music, so I played Vieuxtemps's Second Concerto," Gingold told me. "Hearing the applause, the manager became curious, and, to my consternation, ordered me out of the theatre. I learned later that he was afraid of being caught breaking the child-labor law."

The more intellectual members of the family came from Anna's side. One of her brothers was the editor of a newspaper in Warsaw, and another was an Orthodox rabbi living in New York. A third, Yacov, who also lived in New York, wrote the lyrics for "Di Greeneh Kusineh" ("The Greenhorn Cousin"), a song that describes the struggles of an immigrant girl. (It was stolen and published, and became an enormous hit. Yacov, who had not taken out a copyright, never saw a penny from it.) Yacov appreciated classical music and sensed an unusual quality in Josef's playing. He took him to Charles D. Isaacson, the music critic of the New York *Globe*, and Isaacson arranged for Josef to perform in a "prodigy concert." "I played reasonably well in tune, and didn't scratch or scrape," Gingold recalls. "A six-year-old boy named Morton Gould played a piano piece of his own called 'Just Six.' After the concert, I was introduced to Joseph Fuchs, who was then twenty and was already a fine violinist. My

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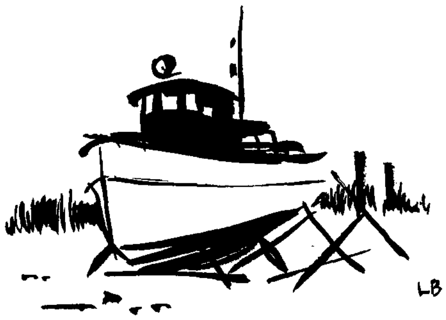
BECAUSE YOUR SMILE WAS MEANT TO LAST A LIFETIME.

bow had cost two dollars—one turn and the hair would just pop up tightly. I didn't know the difference; it was a bow to play with. Fuchs took one look at it, and said, ‘Oh, my God!’ He invited me to come the next day to meet his family, including his sister Lillian, the violist—she is now the grandmother of one of my students. He then gave me a gift I'll never forget: my first decent bow.”

On Isaacson's recommendation, Josef took up violin studies at the Music School Settlement (which is now called the Society of the Third Street Music School Settlement). “The school was set up to get the kids off the street,” Gingold says. “It made no pretense of being a conservatory, but for several months it provided me with free lessons. I later taught at the Cleveland Music School Settlement for thirteen years. I remembered what had been done for me as a kid.” At Public School 62, Gingold had his first experience playing in an orchestra. “It consisted of seventy-nine violinists—almost all Italian and Jewish—and one pianist,” he recalls. “I showed the kids how to improve their fingering. We played an arrangement of Schubert's ‘Unfinished’ Symphony, and I thought it the most beautiful piece of music I had ever heard.

“During all this time, my mother held the family together in a natural way, and she kept track of our finances—right up until the time I married. She had a special place in her heart for me, and believed in my promise as a violinist. When I practiced a concerto, she'd be in the kitchen singing the piano part. She truly knew how to listen, and, as I later discovered, had perfect pitch. She had a lively curiosity. For instance, she would ask me to explain what made a Stradivarius so very special. Her questions were simple but relevant. She taught me not to speak badly of people, to be helpful to those who had less than we did, never to feel that money is everything. She lived by these principles—and I live by them, too, I assure you. My mother encouraged me to read. My favorite books were on American history. My heroes were Lincoln and Jefferson. Did you know that Jefferson played the violin and had music of Corelli and Vivaldi in his library at Monticello? I was proud to be an American, and ashamed of my parents for not making an effort to learn English.

“I went to the first day of my seventh-grade American-history class at P.S. 62 with great expectation. The teacher asked the students to rise when she read their names. She pronounced mine ‘Jingold,’ and I said, ‘Please, my name is pronounced “Gingold.” ’ She said, ‘Young man, take a failing mark for the rest of the year.’ I turned in a perfect paper for the first test—dates have always fascinated me—but she said, ‘I told you that you would fail,’ and tore it up. She was far from the worst of my teachers, if you can believe it. One day, I played the violin for the school assembly. The applause went on for so long that the principal became annoyed and ordered that it be stopped. Two days later, I had an art class with Miss Eberhardt—a tall, statuesque blonde with her hair tightly wound in a bun. She asked me, ‘Are you the young man who played the violin the other day?’ I thought, My God—can you imagine it? A teacher values what I'm able to do! She continued, ‘Show me the hand that makes such beautiful music.’ She was carrying a long wooden pointer, and suddenly cracked it over the palm of my left hand with all her force. It was so painful that I screamed. I left the class and, although it was winter, ran without a coat the twelve blocks to our apartment. My hand had swollen badly. After treating it with cold compresses, my mother put on her hat and coat. Our neighbors heard her shouting. They begged her, ‘Anna, don't make trouble for the teacher, or they'll send you back to the Old Country.’ Finally, they calmed her down and talked her out of going, and it's probably good that they did; she was ready to kill that woman. I never went back to the class. So I flunked art as well as American history.” (While performing the cycle of Beethoven violin sonatas at Indiana University in 1961, Gingold felt an unusual pain in his left hand. He told me, “I went to see a specialist, and he found a ridgelike spur running along the inner palm, which had caused an inflammation of a nerve. He said that, as I was a violinist, an operation would be too risky, and that I should consider myself lucky not to have been bothered by it more frequently. He asked me if in earlier years I had fallen on my hand or had had a severe blow to it. Then it came back to me: Miss Eberhardt and her pointer! I told him the story. He said, ‘Miss Eberhardt could have ruined your career forever.’ ”)



Josef found another sort of educator in Melzar Chaffee, the director of the Music School Settlement. A man of exceptional kindness, Chaffee took a warm interest in Josef. He felt that the boy, who was now twelve, needed a first-rate violin teacher, and recommended him to Vladimir Graffman, who was the assistant to the famed Leopold Auer. Aside from his few months with his brother's friend Yablonovich, Josef had never had a formal teacher, yet a photograph taken of him playing the violin a few days after his arrival in America shows an ideal left-hand position. When I asked Gingold how he had acquired this position, and if any teacher had ever thought it should be corrected, he said, “No one corrected it then, and no one has corrected it since.” Graffman put Josef on a stiff regime of études and taught him to pay meticulous attention to his intonation. “It felt just great,” Gingold told me. “I was making up for all the years I had missed.” Graffman charged three dollars a lesson, but after a while he refused to allow Josef to pay. When Josef was seventeen, he played at Graffman's wedding. (Graffman's son is the pianist Gary Graffman, who is now the director of the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia.)

When Josef was thirteen, he took on his first violin student, charging him twenty-five cents a lesson. When Anna heard about it, she insisted that he return the money. “You don't know enough yet to teach anyone else,” she said. “He'll get another teacher. Don't feel so important.”

On New Year's Day, 1922, Josef heard the twenty-year-old Heifetz in Carnegie Hall. “Heifetz's playing was a model for any violinist,” Gingold told me. “He stood like a statue, and never moved a muscle in his face. What came out was the most marvellous fiddling. He brought the violin to a state of virtuosity that we're still trying to emulate. He had an ideal vibrato—a little on the fast side and very narrow. When he shifted positions, his thumb led the way, moving as fast as the hand of a prestidigitator doing a card trick. But his playing was more than just fingers. It was moving. He was the greatest violin talent of the century." Vladimir Graffman knew Heifetz—they had both come from Vilna—and a year later he took Josef to play for him. Gingold says of the meeting, "I overheard Heifetz say in Russian that I had a lot of talent and was worth watching. Then Heifetz called me over and demanded, 'Why do you play so fast?' He, of all people, to say that!"

Josef seized every opportunity to hear the finest performers of his day: "Casals, who showed how elegantly a cello can be played—at a time when most cellists scraped and moaned on their instruments. Josef Hofmann, who made the piano sound so majestic." Among the singers were Titta Ruffo and Galli-Curci. The theatre, too, made an indelible impression—particularly Walter Hampden playing "Hamlet."

In 1923, Josef heard Fritz Kreisler for the first time. "I couldn't afford to buy a ticket," Gingold told me. "So I waited outside Carnegie Hall, and, when the concert was over, ran in to hear the encores. Some time later, I heard Kreisler play a whole recital. His rubato was incomparable. 'Rubato' is the Italian word for 'robbed'—what is taken has to be restored. No matter what freedom he took, he'd come out together with the beat at the end of the bar. In the age of virtuosity, when every musician was playing faster than the next, he never raced; he always gave time for a phrase to expand. And I heard Mischa Elman, with whom I later played chamber music. A remarkable violinist. Today, he's almost forgotten. He had the most heavenly, golden tone. One of the most important goals of my teaching is beauty of tone. If you listen to the recording Elman made with Caruso, you don't know who is the greater Italian singer. I'll tell you a story about Mischa. He once attended a master class given by the famous teacher Carl Flesch at the Berlin Hochschule für Musik. Flesch could be merciless in his criticism of other violinists, but he himself didn't have the most wonderful tone. One boy got up and played in a terribly dry way. Flesch announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, there is someone here who knows more about tone than anyone in the world. Mischa Elman, would you define a beautiful tone for the student?'

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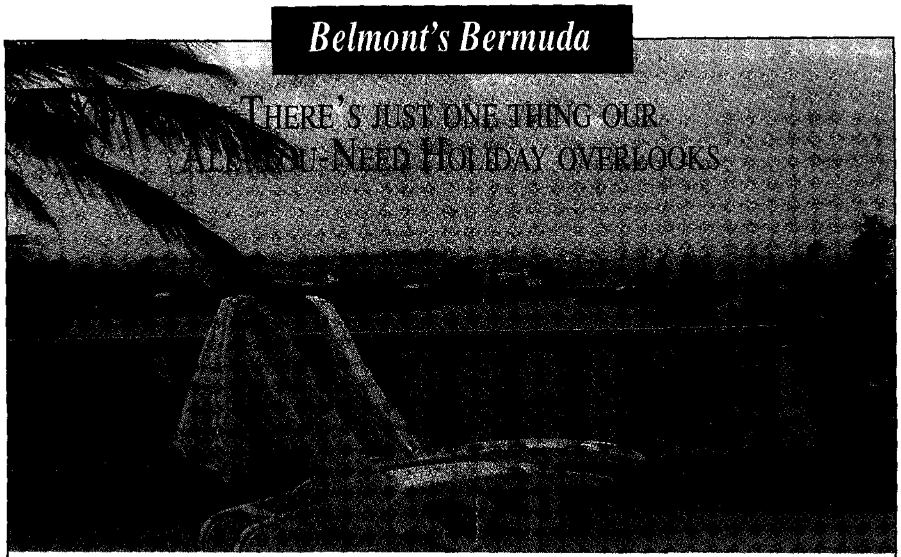

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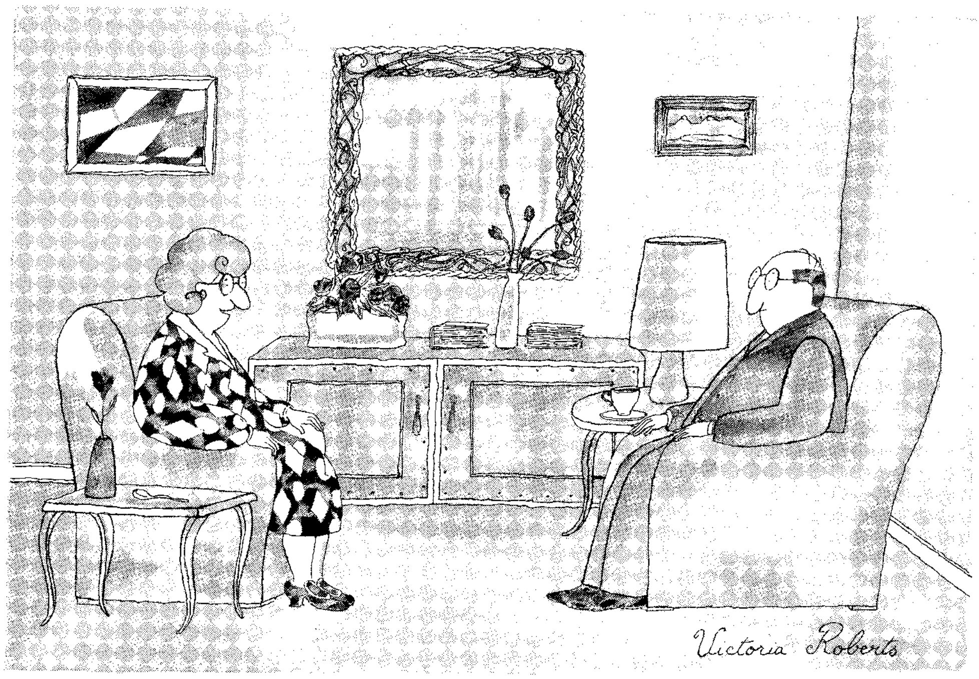

"Are we at anchor?"

• •

Elman told the boy, 'Exactly what your teacher doesn't have.'

"It was fascinating to hear Heifetz, Elman, Kreisler, Szigeti, Hubermann, Thibaud—each player had his own unmistakable style. I could call them—without belittling them—string-playing crooners; they had a special quality of communication. Some students make exciting débuts, but only time evaluates a career. There are many violinists who can play ninety-five per cent. That remaining five per cent is a precious and indefinable quality."

One day, a truant officer came to the Gingolds' door. Josef overheard him tell Anna, "Your son has missed four Fridays in a row. He's a no-good kid. He's probably out playing pool with the bums."

"As a matter of fact, he's in the other room practicing," Anna replied, and she picked up a rolling pin. "He goes to the New York Philharmonic on Friday afternoons. Do me a favor and leave this house. Next time I see your face, you're going to get it over the head."

At junior-high commencement, the principal announced to the graduating class that one day the name Gingold would appear on the marquee of Carnegie Hall. He put his arm around Josef and awarded him a special gold medal. "I had never been so proud of anything in my life," Gingold told me. "I raced home to show the beautiful medal to my parents but discovered, to my horror, that I had lost it while running. I felt terribly humiliated. My mother suggested that I go back to school and explain what had happened. I found the principal alone in his office. After hearing my explanation, he turned on me savagely and said, 'It serves you right for being so careless. There's the door—get out of here. You'll get no other gold medal.' I went out, detesting what school stood for, and began to think over what was going on. I promised myself that if, one day, I should ever become a teacher I'd treat my students differently. I've kept my word."

WHEN Josef was not quite sixteen, Graffman took him to play for Leopold Auer. "As we entered Auer's studio, he was teaching a girl named Anita, who was playing like an automaton," Gingold recalls. "Auer, who was then eighty, shouted, 'Anita! A violinist without any temperament is no violinist!' He snatched up his violin, and his bow scratched at the strings, but that didn't matter: he showed her what temperament is. He became so red in the face that I was afraid he was going to die. I thought, My God, this old man plays like a twenty-year-old. He couldn't help himself. He gave of his best as a teacher."

Then it was Josef's turn to play. Auer listened with mounting approval. After eight bars, he asked Graffman, "A Russian boy?" After another eight bars: "Is he Jewish?" And by the next page: "He doesn't pay for lessons, does he?" Then Auer walked slowly over to Josef.

"He was short and myopic," Gingold told me. "We virtually touched noses. He looked me right in the face and said, with a sinister solemnity, 'Why don't you have staccato?' " Staccato bowing, a hallmark of virtuoso playing, is a series of short, rapid strokes executed while the bow is drawn in one direction. " 'Put your bow on the string,' Auer said. 'Make the upper arm tight—TIGHT,' he roared. Then he shouted 'Play!' And I found myself doing a staccato bowing; he scared it out of me."

At about that time, the family moved to Hewitt Place, in the Bronx. "That was a step upward," Gingold says. "At least, we had a bath." Josef would walk everywhere to save a nickel's carfare. On one occasion, to while away the time before attending a concert, he went into the New York Public Library on Forty-second Street and asked for the music division. "The atmosphere was like electricity to me," he remembers. "The librarian brought me a book called 'Violin Mastery,' by Frederick H. Martens, which consisted of interviews with well-known violinists. I couldn't put the book down—read it from cover to cover. I missed the concert that night. Above all, I was fascinated by one violinist, whose picture mesmerized me: Eugène Ysaÿe."

A plan was eventually developed, with Graffman's encouragement, for Josef to go to Belgium to study with Ysaÿe. A family friend, Joseph Milner, set about raising the necessary funds, to which Josef added the receipts from a recital he had given in Brooklyn. Something of a family crisis occurred. Anna felt that, at the age of seventeen, Josef was too young to be left on his own in Europe. She insisted on going with him. Meyer didn't want the family broken up, but she prevailed, and in May, 1927, she and Josef sailed on the Berengaria. In Paris, they witnessed the acclamation given Charles Lindbergh after his solo flight across the Atlantic. A few days later, they

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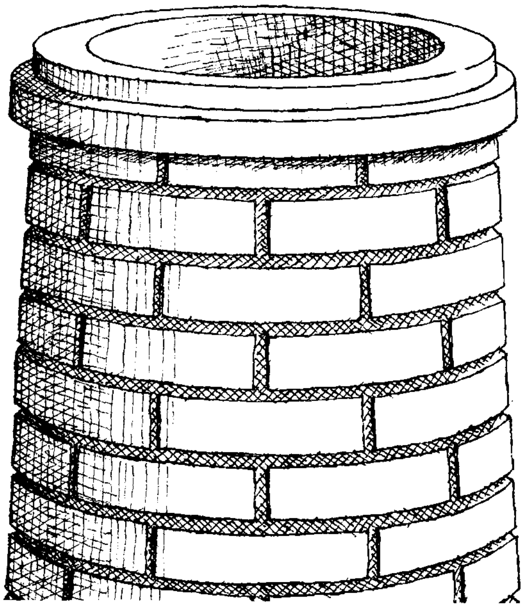

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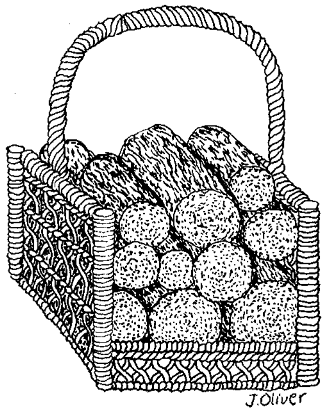
were in Brussels, ringing the bell at 48 Avenue Brugmann.

Belgium had been hard hit economically after the First World War, and Anna was able to find an apartment of five rooms for eighteen dollars a month. Gingold reminisces: "My mother was a marvellous companion. She gave me all the freedom I wanted. I played the violin ten hours a day. I had gone to Europe to get an education, not to be a star. I never had dreams of playing in Carnegie Hall. I had dreams that my next lesson might be good. I wouldn't have let Ysaÿe down for anything." Ysaÿe, as a measure of his esteem, entrusted Josef, at eighteen, with the first public performance of his Third Sonata for Solo Violin, "Ballade": Josef included it in a recital he gave at the Brussels Conservatory on February 23, 1928. "I did nothing at all but practice," Gingold told me. "I've never played a concert better in my life."



Anna, because she was still awaiting her naturalization papers, had to return to America before a year was out. Josef, on his own for the first time, moved into a pension, and played a series of concerts in Belgium, Holland, and France, always including the "Ballade." "I regret that more performers today aren't composers themselves, as Ysaÿe, Kreisler, and Enesco were," Gingold says. "Whether their music will live or not is beside the point. Their understanding of the art of composition helped them as performing artists—they were at one with the composer."

By late 1929, Ysaÿe was often bedridden, and he could not go on teaching. In saying goodbye to Josef, he presented him with his photograph, which he slowly and painfully signed. Gingold arrived in New York a week after the stock-market crash. His sisters were now married, and he felt that it was his responsibility to support his parents. He was not at his best in a New York recital, and it proved less successful than he had hoped. A brilliant solo appearance with the Minneapolis Symphony did not lead to further engagements. Conditions were such that it would be impossible for Gingold to contemplate a solo career: concerts would be so few and far between that he would not be able to provide for his family. "It's hard for anybody who didn't live in that period to realize what hardships were endured during the Depression," Gingold told me. "I joined a walking fiddle corporation—some of them superb players—who were seeking any kind of job." He played at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel and in the Manhattan Symphony Orchestra, and eventually joined the A. & P. Gypsies for an appearance at the Chicago World's Fair.

In October, 1931, he finally found steady employment, as assistant concertmaster for the Broadway production of Jerome Kern's "The Cat and the Fiddle." "I earned eighty dollars a week for fifty-six weeks, and felt like a millionaire," Gingold said. "I was able to pay off our debts, and we could move into a nicer apartment. I eventually played three other shows, as concertmaster—two by Jerome Kern, one by Cole Porter. Playing in 'The Cat and the Fiddle' taught me two things that stood me in good stead throughout my performing career. First, never take your eyes off the baton for a split second; no two performances are alike. Second, what may be the hundredth performance for you is the first performance for the audience. Never become a *routinier*. One night years later, I was playing one of several performances of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, on tour with the Cleveland Orchestra. After the first movement, George Szell whispered to me, 'Joe, take it easy. What are you giving so much for?' That was the first time Szell had ever told an orchestral musician to give less. I said, 'George, I love this piece.' 'I love it, too,' he whispered back, 'but not every night.' "

Gingold maintained his connection with classical music by studying chamber music with Adolfo Betti, of the Flonzaley Quartet, and music theory with Harold Morris. But there were less serious moments. There is a tale of a boisterous party of musicians on West End Avenue and, in the early hours of the morning, an upright piano being thrown out of the apartment window.

Gladys Anderson was born in 1908, to Norwegian-immigrant parents, in Culbertson, Montana, where her father was a superintendent of the Great Northern Railroad. She met Josef Gingold, from Brest Litovsk, in the Times Square subway station. "It was the winter of 1932," Gingold told me. "Gladys was with my colleague Benno Rabinof. As he had to catch a midnight train, he asked me to see her home. When I struck up a conversation with her, I noticed that she had the loveliest brown eyes. I invited her to attend the Wednesday matinée of 'The Cat and the Fiddle.' I told her I could get all the tickets I wanted. Of course, I had to buy a ticket, and, luckily, one was available. After the show, she came backstage to say hello, and we went out to an Italian restaurant. Gladys was a fine violinist—she played in the Dorian Quartet, which was unusual at that time because it consisted of three women and one man—and she was also an accomplished pianist. We saw each other for two years, and I gradually realized that I couldn't live without her.

"I had had lots of girlfriends, including some chorus girls from the theatre. After my mother met each of them, she'd say, 'No good.' She'd also make an issue of a girl's not being Jewish. When I first brought Gladys home to dinner, I had to leave early to play the show, and Gladys stayed on to talk with my mother. When I got home, about midnight, my mother, who always waited up for me, asked me my intentions. 'Don't talk to me about Gladys,' I said. 'After all, she isn't Jewish.' But my mother said, 'I think you've finally met a girl who can understand you and who can be your partner. It's not a question of religion. She'll make you a proper wife.' And Gladys had been told by her father that Jewish men make good husbands. How he learned that out in Montana, building the railroad, I have no idea.

"When I proposed to Gladys, we had, between us, twenty-four dollars—exactly what Manhattan Island was bought for. In my family, it would have been unthinkable for us to be married by anyone but my uncle the Orthodox rabbi. That meant a ceremony of conversion, to which Gladys agreed. We were married on October 14, 1934. Heifetz was scheduled to play over the radio that day. My uncle was slow in completing the ceremony. The instant it was over, there was a mad rush to the radio, leaving Gladys and me standing like two dummies, with no one to congratulate us."

The Gingolds' marriage lasted until Gladys's death, forty-three years later. "I know that even happily married people often fight and shout at each other, but when it relates to me I don't get it," Gingold told me. "Gladys and we never had such quarrels. We always talked over our differences. She was the most honest person I've ever known. Sometimes, in a situation where I might risk hurting someone, in my own mind I'm not sinning if I tell a little fib. Gladys called a spade a spade. She would tell me that I was too trusting. That's the way I am—I can't help it. But she was more discriminating. Thanks to her, I resumed practicing seriously. She was afraid I was getting too satisfied with my way of life just because I was doing well commercially. She was confident that I would eventually find my rightful place, and she wanted me to be in the best instrumental shape at all times. Her musical criticism was right on the nose. The two people to whom I owe most in my life are my mother and my wife."

In 1936, Anna Gingold became seriously ill with diabetes. Shortly before her death, she made a silk violin sack, and told Josef that she hoped someday he would have a Stradivarius to put in it. "I'm only sorry that she didn't live to see that day, and to see her grandson," Gingold said. "And what joy it would have brought her to know that I've been granted the chance to give knowledge to others. My mother valued education more than anything else. When my students at Indiana complain about all the extramusical subjects they have to take, they're wrong. They don't see it with my age and with my eyes. I have travelled a lot and read a lot, and have been with highly educated people. Yet I regret that I didn't have a college education. I'm left feeling a little incomplete."

Gingold eventually fulfilled his mother's dream and obtained a Strad. "My instrument was made in 1683," he told me. "That was two years before the birth of Bach and Handel. It's beautiful to realize that this violin has lived all these years alongside their music. Ysaÿe referred to his violin as '*elle*.' And mine is a jealous mistress. When I don't practice for a week, she looks back at me: You're scratching, you're hurting, you're playing out of tune! I have to take care, because she has gorgeous overtones. When I'm in good shape and I hit those notes on the head, she begins to sing. I needn't vibrate much—just touch her. In my younger days, such fine Italian instruments, though not cheap, were obtainable. It breaks my heart when I see some big talents today who can't buy those violins, many of which are owned by collectors and aren't being played."

ONE day in early 1937, Gladys saw an announcement that NBC was forming an orchestra for Toscanini. Gingold recalls, "I told Gladys that Toscanini was supposed to be a holy terror in rehearsals and I didn't want my life ruined. She said, 'First take the audition, then worry about Toscanini. You might not even be able to make it.' That didn't sit too well with me." Gingold took the audition and was accepted in the first-violin section. He

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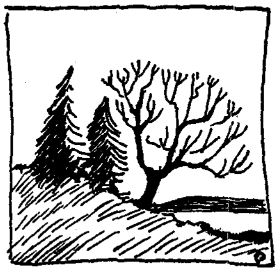
remained in the NBC Symphony for seven years.

"I'll never forget Toscanini's first rehearsal," Gingold told me. "The old man entered—a small, sober figure—and the whole orchestra rose. He muttered, '*Grazie. Allora*, Brahms,' and immediately began the First Symphony. His beat had an incredible intensity; it conveyed a tremendous sense of power. He began singing along, in his croaking voice. I was actually shaking—not from nervousness but from the effect this man and the music had on me. In these few minutes he changed my outlook on music. Toscanini's most impressive music-making was during the rehearsals. He never spared himself. He always stood, and was completely drenched in perspiration. You couldn't help being a partner in this sweat. I used to play my heart out for him, and I wasn't the only one. The outer part of Toscanini was sometimes difficult to take, because of his abusive nature, but we had a terrific love for the inner man.



"Once, I found myself in the elevator with him; he was studying the score of Beethoven's 'Eroica,' which we were to rehearse that day. '*Caro*, I've studied fifty-five years this symphony,' he told me. 'But is always possible, eh, that I could forget about one sforzando.' When we started to play, I found myself more conscious than ever of the implications of Beethoven's markings—the many sforzandi at various dynamic levels, a crescendo over two bars that should be paced differently from a crescendo over four bars—and I realized that on the first page I had already made several mistakes. Toscanini not only read the lines but knew how to read between the lines. They say that he played only what was written. Other people also play only what is written. But with Toscanini something happened."

In addition to playing with Toscanini, Gingold had other responsibilities at NBC. One was performing with the Primrose Quartet, named after its renowned violist, William Primrose. Oscar Shumsky played first violin; Gingold, second violin; and Harvey Shapiro, cello. I quoted to Gingold from Primrose's autobiography: "I am quite convinced—and I am conceited enough to say so—that no quartet ever played that had the instrumental ability of my quartet." Gingold smiled, and said, "I loved playing in that quartet! All four of us respected each other. And I never minded playing second violin. I never had that kind of false pride. Music is greater than Mr. Gingold. Bill Primrose and I used to devote hours to rehearsing just the two inner voices."

Subsequently, Gingold played first violin in the NBC Quartet. "Sunday was my busiest day," Gingold told me. "From 8 to 8:30 A.M., I'd be on the air with a trio I'd formed with Harvey Shapiro and Earl Wild. Then Harvey and I would run into the next studio to rehearse with the Primrose Quartet before its broadcast, from 10 to 10:30 A.M. I'd then go to the NBC Concert Orchestra and rehearse light or semi-popular music until our broadcast, from 12:30 to 1 P.M. Then I'd go home and rest up for the five-o'clock concert with Toscanini. One day, after I played a solo with the Concert Orchestra, a colleague was noticeably depressed by the considerable success I'd had. I told him, 'Cheer up, Spielberg, it wasn't that good.' "

In August, 1939, the Gingolds' only child, George, was born. George was talented musically, but he eventually chose to follow a career in law. His name has appeared back to back with his father's in *Who's Who*. "My parents gave me an extraordinary amount of affection and saw to it that I received the best possible education," George told me. "They cared deeply about me, but they had a limited understanding of the real world, outside the realm of music. In many ways, the normal roles were reversed, and from an early age it was I who was taking care of them." At nine, George urged his parents to open their first savings account; at thirteen, he prepared their income-tax return. "I more or less grew up on my own," he went on. "Dad and his music were inevitably the focal point of the household. It wasn't until I was in my thirties that I really felt I was no longer living in the shadow of being Josef Gingold's son. Now I regard my father with a mixture of admiration and amusement." Gingold likes to say of his son, "Thank goodness, he inherited my sense of humor and his mother's common sense, and not the other way around."

In 1944, Gingold made the difficult decision to leave the NBC Symphony and become the concertmaster of the Detroit Symphony. "After a concert, Toscanini called me to his dressing room," Gingold recalls. " '*Caro*,' Toscanini began, 'you don't like Maestro?' I said that I adored him. 'Then, why you leave? Is a good orchestra here, a good Maestro.' I explained that I had always wanted to be a concertmaster and that such opportunities were hard to come by. He seemed to understand, and invited me to visit him with my family at his home in Riverdale. We spent a memorable afternoon with him. He told me of how highly he esteemed Ysaÿe, who had played with him in 1897. I'll never forget Toscanini's searching, piercing eyes. Today, whenever I do something stupid when I'm teaching or playing, I see those charcoal-black eyes looking at me, and saying, '*Vergogna!*'—'Shame on you!' "

Gingold spent three seasons in Detroit. While there, he taught the twelve-year-old Joseph Silverstein, who recalls the lessons as opening a world of color for him in violin playing. Gingold found it rewarding to work with the Detroit Symphony, a highly professional orchestra conducted by Karl Krueger, but his years of true fulfillment as a concertmaster were yet to come.

ENTER George Szell. Hungarian by birth, Szell had studied in Vienna, and while he was still a very young man his talent as a conductor caught the attention of Richard Strauss. In 1939, after establishing a major European career, notably in Berlin and Prague, he came to America. Szell's knowledge of music was unsurpassed. It was said that any musical score could be brought to him with all the notes covered up except those in a single bar, and he would invariably identify the piece. Szell was a musical idealist. He took over the Cleveland Orchestra in 1946 and was determined to engage the finest instrumentalists America could provide. Above all, he sought a concertmaster who shared his ideals.

As guest conductor of the NBC Symphony, Szell had noticed Gingold's playing as outstanding, even in a fiddle

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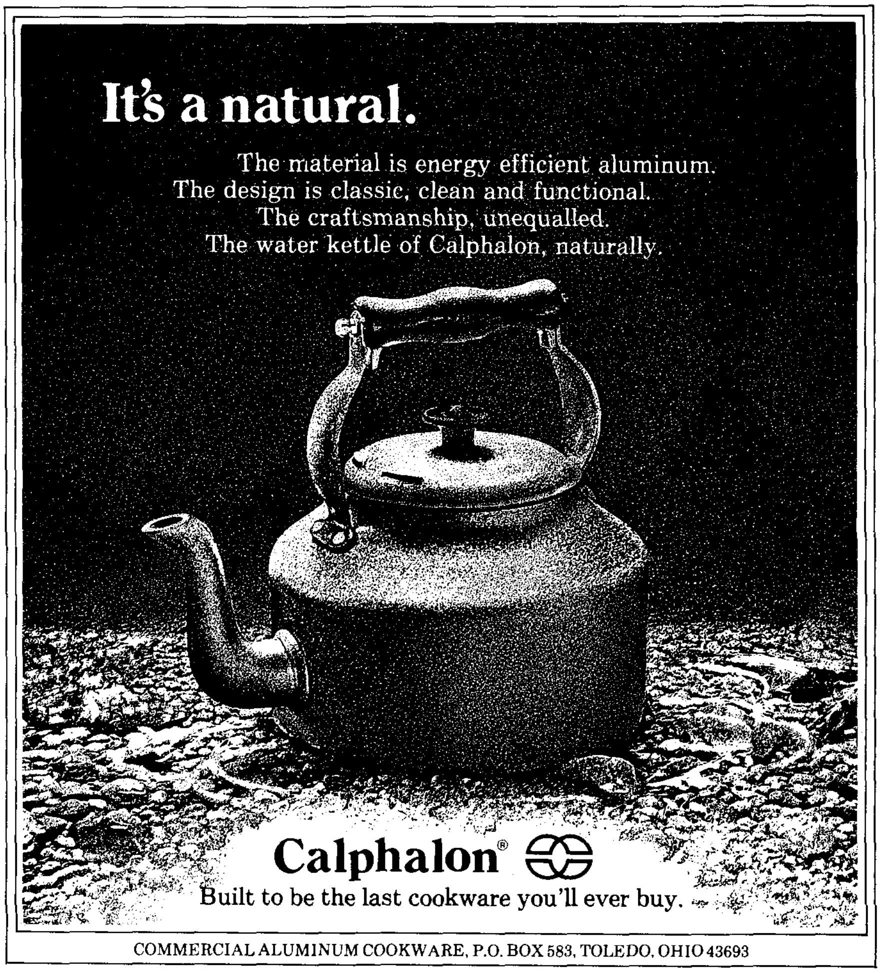

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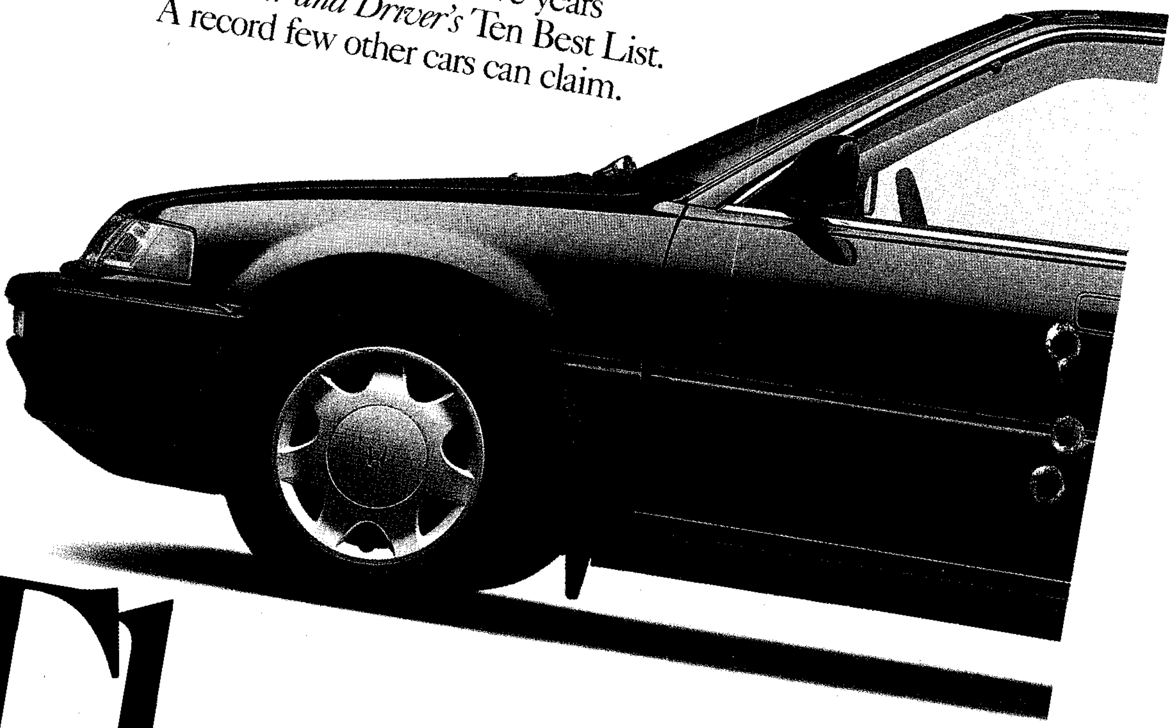

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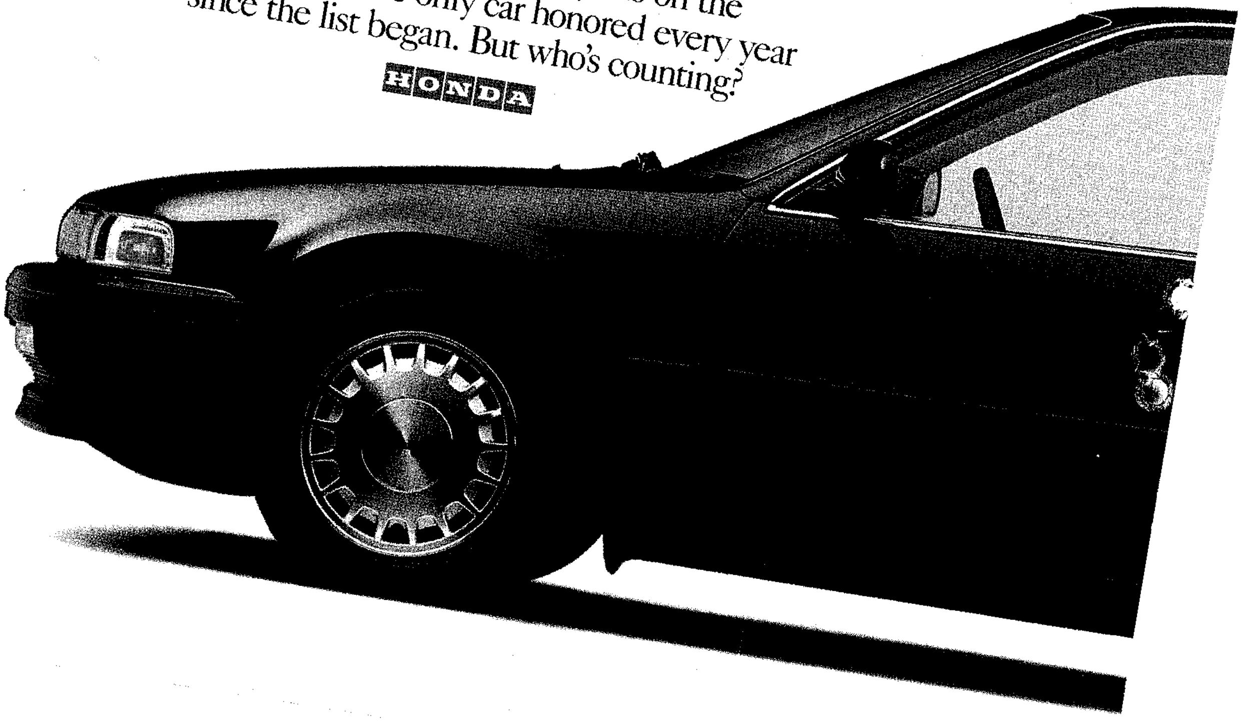

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s add up.

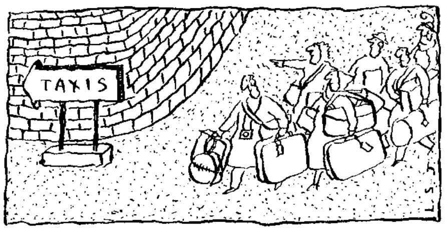
section where no player succumbed to routine. Subsequently, when Szell was guest conductor of the Detroit Symphony, he was so impressed by the combination of musical and personal attributes Gingold brought to his work as concertmaster that he knew he had found his man, and offered him the position in Cleveland for the following season. Gingold hesitated: he knew Szell to be an exceptional musician, but he felt a sense of loyalty to the Detroit Symphony. Not to be deterred, Szell arranged a second meeting. After describing his plans to develop the Cleveland Orchestra, Szell delivered an ultimatum: Gingold would have twenty minutes to make up his mind. He decided to accept. A reporter in Cleveland got wind of the decision, and printed the story a week before Gingold submitted his resignation. Karl Krueger, surprised and incensed, accused Szell of piracy.

Gingold went to Cleveland in 1947, and he stayed there for thirteen years. He entered into a remarkable relationship with Szell—a friendship of opposites—and helped him build the Cleveland Orchestra from a good ensemble into one of the great orchestras of the world.

George Szell lived in an age of autocratic conductors. Even so, it was not every conductor who earned the distinction of being referred to by his musicians as Dr. Cyclops. Szell had no children of his own; the members of the orchestra were his progeny. From his office window, he would watch them as they arrived for rehearsals, and note those who had taken their music home to practice. Severance Hall was his domain. He told the musicians how to play, the trustees how to plan, and the cleaning women how to hold their brooms. A member of the orchestra told me, "Among the players, fear joined with a sense of privilege. It was a feudal kingdom, with the conductor as the king, the first-desk players as dukes, and everybody else as serfs." Szell demanded the utmost of himself and gave it twenty-four hours a day, and he expected his players to do the same. He was obsessed with perfection. He said, "In Cleveland, we begin to rehearse where most orchestras leave off." Typically, he once warned a woodwind player before a difficult passage, "Look out—the last time you played it, it was perfect!" No one escaped his caustic tongue. When a famous violin soloist who was admittedly beyond his prime asked during a rehearsal to begin again from scratch, Szell replied, "You never said a truer word in your life." Szell set Olympian standards, and there was no denying the artistic result.

Abraham Skernick, who was the solo violist of the Cleveland Orchestra for twenty-seven years, told me, "Szell taught us how to listen. He didn't stand up there and say, 'Follow my stick.' He'd say, 'I'm conducting the oboe; you go with him.' We became aware of the relative importance of each part. We were a hundred players playing like a string quartet. Players and audience alike found themselves listening to the whole score." Szell's perfectionism could also be damaging: his performances were sometimes stiff and unyielding. At their best, they had a clarity and a vitality that speak undiminished in his recordings to this day.

Given a conductor who dared, in his own way, to reach for the unreachable, and the presence of a superlative ensemble, Gingold could now fully realize his gifts as a concertmaster. Arnold Steinhardt, who played as assistant concertmaster to Gingold before joining the Guarneri Quartet, says, "Musically, Joe made up for Szell's limitations. Szell thought he knew everything and would impose his own bowings. But Joe truly knows everything there is to know about bowings. When the orchestra's string sound became tight and lacking in sheen, he'd suggest using more bow to get more suppleness. When Szell had lapses in his conducting technique—especially in twentieth-century music—Joe would discreetly lead the ensemble. Joe practiced the orchestral parts as thoroughly as solo pieces." In his position, Gingold couldn't be outspoken, but behind the scenes he did whatever he could to protect the interests of the players. He was held in affection not only by the orchestra but by the musical public. It is said that when he came onstage and acknowledged the applause, with his beatific smile, it was as though he were entering a large room filled with friends. His solos in orchestral works are still remembered for their extraordinary personality—not least in Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," where the violin depicts the composer's wife in all her unpredictable moods.



Gingold tells his students, "In an orchestra, there's only one boss, and that's the conductor. By coöperating with the conductor, the concertmaster becomes a model for all the other players." In Cleveland, Gingold often went beyond the call of duty and became a lightning rod for the orchestra. Steinhardt recalls, "Joe has always loved practical jokes. His specialty is an amazing doubletalk of his own invention, in which nine words out of ten have no meaning at all. During rehearsals, when Szell was driving the orchestra to the breaking point, Joe would raise his bow and say with great flourish, 'Dr. Szell, as far as the bowings are concerned'—and launch into this doubletalk, interspersed with a few strategically placed string-playing terms. The orchestra would hold its breath. Szell would study his score for some time and say, 'Well, in *this* case, I'll leave the bowing up to you.' He never caught on—or never wanted to admit that he didn't understand. It was *heroic* of Joe."

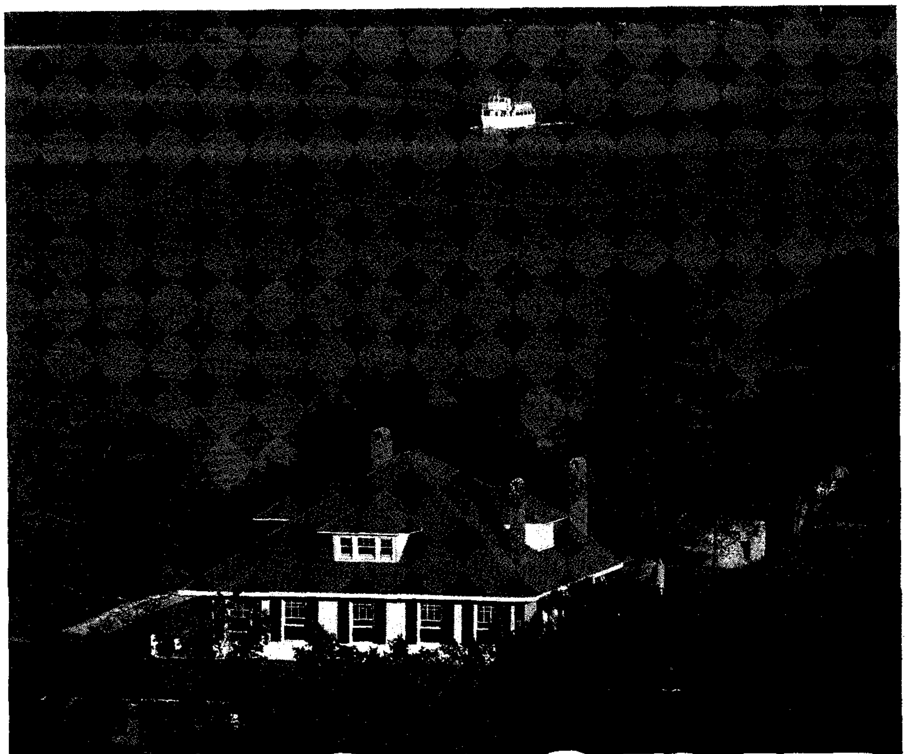
Behind Szell's façade of tyrannical grimness, another personality lurked. Off the podium, Szell could be a delightful friend: he was a linguist, a wit, and a superb chef. (True to form, on arriving at the Gingolds' for dinner he would go into the kitchen, taste the food, and say, "More salt.") He often came to the aid of players with serious personal or health problems, but at such times he chose to remain anonymous. When one of his good deeds was revealed, he told some orchestra members, "Ever since you found out that I'm somewhat human, you've tried to take advantage of me."

Szell's relationship with Gingold was no less complex. Gingold recalls, "Once, after a performance of a Haydn symphony, Szell told me, 'Joe, your leadership and playing were an inspiration. I take no responsibility for this performance; it's yours.' I didn't know what he was talking about. My leadership and playing were at the same level as for every other concert." Each year, Gingold played a concerto with the orchestra. Szell told him, "Joe, I take my hat off to you. Despite all the work you do here, you always play with the impeccable technique of a seasoned soloist." But when Gingold didn't play a particular eighth note in the "Moldau" short enough for Szell, the conductor roared at him as he came offstage, "Joe, you ruined my concert!" The closer Szell got to someone, the freer he felt to subject that person to abuse. Gingold recalls, "On another occasion, when I was playing the solo violin in the slow movement of Brahms' First Symphony, Szell suddenly—for no apparent reason—had a violent fit while conducting and gave me a look as though I had committed murder. For once, I really lost my temper. After the performance, I burst into Szell's dressing room without knocking. At first, he denied that anything had displeased him, but he finally said, 'You took a little too much time between the F-sharp and the C-sharp.' I walked out, slammed the door, and didn't talk to him for two months."

The one soloist Szell didn't dare criticize was Jascha Heifetz. Gingold felt honored to have both Heifetz and Szell over to dinner after a concert. At the table, the conversation turned to violinists of the past, and Gingold politely corrected Heifetz's statement that Sarasate had died in 1910. "I say 1910—and 1910 it is!" Heifetz insisted. Gingold didn't press the point, but Szell, remembering a hundred-dollar bet he had recently lost to Gingold about an obscure point of musical history, said, "If Joe says 1908—1908 it is!" Szell jumped up, verified 1908 in Grove's Dictionary, and thrust the page under Heifetz's nose. Heifetz virtually threw the book in Gingold's face.

The same three musicians played a more dramatic scene in Severance Hall during a midwinter rehearsal of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto. A rumbling was heard as violent winds unsettled snowdrifts from the roof. Debris began to fall from the ceiling, and a spike plummeted to the stage, missing Heifetz's violin by inches. Szell ran off the stage as quickly as he could. Gingold leaped from his seat, put his arm protectively around Heifetz, and led him to the sanctuary of the greenroom.

Gingold summarized his relations with Szell: "In his private life, he could be the most lovable person. He did some wonderful things for me. And I overlooked some other things—I don't know who else would have stood for them. When I weigh the evidence, I have to say that musically he was a



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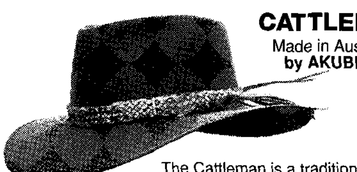

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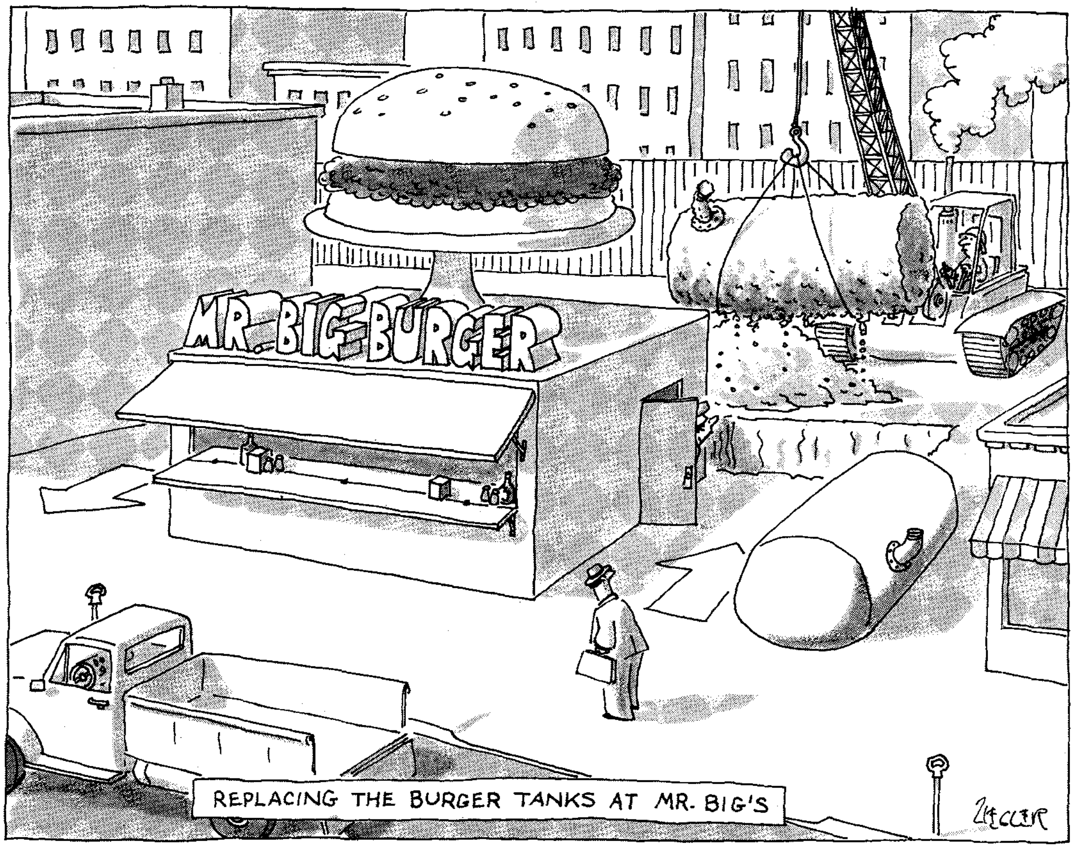

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giant. If I've amounted to anything as a teacher, it's largely due to him."

For Christmas in 1955, Szell sent Gingold a coin, minted in 1915, bearing a portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Szell wrote:

> MY DEAR JOE,
>
> A gift more symbolic than useful calls for a commentary. . . . I give you a little souvenir which, akin to the second half of your name which you so well deserve, is to be a token of what I feel for you. Gold, since time immemorial, has been considered the safest standard of true worth and value. Let me say that it symbolizes *you* for me, the true and trusted friend and outstanding collaborator whose worth and value is unchanging, or, rather, ever increasing. In this tenth of my years with the C.O., when we can look back on very considerable progress, I am convinced that this type of unfolding of a variety of virtues of an orchestra would have been unthinkable without you. This broad statement is meant to cover both your superb artistry and your moral influence on the consciences of all of us. So I am asking you to accept this piece of gold which has yet another hidden meaning. It is the last (or one of the last) 100-kronen piece struck in the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy during the First World War, shortly before its collapse and disintegration—in that Empire whence I come and on the territory of which most of the immortal masterpieces were written which are inspiring us in our daily work and to which our lives are devoted. In deep affection—from your
>
> GEORGE

Fate sometimes has a way of replacing an object lost in one's youth, particularly if it is gold.

DURING Gingold's Cleveland years, his teaching expanded considerably. In 1954, he was invited by the distinguished violin teacher Ivan Galamian to head the chamber-music program at Meadowmount. Gingold taught there regularly for thirty years, and influenced a generation of string players. He introduced the thirteen-year-old Itzhak Perlman to chamber music and the fourteen-year-old Pinchas Zukerman to the viola. In 1947, Gingold had begun teaching at the Cleveland Music School Settlement, and among his students was Jaime Laredo, who started studying with Gingold at the age of twelve. Gingold remembers him as "remarkable, very musical, in every sense a most promising child." Laredo says, "One thinks of scales as real drudgery. Joe made them so interesting and exciting for me as a kid that I was never bored for an instant. After I worked with him for nearly a year, he felt that I needed the atmosphere of a music school, with its student body, and recommended me to Galamian at Curtis. I didn't want to leave him. He instilled in me an incredible love of the violin."

Was it not inevitable that the gift for instilling such love should become a vocation? Circumstances pointed the way. In the fifties, the Cleveland Orchestra's pension plan didn't offer the degree of security it does today, and Gingold, remembering his childhood, wanted to assure his family's future. He also had no wish to slip back into the ranks of an orchestra as he grew older. While Gingold was in Cleveland, he was offered the position of concertmaster in Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia. He told Szell that as long as he played in an orchestra he would not leave Cleveland, but that someday he might consider joining the faculty of a university if he should be asked. Szell assured him that if that day ever came he would not only let him go but help him secure the post. In the spring of 1959, Gingold received a telephone call from Wilfred Bain, the dean of the School of Music at Indiana University. Like George Szell, Bain was a man with a mission. He was intent on creating at Bloomington one of the finest music schools in America.

"There was only one way to go, and that was first class," Bain told me. "I wanted to have real professionals on the faculty. I wanted to create an atmosphere in which colleagues felt comfortable with one another, where the students would be part of a musical family. I had heard reports about Josef Gingold's teaching. The Cleveland Orchestra was an incomparable ensemble. I wanted someone who could impart the musical discipline that Szell imparted."

Gingold had just signed a new three-year contract with the Cleveland Orchestra. However, he paid a visit to the Indiana campus and was impressed by what he found. He wrote to Szell asking to be released. Szell and Bain thrashed out a compromise: the university would hold the position vacant for a year, during which time Gingold would help Szell find another concertmaster. Auditions were held in secret. When the news of Gingold's departure was announced, Herbert Elwell, the music critic of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, described the resignation as "a blow not only to the orchestra, but to the entire musical community."

In the safe in his teaching studio at Indiana University, where Gingold keeps his most precious possessions, the gold coin came to rest. "When I began to teach here, I felt at home right away," Gingold told me. "I had more freedom artistically than ever before in my life." I asked him if he had had a sense of relief at escaping from the imposing domain of George Szell. "I prefer to say that this appointment was the next wonderful thing that happened to me," he said. But during his early days at Indiana he had told a friend, "For the first time in fourteen years, I sleep well every night."

In addition to teaching at Indiana, Gingold has given master classes at more than thirty music schools, from the Paris Conservatory to Tokyo's Toho Music College, and seminars in orchestral playing from Denmark to Colorado. He has received seven honorary doctorates, and has served on the juries of most of the leading international violin competitions, including the Indianapolis competition, of which he was a founder. Three of his students—Miriam Fried, Jaime Laredo, and Nai Yuan Hu—have won first prize in the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium competition. Among his many other gifted students—several of them prize-winners—have been Joshua Bell, Ulf Hoelscher, Dylana Jenson, Leonidas Kavakos, William Preucil, and concertmasters of eight major orchestras.

Gingold's students admire him no less as a performer than as a teacher. Carol Sindell, who studied with both Gingold and Heifetz, says, "In certain profound ways, they were very much the same—their sense of commitment, their integrity, their passion for music. They were both poetic players. Heifetz was more aggressive. Gingold brought intimacy to his poetry."

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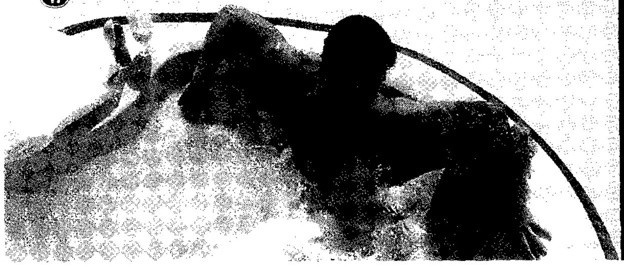

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is the contact between bow and string. His sound has a radiant sweetness that seems to flow directly from his personality. In Gingold's recordings, dating from 1942 to 1976—Fauré, Walton, Kodály, Roy Harris, Wieniawski, Kreisler—the poetry is tangible. He transforms "passage work" into the kind of playful arabesques one hears on recordings of Galli-Curci. He brings vitality to every rhythmic element. (While teaching, he once stamped a polonaise rhythm with such force that he injured his foot and limped about for three weeks.) Technically, he is fearless. He promised George Szell that he would give him fifty dollars if, during all his years in Cleveland, he ever missed the treacherous high E-flat in the violin solo in Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." He never had to pay. If now, with age, Gingold's playing has lost some of its power, it has lost nothing in the way of élan.

True to Ysaÿe's dictum that the most important thing in music-making is to bring out the character of a piece, the quality that most typifies Gingold's students is an ability to enter into communion with whatever music they are playing. Otherwise, one would be hard pressed to know that they all came from the same studio. Unlike many string teachers, Gingold does not impose a preconceived sequence of études and concertos on his students, nor does he ask for uniform fingerings and bowings; he allows a wide latitude in artistic conception. He says, "I encourage my students to develop their individuality, because without individuality music is nothing."

Although he could easily teach at only the most advanced level, Gingold enjoys working with students at every level, especially if he senses latent talent. "Sometimes students come to me with bad habits that have to be eradicated," he says. "Some aren't sufficiently conscious of their intonation, or lack variety in tone color. Physical tension can be a problem. Not every student of mine is a very strong player. But one must have patience. A teacher who has no patience is no teacher." There have been occasions when the chemistry between teacher and student didn't work. A colleague says, "Joe has been known to throw students out of his class, but, of the hundreds who have passed through his studio, they have been few and far between." Once, when somebody asked Gingold to name his favorite student, he said, "The one I'm teaching at the moment." His colleague Paul Biss comments, "He knows how to reach every student. Real psychology is involved. There are lessons when you are going through agony and unhappiness about your playing, and he says very little. He knows you don't need a teacher to tell you that it's terrible. But when he really needs to put the screws on, he will." Herbert Greenberg, the concertmaster of the Baltimore Symphony, remembers that once when he wasn't playing well at a lesson Gingold asked, "Herby, what's on your mind—the World Series?" Gingold took him out to get some doughnuts, and they watched the World Series together. Later that week, they had a real lesson.

Gingold has always exceeded his official university teaching load of eighteen students, in some years taking as many as forty, and he still teaches weekly master classes. "They're like forums," he says. "The students learn from each other." He has sometimes begun teaching at eight-thirty in the morning and continued with lessons and student recitals until late into the night. And his relationship with his students does not end when they leave his studio. He follows their careers closely, and is always available if they need his advice. He says, "I see a human being who is trying to express himself or herself through the medium of a violin. To use the beautiful Hebrew word, it's a *mitzvah*—a blessed service—to be a teacher." When friends caution him not to overwork, he says that he is having the time of his life. He put it somewhat differently when, in an offhand moment, he told a colleague, "In Cleveland, I used to have one problem. Now I have forty."

One of Gingold's strengths as a teacher is that he prepares his students to cope with being on their own once they have left his studio. The first step is autonomy. If Gingold feels that a student hasn't bothered to think out a musical problem, he may be less forthcoming than usual in offering specific advice. He will demonstrate less for those who tend to copy what he does, and more for those who really need inspiration. He teaches his students how to practice—how to take a passage apart and work on it like a study while retaining its musical value. Corey Cerovsek, who, at eighteen, is already a promising concert artist, told me, "Mr. Gingold began by putting fingerings into my music, but eventually I had to do all the preparation myself. Now he won't even tell me what repertoire to play, and insists that I choose my own recital programs."

The second step is to match one's expectations with reality. Herbert Greenberg recalls, "At my first lesson, Mr. Gingold asked me, in a fatherly way, 'Herby, what do you want to do when you leave school?' I told him that I'd like to be a concertmaster. 'That's great!' he exclaimed. 'But don't forget that you have to be a first-class instrumentalist, because some of the concertmaster's solos are as difficult as any concerto you'll ever find.' Right from the beginning, he devoted lesson time to all the aspects of orchestra playing. You won't find too many teachers who will hit you with that question at the very beginning and then actually go about making a plan to teach you the things that are necessary to accomplish the goal you have in life." Gingold said, "Some of my students plan to become teachers. I tell them that if they want to help their future students become soloists, quartet players, orchestral players, section leaders, it's important that they themselves have practical experience. I sometimes advise them to wait before taking a teaching position—to join a good orchestra first, and continue their education by playing. It will all add up to a gold mine of experience."

The third step is to know how to deal with the demands of a musical career. "Take stage deportment," Gingold said. "I'm very strict about that. One shouldn't come onstage too quickly, or bow too abruptly—just accept the applause simply, taking plenty of time, and then tune discreetly. A girl asked me, 'Why all this fuss?' I said, 'Listen, darling, the audience looks

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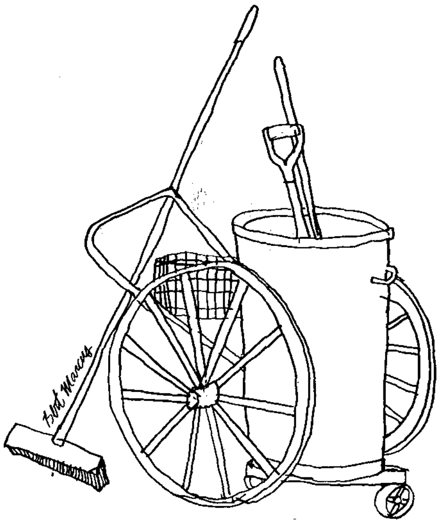
first; then it starts listening. Every woman is scrutinizing you: Is she fat? Is she thin? The hairdo, the blouse, the shoes. If when you tune with the piano you bend your derrière to the audience, that's insulting.' Enesco used to come onstage wearing a dress suit that looked as though it hadn't been cleaned or pressed for five years. He must have kept it rolled up. Of course, there was something there beyond a rumpled suit. My God, what an artist! But I know some young players who have seriously harmed their careers by being careless in this way. Nerves can be another problem. Sometimes they stem from inadequate preparation. If you've prepared at a hundred and fifty per cent, you can be sure that you'll perform at eighty per cent—and that's a high number. The art is to know how to prepare. Things aren't always milk and honey on the concert stage. You rely on an instrument that you hope will be in good order, on the acoustics of the hall, on the receptivity of the audience, on your health. You may have personal problems, or suffer a memory lapse, or have a feeling of routine about a work to which you've already given your best in preparation. You'll be lucky if all the conditions are favorable in two concerts out of fifty. You must play the others so immaculately that, even though you're not at your best, something comes out. For this you pay a price: you have to work."

Gingold makes a point of not interfering in his students' private lives. "They're in college; they can take care of themselves," he says. Yet, inevitably, many of them regard him as a second father. (And, evidently, as a matchmaker: several of his students have formed bonds of matrimony, one couple held their wedding ceremony in his studio, and four couples have given their first male child the middle name Josef.) Gingold remains the least possessive of fathers. He has never hesitated to recommend that his students continue their studies with other teachers. His attitude is felt through the whole string department and has helped create an atmosphere in which any student can feel free to attend any teacher's master classes. One colleague expressed the reservation that, given Gingold's propensity for avoiding conflict, certain problems may at times remain insufficiently addressed. But everyone acknowledges Gingold's contribution to the exceptional degree of harmony that prevails among the faculty. Charles Webb, who in 1973 succeeded Wilfred Bain as dean of the School of Music, told me, "I can show you artists of the highest calibre who are so insecure in themselves that they can't say one kind word about anybody else. Joe Gingold lives what I call an unfettered life. He carries around very little excess baggage."

Fullness of personality can be an eloquent teacher. Miriam Fried told me that once, while on tour, she and the pianist Garrick Ohlsson had played through their recital program for Gingold: "He made a few suggestions here and there, but it wasn't really a lesson. That night, we gave the best concert of the entire tour. Nothing about the occasion or the atmosphere would have made us play so well. We both felt that the only reason for it was that we had spent the morning with Mr. Gingold."

IN January, 1978, Gladys died of cancer. "I still haven't got over it," Gingold told me. "To see this perfectly gorgeous woman shrivel up to nothing in front of your eyes—sometimes you wonder if God always rewards those whom he loves." In her memory Indiana University set up the Gladys Gingold Memorial Scholarship Fund, for gifted violin students. All Gingold's private teaching fees go to it. Herbert Greenberg says, "Joe and Gladys lived in an epoch when he would take the subway and go to the other end of town to court her. Time was set aside for human relationships. There was a flavor, an elegance, to their way of life. You felt this whenever you were with them."



Gingold now lives alone, but his activities are monitored around the clock by friends and students. He gets up at five-thirty, has some cereal and coffee, takes out his violin, and goes for what he calls an hour's promenade on the fingerboard. "Every day, when I pick the violin up it's like the first time," he told me. "She looks at me and says, 'I dare you.' When I retire—if my hands are still in order—I'm going to start practicing more than ever, and really work from the very beginning. Maybe my colleagues will think enough of me to invite me to play chamber music. But if my standard drops I'll play for myself, in the privacy of my own room. After all, it's not easy to give up the violin. I remember meeting Joseph Szigeti after he retired from the concert stage. I had played for him in 1924, and now, in 1971, we were serving together on the jury of the Paganini competition, in Genoa. I saw that he had a violin case with him, and asked if he was playing again. He explained that he couldn't touch the strings without his fingers being cut in grooves to the nerves. 'But,' he said, 'since I was six years old I've been travelling with the violin. It feels so nice to hold it.' " Gingold is no less attached to the violin. In 1979, in Victoria, British Columbia, while holding his Strad in its case with his left hand, he opened what he thought was an exit door and fell down eighteen concrete steps to a cellar floor. As he fell, his first thought was for the violin; he clutched it so tightly that he neglected to protect himself, and broke his left wrist. He couldn't play for months. The Strad was neither scratched nor out of tune.

Gingold has a way of transmuting the afflictions of life into a positive force, or else of simply ignoring them. One Christmas, he visited his son and daughter-in-law, George and Anne, at their home, in West Hartford, Connecticut. Anne noticed that one of his eyelids was drooping, and asked why he hadn't told them. "I don't like to say things like that over the phone" was the unconcerned reply. He had come for three days but stayed for five weeks, and had emergency surgery for glaucoma performed on both eyes. "You see what happens when you go near doctors," he complained. In 1982, he had several blackouts. He told me, "I went to a neurosurgeon in Indiana, who said that the carotid artery was blocked, and that it would be too dangerous to operate. The doctor told George, 'Let your father die in peace.' George said, 'Not until I've explored every avenue.' I don't know if I'm going to die in peace; I know that I'm going to rest in peace. Anyway, they operated on me in Boston, and I'm still here."

"Keeping track of Dad's health is like white-water rafting," George says. "One doesn't know what's coming around the next bend. Amazingly, he pulls through each episode."

Anne adds, "He defies all the laws of nature. He's got the secret: he's happy. And we're going to die first from worrying about him."

ONE DOZEN
Judith Shahn

"Death is a mystery, and I refuse to spend time thinking about it," Gingold told me. "I'm just too busy. I don't know if there is life after death. But if there should be I'd like to meet Paganini and say, 'I want to know if what they wrote about your playing is true'—but I'll put it nicely. And I'd like to meet Beethoven. In the slow movement of his Violin Concerto he ascends to heaven and looks over the rest of us. I had a student who played a Beethoven sonata—all the notes, but with little understanding. I told her, 'Beethoven's music is my credo. Someday, maybe, after life, I'll get on my knees and thank him with all my heart for what he's given us.' I was almost in tears at my own words. I told her that, as she was a good girl, she'd certainly be going to heaven, and asked whom she would like to meet there. She said, 'John Wayne.' "

I AM spending the afternoon with Joe Gingold in his teaching studio. Paganini, Joachim, Wieniawski, Sarasate, and Heifetz are looking down at us. Rieko Suzuki, who has taken a year's leave of absence as associate concertmaster of the New Japan Philharmonic to study with Gingold, is playing a series of études. Gingold sits in his chair and, in the tradition of Ysaÿe, invents quiet violin accompaniments that produce an expressive musical counterpoint. Rieko responds with playing of enhanced sensitivity. Gingold shows her how he practices études creatively, by varying their rhythms, phrasings, and bowings. The lesson becomes an exploration. A study by Jacob Dont is dramatically transformed into a preparation for the finale of the Sibelius Concerto. "Darling, let your fingers travel without clutching tightly," Gingold suggests. "It will make the fingerboard seem half as long." His own fingers, at eighty, are as fleet as any student's.

Chin Kim, a young concert violinist, has flown in from New York for a lesson. He begins to play Paganini's D-Major Concerto. At the lyrical second theme, Gingold says, "This is *musica italiana bel canto*. I want to hear a soprano, and then a tenor singing in response—imagine a song with words to it. And here there's a little bit of a sigh: don't be afraid to slide—it gives the violin a wonderful chance to sing." Later in the movement, when the melody is repeated in a lower register, Gingold says, "This time, the soprano has a new boyfriend, a baritone; let's widen the vibrato and get deeper into the string. This is an opera by Rossini on the violin."

The Sibelius Concerto follows. Gingold stops Chin shortly after the beginning and describes Sibelius's home, set in a bleak Finnish landscape dotted with stark white birches. He suggests that something of this pensive atmosphere may be conveyed in the concerto's opening five-bar phrase, and recommends that it be played less sweetly, without vibrato; then the subsequent phrase—where the melodic line mounts—can burst forth like an anguished cry. "We need more than one kind of vibrato to find these colors," Gingold says. He picks up his Strad and demonstrates. The young man listens intently. The veil of generalized expression is lifted. The unique features of this passage are revealed; the music has *character*. In his gravelly voice Gingold asks, "You buy it?"

—DAVID BLUM

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THORNE MOORS

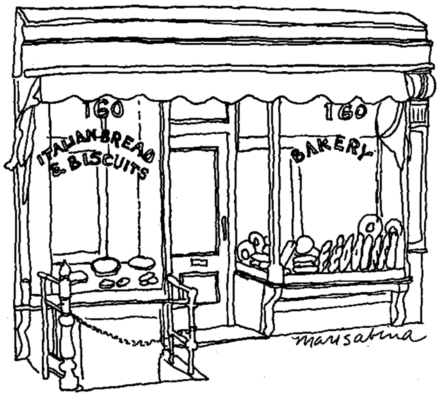
GRINGLEY BEACON, an ancient lookout site two hundred and fifty feet above sea level, is the highest point on England's Humberhead Levels—a vast plain at the head of the Humber estuary that is the traditional boundary between Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. From that modest rise, on a crisp morning not long ago, I could see the spire of York Minster, forty miles to the north, and also that of Lincoln Cathedral, twenty miles to the southeast. More interesting to me, however, was the near landscape—a patchwork of hedgerow-bound fields, some yellow with the flowers of oilseed rape, some green with ripening grain, some the rich brown of plowed-up soil. Superimposed on the landscape are villages linked by thin ribbons of road, isolated red brick and red-tile-roofed cottages and farm buildings, and here and there a small wood.

Wetlands once extended in every direction from this point, but now their only sizable remnant is Thorne Moors, to the north, a rough, uncultivated area in the middle distance. Virtually all the rest of the land has been drained, embanked, and turned into farmland, and the excess water has been channelled into a complex system of crisscrossing drains, ditches, and canals that cut across the countryside—not with the curves and bends of natural watercourses but with the straight lines and right angles of the drawing board. Yet, standing there, one can imagine the landscape as it was thousands of years ago, and as it largely remained until the last few centuries: a patchwork of lakes, peat bogs, marshes, and swamps, punctuated by a few gentle rises—islands of drier land, where villages and farms were concentrated.

Wetlands such as Thorne Moors are generally regarded—when they are regarded at all—as wastelands, uninteresting and unattractive. It is true that wetlands have little to offer those who are used to admiring landscapes through the window of a car going fifty miles an hour, but they do have their passionate admirers. "Any fool can appreciate mountain scenery, but it takes a man of discernment to appreciate the fens," a resident of the Cambridge fenlands once remarked to the British botanist Sir Harry Godwin. The very flatness and featurelessness that make wetlands uninteresting to the hurried passerby give some observers the sense of being in a limitless wilderness. One's view to the horizon is unblocked by trees, buildings, or mountains; the land stretches away, apparently to infinity. In these unprettied places, one feels entirely free of the works of man. They impart feelings of desolation, of emptiness, of peace.

Thorne Moors is such a place. Though it is so close to the city of York, it conveys a sense of isolation and wildness. People call the area "god-forsaken"—and in today's crowded Britain they mean that as a compliment. There are no buildings on Thorne Moors, and the only landmarks are the towers of a colliery on its western edge and the steeple of Goole Church, five miles from its northern edge. But the hand of man has been at work on the moors for more than three millennia, draining the land, digging canals, cutting peat, and using river silt to create farmland. This human interference has actually increased the variety of habitats on what remains of the moorland. The old peat diggings, disused canals, abandoned fields, wet pasture, open waterways, and other habitats enable Thorne Moors to support an immense variety of wildlife.

More than four thousand species of plants and animals, including more than twenty-five of Britain's rarest and most severely endangered species, live on Thorne Moors. It is especially rich in insect life, and is the one place in Britain where the mire pill beetle lives. Until the nineteen-seventies, that insect was known to exist only in southern Bavaria and around the Baltic Sea; then, in 1972, archeologists working on Thorne Moors turned up a fossilized specimen three thousand years old, and five years later a living mire pill beetle was discovered on the moorland. Since then, several colonies of them have been found. Thorne Moors is also the one place in northern England where a rare arachnid appears—the giant raft spider, which is three inches long. Almost two hundred species of birds feed or breed on Thorne Moors. Seventy-five species nest there, including the nightjar, a rare and elusive bird with a haunting evening song; some forty pairs of nightjars now breed on the moors. Wild cranberries, southern marsh orchids, and the insect-eating bladderwort grow there. One reason for Thorne's unusually high diversity of species is that it straddles an invisible line running across Britain from east to west and dividing the island into two biological regions. It is thus home to many species that ordinarily do not mix. Southern species such as the nightingale, the reed damselbug, and the marsh pea coexist there with northern species like the heather linnet, the large heath butterfly, and the increasingly rare bog rosemary.



The landscape that provides this diversity was born during the last ice age. About eighteen thousand years ago, a glacier blocked the Humber Gap, a pass between the Yorkshire and the Lincolnshire hills through which inland rivers flowed into the Humber estuary and, ultimately, to the North Sea. The trapped river water formed a huge lake at the head of the estuary. Seven thousand years later, the ice was receding, and the lake bed had become a vast sediment-filled plain—the Humberhead Levels.

Five thousand years ago, much of the Humberhead Levels, including Thorne Moors, was covered with a dense forest dominated by linden trees and containing many other broadleaf species, among them oak, hazel, and ash. Despite some clearing for agriculture and settlements, the forest thrived for several thousand years. Then, quite suddenly, it disappeared, and was supplanted by marshes and peat bogs. The speculation until recently was that the forest had been overcut by Neolithic farmers or had been deliberately destroyed by the Romans in order to deprive the Brigantes and other rebellious tribes of a base for guerrilla warfare, but twentieth-century pollen studies show that nature, not man, destroyed the forest. More than three thousand years ago, rising sea levels, caused by melting ice fields, pushed the Humber estuary farther inland, making rivers back up and overflow into the forest. The waterlogged soil choked and killed the trees.

"Then it's agreed, gentlemen—we'll make a major motion picture."

Over most of the Humberhead Levels, the forest was transformed into reed swamp, dotted here and there with lakes and with drier, wooded areas, and marked by a tracery of meandering rivers, but at Thorne Moors and a few other places evolution took a different course. These areas were extremely poor in nutrients, and while most plants cannot tolerate such soil a few specialized plants require nutrient-poor, acidic conditions. Perhaps the best-adapted ones are the sphagnum mosses, which are virtual machines for absorbing water and nutrients. Sphagnum mosses are so efficient at capturing and holding whatever water falls on them that they create a waterlogged, airless environment devoid of the bacteria, worms, and insects that promote decomposition. When the mosses die, therefore, they do not decay; instead, layers of dead organic matter accumulate, forming peat. The low nutrient levels on Thorne Moors and the resultant colonization by sphagnum moss transformed the moors into an unusual type of wetland—a raised peat bog. While this type of habitat was once widespread in Britain, ninety-six per cent of Britain's raised peat bogs have now been destroyed, according to government figures, and Thorne Moors, which takes in forty-seven hundred acres, is currently the country's largest example of such habitat. In the words of a South Yorkshire County Council internal memorandum written in 1979, Thorne Moors is "an ecological gem, a site that . . . remains one of the Nation's most important natural history areas." The British government has since named Thorne Moors one of the country's most important nature-conservation sites.

Some raised bogs have been known to stand thirty feet or more above the surrounding countryside, always maintaining their waterlogged condition, thanks to the sphagnum mosses. They lie on the landscape like huge raindrops, in apparent defiance of the laws of gravity. An undisturbed raised bog may be as much as ninety-eight per cent water. However, its usual domed shape makes it especially vulnerable to water loss; drainage from any part of the bog may damage the whole, causing many species of plants and animals to disappear as the peat dries out. By the mid-eighteenth century, Thorne Moors had formed some twenty feet of peat, and was so liquid that it was called a quaking bog. One nineteenth-century naturalist, Adrian Woodruffe-Peacock, a Lincolnshire vicar, described it as "trembling in waves when you jumped on its . . . surface, till the undulations were lost in the distance or at the edge of the nearest ditch." He went on to say, "No man could traverse these water cuts . . . without 'fen boards,' for less than five minutes would have sunk the strongest swimmer overhead in black, oozy peat about eleven feet deep"—fen boards being somewhat like short, fat, skis. Thorne Moors was most tremulous in the winter, when its mosses absorbed large amounts of rainwater. Woodruffe-Peacock wrote that Thorne Moors stood six or eight feet taller in the winter than in the summer.

Because the waterlogged soil of a peat bog preserves not only the plants and the animals that grow in it but also anything that falls into it, peat bogs are one of our best records of the ancient past. On Thorne Moors, the peat grew up so quickly—within five hundred years, more than three feet of peat had formed—that the fallen trees of the forest it displaced had become embedded in the protective peat before they had a chance to decay. There are virtually no primeval woodlands left standing in Britain, so the fallen but preserved trees of Thorne Forest are among the few remaining records of the lost ancient forests of Western Europe.

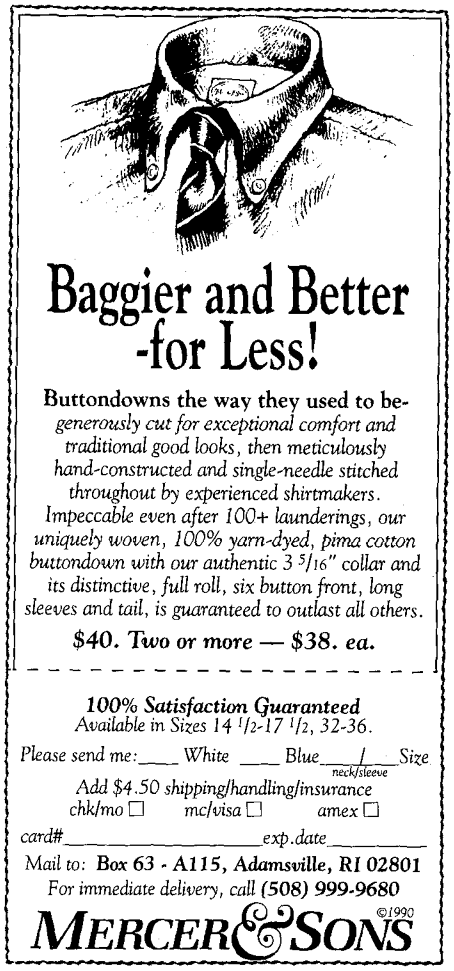
So well preserved is this forest in the peat of Thorne Moors that it is almost impossible to distinguish a three-thousand-year-old branch from a recently fallen one. During a walk on the moors last summer, I picked up a pine branch that had been dislodged by a bulldozer working in the area. Where it had broken from the tree I could count the annual rings; the bark was intact but slightly dark, from the tannic acid in the bog water. It looked more like part of a living tree than any piece of driftwood I'd ever found, and its great age didn't really register with me until, on the way home, I told the woman who runs the only Chinese restaurant in the village of Thorne about it. She took it gently in her hands and said softly, "Three thousand years old."

Many things besides trees are buried in the peat of Thorne Moors. Pollen grains from neighboring areas were blown onto the bog over the centuries, giving us a record of local trade, agriculture, flora and fauna, and climate which dates back to Neolithic times. Such records are crucial to our understanding of prehistoric societies, plant and insect evolution, and long-term climatic change. Though Thorne Moors' peat record has not been systematically studied, nearby sites have yielded valuable information, including most of what we know about early boats and boating in northwestern Europe. The oldest plank boats in the world outside Egypt were found in peat deposits at North Ferriby, only twenty miles northeast of Thorne; their age is estimated at nearly three thousand years. Chance finds around Thorne in earlier centuries include a fine jadeite axe of Eastern European origin, and a collar of twisted gold from Ireland. In the late seventeenth century, Abraham de la Pryme, the curate of Hatfield and later the vicar of Thorne, mentioned in his diary the discovery in the Thorne peat some years earlier of a perfectly preserved man "laying at his length, with his head upon his arm, as in a common posture of sleep." In 1971, archeologists unearthed a rare Bronze Age wooden pathway, which local people apparently laid through Thorne Forest about three thousand years ago, when water levels were rising and the ground was becoming too boggy to walk on.

Despite its beauty, its rarity, and its biological wealth, the three-thousand-year-old Thorne Moors is today on the verge of extinction. Visitors who approach the moorland from its western border see the vast wetland wilderness stretching to the horizon, but those who come in from the east, along a newly built road that penetrates to the heart of the moors, see a very different scene—hundreds of acres of barren ground devoid of all vegetation. From the first prospect, one looks out on the results of ten thousand years of evolution, thousands of years of human history, centuries of human use, and decades of preservation battles. From the second prospect, one sees the effects of less than five years of intensive peat extraction. Virtually all of the land is owned by Fisons, a multinational company based in Ipswich, England, and if Fisons has its way almost the entire area will have been scraped bare within twenty years, its peaty soil dug up and sold to gardeners for use as potting compost, soil conditioner, and mulch.

FROM the days of William the Conqueror until three or four centuries ago, much of the southern half of the Humberhead Levels—some two hundred and seventy square miles—formed a huge royal hunting estate known as Hatfield Chase, which encompassed Thorne Moors and much other land. It was the largest game preserve in England, according to Vernon Cory, the author of "Hatfield and Axholme: An Historical Review." Such royal hunting grounds were not uninhabited, nor were they owned exclusively by the Crown. Thousands of people lived within the Chase, and there were many private landholdings that predated the area's designation as a royal estate. In the fifteenth century, the Chase and its surroundings were placed under the rule of "forest law," which forbade anyone to interfere with deer or other huntable animals, such as boars, swans, and otters, even if the animals damaged crops on private land. But Hatfield Chase had no resident lord of the manor, so the forest law was not strictly enforced. Dan Byford, a historian who specializes in the agriculture of Hatfield Chase, says that that laxity attracted many poor people to the Chase, where they could fish and trap relatively undisturbed and might hope to find some unused land to work.

Agriculture in and around the Chase was largely pastoral, although even the dry areas were regularly flooded. Pastures were under water from November to April; in the spring, the river waters receded, leaving behind a layer of rich silt; in the summer and the autumn, animals were turned out to graze on these naturally fertilized fields. Over



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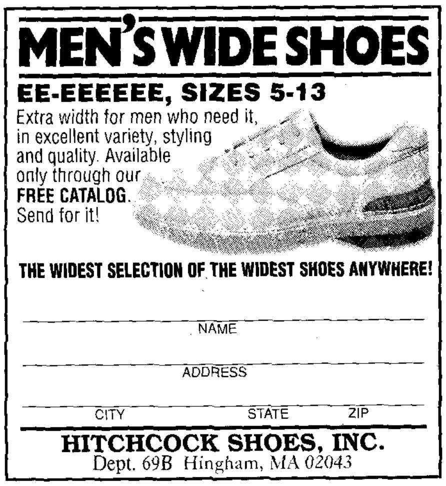

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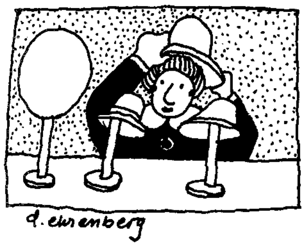
the centuries, sporadic efforts were made to extend and intensify agriculture by improving land drainage, but technical limitations and the fact that local people depended upon the fish and game of the wetlands moderated the degree of change.

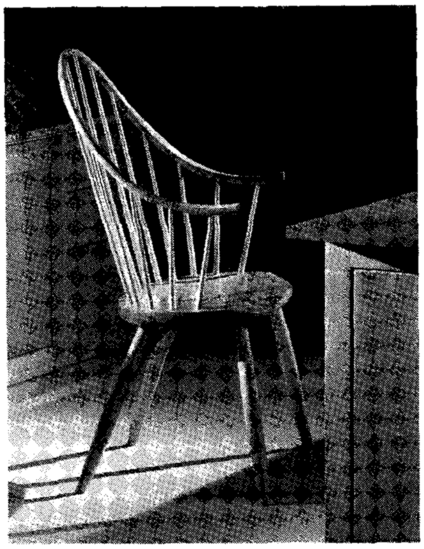
Until the seventeenth century, Hatfield Chase remained a great wetland wilderness—a mosaic of water meadows, peat bogs, reed beds, rivers, lakes, woods, and small settlements. Wetlands such as these were places apart; they were ignored, and even feared, by the rest of the world. Outsiders were intimidated by their boggy vastness and by their winter floods, which could isolate a village or a hamlet for months at a time. The waterlogged soil would not support roads, and walking across the moors was dangerous: a man could easily lose his way in the flat, featureless landscape, and one wrong step into a quaking bog could cost him his life. One early-nineteenth-century writer noted, "So wild a country nurses up a race of people as wild." These "wild" people, the wetlands villagers, developed a unique way of life and an independent cast of mind. They were equally at home navigating the marshes in boats and on stilts. They roamed freely over hundreds of square miles of land rich in deer, otters, salmon, herons, swans, and ducks. They could hunt and fish, graze cattle, gather cranberries, and dig peat for fuel, and make a good living doing so.

In 1609, Hatfield Chase received a rare royal visit. Prince Henry, the elder son of James I, came to hunt, and to consider the future of the Chase. For the hunt, five hundred deer were driven into Thorne Mere, a large lake near Thorne, where scores of hunters in boats awaited them with clubs and spears. The event was recorded in an oil painting by an unknown artist of the day. He depicts an idyllic scene—a peaceful lake, a dramatic sky, and laughing hunters and boatmen—but what appears to be a patch of floating vegetation in the middle of the lake is actually the antlers of a herd of panicked deer huddling together as their waterborne stalkers approach. With the royal party were two men who symbolized the conflict into which the area was soon to be plunged—Robert Portington, a local landowner, and an engineer, said to be Cornelius Vermuyden, scion of a Dutch drainage dynasty.



The Dutch were the acknowledged masters of land drainage in Europe at that time, turning more than four thousand acres of marshland and mud flats into productive farmland every year. Prince Henry, an enthusiastic advocate of land drainage, used the hunt as an opportunity to get an expert opinion on the feasibility of draining the Chase. Henry died three years later, before he was able to put any of his plans into action. In 1625, his younger brother succeeded to the throne as Charles I. In need of money for his war with Spain (a war that Parliament refused to finance), Charles signed a contract with Vermuyden for the drainage of sixty thousand acres of Hatfield Chase and parts of a neighboring area called the Isle of Axholme. Under the agreement, Vermuyden and his financial backers would receive a third of the newly drained land, the King would retain a third, and the commoners would receive the remaining third. (In law, commoners are those who have rights over a piece of land that someone else owns. Such rights—to graze animals, collect firewood, or cut peat, for example—ordinarily belong to those who live in certain houses or cottages in the district.) This was the first major drainage scheme—and the first great civil-engineering project—in English history.

Vermuyden found fifty-seven "Participants," or investors, almost all of them Dutch, to finance his plan, and he imported a crew of his fellow-countrymen to do the work, which consisted mainly of cutting huge drains and ditches across the countryside. The Participants, who had been looking forward to owning large areas of productive English farmland, soon discovered that their investment was anything but a safe one. The main technical problem Vermuyden faced in trying to improve the drainage of the low-lying site was that the Ouse and the Trent, the rivers that carried the area's water out to sea, were both tidal for considerable stretches. This meant that twice each day the water level in the Trent and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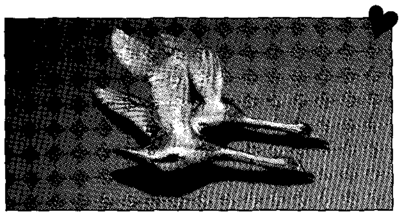
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the Ouse was so high that discharges from their tributary rivers—the Don, the Idle, and the Torne—were impeded. Vermuyden put forward a sweeping plan, which involved diverting all three of the rivers that flowed through the Chase so that they could discharge continuously, as well as building numerous drainage channels to collect water from the area's lakes and marshes. The plan was approved and carried out, and the work was completed in less than two years. Its effects were disastrous. All three of the new cuts were inadequate to contain the rivers that had been diverted into them: areas that had rarely been inundated began to suffer destructive and fatal flooding.

The King soon saw that the drainage scheme would not supply the cash he needed. He rid himself of the Chase within a very few years by pressuring Vermuyden and his Participants to buy or lease most of his twenty thousand acres, but for the commoners, who could not turn their backs on the Chase, the drainage was ruinous. Not only did they lose forty thousand acres of common land, including the most productive farmland, but the botched drainage works, by destroying wetlands and flooding pastures, farms, and villages, brought about "the utter ruin, both of the land and the inhabitants," according to the anonymous author of an 1829 history of Thorne.

From the outset, local opinion had been strongly against the project. The scheme would take tens of thousands of acres out of the hands of local people and undermine the social and economic stability of the area, and, besides, it was planned and financed, and would be carried out, by foreigners. Feeling against the Dutch workers was so strong that Vermuyden had to establish a separate colony for them, on an island in the Idle River; they would not have been safe in any of the area's villages. In 1626, local people expressed their anger in violent uprisings against the Dutch. The rebellion included most of the local worthies, including Squire Portington, who had accompanied Prince Henry on his fateful reconnoitre of the Chase twenty years earlier. In 1629, Vermuyden laid a complaint against "the riotous and rebellious carriage of Robert Portington, esq., and others in beating, wounding, and killing divers of the workmen employed in this undertaking; and for spoiling the walls made for the draining of the lands." Not relying on fighting alone, the commoners of Hatfield Chase and the Isle of Axholme also petitioned the Crown, claiming that the land had been unfairly divided after the drainage. In 1630, the King's Council for the North, headed by Viscount Wentworth, found that the land had indeed been inequitably distributed, and ordered the Dutch to relinquish some of the land they had claimed. The "tenants and inhabitants" of Hatfield Chase were awarded Thorne Moors, Hatfield Moors, and some smaller areas—a total of almost fifteen thousand acres. The council not only gave the petitioners certain rights over that land but even made them joint owners of it. On July 26, 1698, Abraham de la Pryme wrote in his diary, "Our common is freehold unto us, and the lord [of the manor] has nothing to do with it. We have a charter for the same." The validity of the charter, or deed, was confirmed by the House of Lords in 1758, in response to an attempt by

Lord Irwin, then lord of the manor of Hatfield, to assert control over the area.

The revolts over the drainage of Hatfield Chase fit into a tradition of wetlands rebellion. The landscape architect Jeremy Purseglove notes in his book "Taming the Flood," published in 1988, that "the English wetlands have a long history as centres of resistance." Five years after William the Conqueror vanquished the rest of England, he was still struggling to subdue the Cambridgeshire fens. The Peasants' Revolt of 1381 began in the Essex marshlands. John Wesley, who broke away from the Church of England in 1738 to preach Methodism, was born and raised in Epworth, a village about six miles from Thorne. When the English Civil War broke out, in 1642, Thorne and the surrounding villages sided with the Parliamentarians against the King, and hundreds of villagers seized the opportunity to reclaim land that had been taken away from them during the draining. John Lilburne, the flamboyant revolutionary who led the radical democratic party known as the Levellers, came to the Chase and led some of these uprisings.

Despite Vermuyden's problems and failures, his drainage works changed Hatfield Chase forever. From then on, the push for drainage was unstoppable, though several centuries passed before the change was complete. As the Chase was transformed from wild wetlands into dry fields, the people who lived there were transformed, too, from marshmen into farmers. And, in a process that has been repeated in this century's Third World agricultural-development programs, as farming became more intensive and productive it also became more expensive—an activity open only to those who could afford to make substantial investments in land. As long as Hatfield Chase remained pasture and marsh, everyone had been content to treat it as a common resource, but once major drains had been installed it became possible, though expensive, to turn large areas of it from pasture to arable cropland. The land now became worth investing in, worth owning, and those with the capital to pay for improvements managed to acquire it, whether by purchase, fiat, force, or deception. The process was speeded up in the early eighteen-hundreds, when steam pumps made it possible to drain parts of the Chase that had previously proved intractable. Around the same time, a series of parliamentary acts gave certain private individuals the right to enclose large parts of Hatfield Chase's common land. By the mid-nineteenth century, Thorne Moors was the only significant area of common land left on the Chase.

FROM the time of the Wentworth judgment, in 1630, Thorne Moors was under the administration of elected overseers. The main activities on the moors were still hunting, fishing, and peat gathering. In 1848, however, a well-connected local civil engineer named Makin Durham thought he could make the moors more profitable. He persuaded the overseers, who were legally responsible for the common land, to form the Thorne Moors Improvement Company, for the purpose of turning thousands of acres of peat bog into farmland by draining them and spreading fertile river silt over them—a process known locally as warping. It was an immense task, which would require the construction of a railway

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across the moors to transport the soil. The warping railway was never built, however, and only a few acres were ever warped.

In 1879, a certain A. L. Peace, whose overlapping duties as Durham's assistant in the Thorne Moors Improvement Company, chairman of the Thorne overseers, and chairman of the Thorne Parish Council are indicative of the concentration of power that flourished in rural England in those days, transferred ownership of Thorne Moors from the commoners to Thorne Moors Improvement Company. Legally or not, Thorne Moors was now in private hands, with no protests from the once-rebellious marshmen of the area. They had become farmers, and were ready to accept what then seemed inevitable—that those wild wetlands would soon be replaced by placid fields of wheat and corn. The men of Thorne were wrong, however. It was peat cutting, not farming, that lay ahead for the moors.

Since medieval times, people had taken peat for fuel from the margins of Thorne Moors, but the impact of these cuttings was small: the bog was undamaged and continued to grow higher. In the early nineteenth century, William Harrison, a miller and botanist, told a friend that when he moved to Thorne "he could stand on his own threshold and see Crowle Church across the Moors, but such had been the rapid rise of the surface in a comparatively short period, that the sacred edifice had become obscured from view." In the eighteen-eighties, peat came into commercial demand as a bedding material for animals—a substitute for straw. The Thorne Moors Improvement Company leased Thorne Moors to several peat companies. The companies' first task was to drain their cutting areas, but draining even a small section was a laborious and uncertain process. The area was still boggy, and very difficult to work in and to travel over: ditchdiggers had to wear fen boards to prevent them from sinking into the ground as they worked. Once the top few feet had been drained sufficiently, laborers using sharp-bladed shovels cut blocks of peat from three-foot-wide trenches. The blocks were lifted out and left beside the trenches for a year or more to dry. The dried peat was then hauled off the moors on paths made of clinker—a mixture of charcoal, limestone, and metal ore that is the residue of blast-furnace operations. A Dutch company operating on Thorne Moors also built a series of canals and clinker towpaths, so that horses could pull barges of peat to the moors' edge.

The drainage that precedes peat cutting drives out plants and animals that require a high water table to survive. Species adapted to the harsh conditions of peat bogs are often specialized and rare, and thus are especially vulnerable to extinction. The mire pill beetle spends virtually its entire life under the surface of the wet peat, feeding solely on the leaves of mosses. One of Britain's most severely endangered plants, the rannock rush, which grows only in waterlogged soils, was discovered on Thorne Moors in 1831; less than fifty years later, drainage had banished it from the moors. It survives today at only one site in Britain.

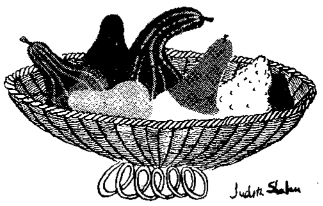
Drainage not only can affect the plants and animals that live on a peat bog but also can change the character of the bog itself. The essence of an acid peat bog—what enables it to maintain its acidic condition—is its wetness. Once the soil dries out, plants die and decay as they would in any other habitat. The nutrients supplied by the decayed plant matter change the bog from a low-nutrient, acid habitat to a nutrient-rich, alkaline one. Nor can the effects of severe drainage be reversed by returning water to the bog. Although peat in its bog is extremely water-retentive, it is extremely difficult to rewet once it dries out. Even heavy rains will not penetrate dried-out peat. Pumping river water into a drained bog would not help, either, because the nutrients would change the bog from an acid environment to an alkaline one, unsuitable for the sphagnum mosses that are the basis of a peat bog.

The peat operations in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries certainly changed Thorne Moors, but they were not efficient enough to do permanent damage to most of the areas where peat was cut. One reason was that the peat companies did not have the technology to drain or excavate the moors deeply; another was that the large uncut areas alongside every cutting trench were a refuge for the moors' plants and animals. Thus, when the peat cutters finished with a trench and abandoned it, there was enough peat, water, and nearby wildlife for the trench to resume its life as part of a healthy, growing peat bog. As it happened, the main impact of this phase of peat cutting was not to destroy the peat bog but to increase the variety of habitats on the moors. Thanks to the limestone-based clinker brought in to provide a solid foundation for tracks and towpaths, new flora and fauna colonized parts of Thorne Moors. Along these tracks now is an alkaline fen, inhabited by marsh orchids and reed warblers, side by side with the carnivorous bladderworts and heath butterflies of the acid bog. After this wave of peat cutting, Thorne Moors was no longer a pristine raised bog, but it did remain a rich, robust habitat.

In the early part of this century, the automobile gradually supplanted the horse, and the market for peat as a bedding material for animals declined. Peat extraction on Thorne Moors continued through the nineteen-thirties, forties, and fifties, but in a slow, old-fashioned way: the peat was cut by hand and hauled off the moors in horse-drawn wagons. That was the state of affairs when an irascible, uncompromising man named William Bunting arrived in Thorne. Bunting was born in 1916 in Barnsley, a working-class coal-mining town twenty miles west of Thorne, where his parents were greengrocers. He left school at sixteen and became an engineer's fitter, making and mending machines and tools in a succession of jobs. During the Spanish Civil War, Bunting was a courier for the *Reynolds News*, a left-wing Sunday paper in Britain, and he smuggled money and messages to the Anarchists. His experiences during that period led to his carrying out several undercover jobs for the British government on the Continent in the

Second World War, notably in Yugoslavia. At the end of the war, Bunting and his wife and family settled in Thorne.

Fascinated by the moors, Bunting became a self-taught naturalist—and a respected one. He is a member of the Royal Entomological Society, a specialist in insect physiology, and the author of papers on such topics as viper embryos, freshwater shrimp, and bloodworms. Among his discoveries is *Lyngbya thornensis*, a species of alga that lives on the antennae of microscopic water fleas. His discoveries on the moors go beyond biology, however. According to Paul Buckland, a paleoecologist at the University of Sheffield, who has done most of the work on the archeology of moors around Thorne, it was Bunting who, in 1971, first drew attention to the Bronze Age wooden pathway under Thorne Moors. Bunting was also the first person to put forward, in a paper written in 1969, the view, now accepted, that the northern arm of the River Don is actually an artificial channel, probably constructed by the Romans.



Bunting spent a lot of time walking Thorne Moors and studying its wildlife. He soon became convinced that the area was of great scientific and ecological value, but his claims on its behalf were widely dismissed. The conventional wisdom was that farming and peat digging had already ruined Thorne Moors—had destroyed its once fascinating flora and fauna. In those days, Thorne Moors was generally regarded as an underutilized piece of wasteland. In 1962, the South Yorkshire County Council considered a plan to use it as a dumping ground for ash from coal-fired power plants. Five years later, the council proposed filling in the moors with mining slag and other industrial waste and then putting an airport on top. In 1969, the plan to dump ash from power plants was reintroduced. In 1971, planners revived the airport idea. In 1976, the ash plan reared its head a third time, along with a third proposal for an airport. In 1978, a plan to reopen a disused coal mine at the edge of the moor carried with it a threat to dump colliery waste on the moors. Bunting fought fiercely against every one of these proposals, and all of them were eventually defeated.

In his championing of Thorne Moors, Bunting at first had little help from established conservation groups: they dismissed him as an abrasive amateur. In 1969, the county's leading wildlife group, the Yorkshire Naturalists' Trust, voted not to object to the plan to dump fuel ash on the moors. Bunting, outraged, mounted a campaign to get the trust to change its mind. He wrote scathing letters, compiled reports, and badgered the organization's leading lights to come and see for themselves. In his words, "I took them onto the moor and rubbed their noses in it." On one Bunting-led outing, a group from the trust found, among other things, twelve species of mushrooms not previously thought to grow on Thorne Moors. After four months, the trust reversed itself and voted to defend the moors. Wilfred Taylor, the president of the trust, wrote to Bunting, saying, "We well know that the credit for most of the resistance to this threat is entirely due to your efforts and to the immense amount of work and expense you have gone to in past years."

Bunting also had to fight the Nature Conservancy Council, the government body responsible for conservation, which had denied for many years that there was anything of interest on Thorne Moors, and had made no objection to the plans for using it as a dumping ground. The council is understaffed and underfinanced and has little political clout, but Bunting disregards these facts and has nothing but contempt for its compromising ways. "The biggest opponents to preserving the place, the biggest opponents all the way through, were the Nature Conservancy," he told me not long ago. "When people wanted to dump ash on Thorne Moors, they never made a bloody squeak." For years, he hounded the council, demanding, without success, that it give official protection to Thorne Moors. In 1970, the council finally did list Thorne Moors as one of Britain's most important habitats, awarding it the unappealing official title of Site of Special Scientific Interest. Unfortunately, that designation, though it is almost the highest that a

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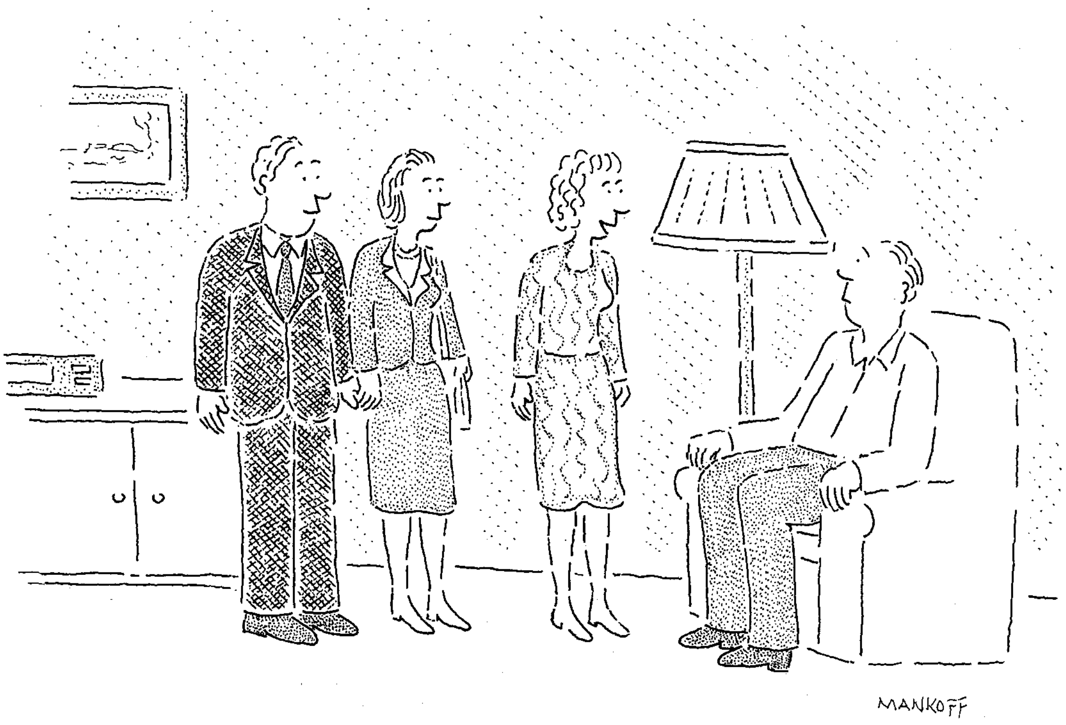


"Dear, I'd like you to meet the Donaldsons and their model marriage."

valuable habitat can receive in Britain, is largely symbolic. In the case of Thorne Moors, it is no hindrance to Fisons' intensive peat extraction.

In 1963, Fisons acquired the British Moss Litter Company, which was the eventual successor to the Thorne Moors Improvement Company, and began promoting peat as a replacement for garden compost. The campaign was a success. It rejuvenated the peat industry and led to its mechanization. The first machines still cut peat in blocks, as the hand cutters had done, but they cut faster and required more efficient and intensive, and thus more destructive, drainage. In late 1971, Fisons excavated several deep drains that threatened to destroy completely the Dutch Canal part of Thorne Moors, which is the richest part of the area. Bunting, who had long urged that the Dutch Canal area be made a National Nature Reserve, and others were alarmed. One ecologist reported that "it is unlikely that these communities"—of plants and animals—"will survive a summer with such a low water table." With the heart of the moors at risk, Bunting and a group of naturalists, local residents, and students from a number of northern universities, including Sheffield, York, Nottingham, and Manchester, decided to take matters into their own hands. Calling themselves Bunting's Beavers, the group went onto the moors practically every weekend throughout the spring and summer of 1972 to dam the drains, using stones, peat, clay, logs, and even railway ties. Fisons' workers made an effort to remove the dams, but were unable to keep up with the Beavers, and by the early autumn of 1972 dozens of dams had been built, some of them more than forty feet thick.

In late October of 1972, shortly after a BBC television crew filmed the Beavers at work, Fisons dynamited eighteen of the dams. The Beavers repaired them, and Fisons, which had been showered with unfavorable publicity, let the new dams stand. The company then entered into negotiations (from which Bunting was specifically excluded) with the Nature Conservancy Council and a group of ecologists from northern universities. The result, in 1974, was an agreement by the company to protect the Dutch Canal area from drainage and cutting. The agreement required Fisons to reinforce several of the dams that the Beavers had installed. Eleven years later, the Nature Conservancy Council bought a hundred and eighty acres of the Dutch Canal system from Fisons for a price rumored to be a quarter of a million pounds and declared it a National Nature Reserve. The area is now safe from cutting, but it is far too small to support on its own the full range of plants and animals that live on the moors, and it will survive only as long as the water table of the surrounding land is kept high.

• •

ONE reason that Thorne Moors had so few defenders in the nineteen-fifties and sixties was that after the war few people had firsthand knowledge of the place. The paths that had crossed the moors in earlier days had been obstructed or destroyed by landowners or tenants. Under English law, the public has the right to walk along hundreds of thousands of ancient lanes and footpaths, even if they cross private property. This extensive system of public access is one of the glories of the British countryside, but it has been seriously eroded by property owners' illegally eliminating or blocking footpaths that cross their land. The Second World War intensified this process, as Britain's Ministry of Agriculture, worried about the nation's dependence on imported grain, pushed hard for a more intensive agriculture. Across the country, millions of acres of pastureland were converted to arable cropland, and in the process thousands of footpaths were plowed up.

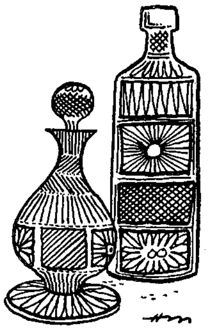
In 1949, Parliament attempted to rectify this state of affairs by adopting the National Park and Access to the Countryside Act. The act was intended to halt the destruction of footpaths by creating a definitive register of all public rights-of-way, so that they could be protected forevermore. Unfortunately, the effect of the law was to accelerate the destruction of rights-of-way, for many landowners rushed to eliminate public footpaths from their land before they could be registered. "During this period, footpaths and in many cases very wide country lanes which had been known and used forever suddenly ceased to exist," Bunting later wrote. "Barbed wire was strung across high-ways—footpaths ploughed up . . . and anyone trying to use these public ways would find themselves in confrontation with farmers and others who aggressively attacked all or any to prevent them going about their lawful business. Complaints to the police fell upon deaf ears."

Bunting, of course, continued to walk the old footpaths. Whenever he encountered one that was blocked, he opened it, using wire cutters that he always wore at his waist. Before moving on, he posted his business card at the site. "It wasn't vandalism," he told me. "I was exercising my rights, and I had no wish to hide my identity. Let the buggers sue me if they dare." Bunting talks tough, and he occasionally acts tough, too. When he goes out on the moors, he carries a gun, a walking stick that conceals a razor-sharp sabre, a machete, and his wire cutters. If he is threatened by a fist or a bullet—and, according to several witnesses, he has encountered more than a few of both—he returns like for like. "Any person who takes a liberty with me never does it a second time," he told me. When I asked if he had ever had occasion to fire a gun while walking the moors, he roared, "What do you think I use them for, picking my bloody nose? If any bugger shoots at me or threatens my life, I've got the absolute right to defend myself."

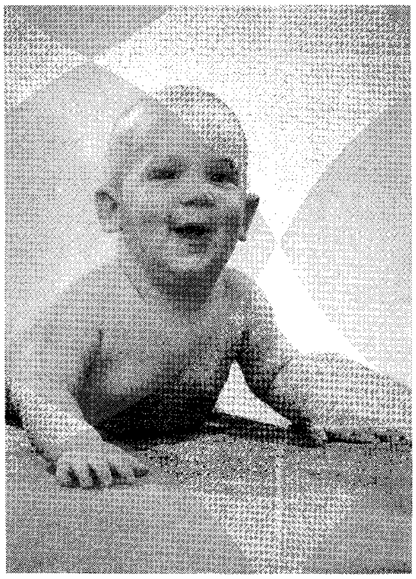
Bunting also hectored the authorities about enforcing the footpath laws. In an unpublished statement called "How It All Started" Bunting has written, "Every day . . . and I mean EVERY DAY I wrote in longhand to the County Council reporting on the obstructions etc. I met. I was always assured the matters would be put right. . . . In desperation I started using a typewriter and keeping copies." The last straw for Bunting came in 1952, when the West Riding County Council published its footpath map, and the map showed no public rights-of-way on Thorne Moors. Even today, almost forty years later, Bunting gets nearly apoplectic when he talks of the omission: "I knew there were bloody footpaths—I'd used 'em!" Bunting set out to get protection for those footpaths. He was embarking on a thirty-year battle, trading long days on the moors for days and nights spent in libraries, archives, record offices, and courtrooms. He began by acquainting himself with the confused and arcane laws and administrative regulations on public rights-of-way. Gradually, he extended his knowledge to details of other public rights.

Bunting's first foray into the legal world was on his own behalf. It began in 1954, when his landlord, which happened to be the Thorne Rural District Council, evicted him from his house for breeding cockroaches there. At the time, Bunting, who had been unfit for work since 1948, because he had tuberculosis, was earning about three hundred pounds a year by supplying schools and universities with biological-research materials, including specimens of the American cockroach (*Periplaneta americana*), a large and thus easy-to-study species much valued in insect-physiology courses. He kept several thousand roaches in twelve glass-topped tanks in the family's living room. A health inspector found that the setup violated no sanitary standards, but the council decided that the roaches had to go—and Bunting and his family with them.

Newspapers leapt on the story and ran it day after day. The Yorkshire *Evening Post* described Bunting as "Cockroach Man"; in the Doncaster *Gazette* he was "Beetle Man"; the *Times*, then still the respected "newspaper of record," took a more sober line, referring to "Entomologist in Cockroach Case." The Royal Entomological Society, the National Council for Civil Liberties, and the Society for Freedom in Science all lodged appeals on Bunting's behalf, to no avail. On July 9, 1954, the bailiffs ousted Bunting, his wife, and their five children. "COCKROACH BREEDER EVICTED," the *Times* announced the following morning. For some time, the family was split up, billeted with various friends and relatives. When they finally found a new home, Bunting—in a move that amused half the town and irritated almost all the council—named it Periplaneta.



Bunting applied for damages, and pursued the case to the High Court of Justice. The judge, Hugh Hallett, ruled against him. During the hearing, Hallett barely troubled to disguise his



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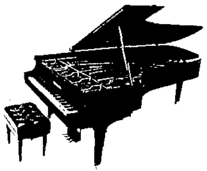

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contempt for Bunting’s defiant manner and blunt language. When Bunting asked to be affirmed rather than sworn in before testifying, explaining to the judge, “I am an atheist,” Hallett added, “And no morals, either.” He also called Bunting “a slippery character” and “a troublemaking agitator.” People who have run-ins with Bunting are not likely to escape unscathed, and Hallett was no exception. In 1957, Bunting took his complaints about the judge’s behavior to the Court of Appeals. The hearing ran for days and ended with an order for a new trial and a humiliating rebuke for Hallett—one which contributed to his resignation later that year. Bunting soon became a one-man legal-advice bureau for people unable to pay a lawyer. “If you’d got a grievance with the local authority, the first person you used to go to was William Bunting,” Roland Smalley, a retired mechanic who has known Bunting all his life, told me. “He was a sort of self-taught professor of all the local laws and bylaws. He caused a lot of trouble and a lot of expense to the council.”

Peter O’Brien, the deputy director of planning for the Doncaster Metropolitan Borough Council, which in 1974 became the successor to the Thorne Rural District Council, recalls, “He was very difficult, but his knowledge was incredible, and his persistence was also incredible.” Indeed, Bunting was so troublesome to bureaucrats endeavoring to close footpaths, ignore sewage problems, build unneeded airports, route motorways through nature reserves, and dump toxic waste on important wildlife habitats that for many years local council officials were forbidden to speak to him or to take his phone calls. Communications with him were funnelled through a handful of top executives. Nonetheless, as one Borough Council official ruefully told me, “he’s taken the local authority to the cleaners so many times.” And not only the local council. Bunting has also taken on and beaten such powerful national forces as British Rail, the Forestry Commission, and the National Coal Board.

To further his campaigns, Bunting taught himself law. He has argued and won several cases before Britain’s High Court of Justice—a feat that eludes the majority of Britain’s professional lawyers. He also taught himself Latin, medieval English, and Norman French—languages that come in handy when basing legal arguments, as Bunting has often done, on documents from the sixteenth century or earlier. Bunting broke legal ground when, arguing from the Magna Carta, he made Britain’s High Court Chancery Division travel to Yorkshire to hear a lawsuit he was involved in—the first time in the court’s eight-hundred-year history that it had left London. Like many of his cases, that one concerned Thorne Moors.

For the past thirty years, Bunting has been legally bankrupt. He chose this status deliberately, so that he would be free to fight his legal battles without worrying about being sued. The house he and his wife live in is owned by two of his children. He has given away the legal costs and settlements he has been awarded, which have sometimes been substantial. “I remember him sending an envelope here for the cancer-research fund containing quite a lot of cash that he’d just got,” I was told by Margaret Prosser, longtime secretary to the late Harry Fairhurst, who was the chief librarian at York University and one of Bunting’s academic supporters. “It wasn’t a little sum. I said, ‘Look at that,’ and Harry said, ‘Oh, yes, he gives it.’ ” That happened back in the sixties, and during the same period Mark Williamson, a professor in York University’s Department of Biology, recalls, Bunting “was so broke that he used to type with a red ribbon—he would get second-hand typewriter ribbons where the black was gone but the red was still O.K.”

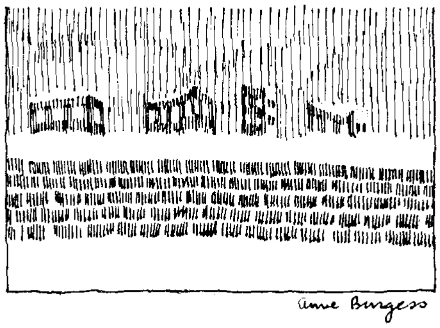
Much harder for Bunting to bear than his self-imposed poverty has been his ill health. Shortly after the war, he was found to be suffering from spondylitis, a crippling inflammation of the vertebrae. For long periods, drugs and an iron will enabled him to lead a normal, active life, despite this and a variety of other debilitating ailments. John Barwick, the director of the Doncaster Museum, remembers the first time he spoke to Bunting. “It was at the 1956 meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science,” he said. “Bunting’s daughter was only nineteen at the time, but she was delivering a paper about the sex life of the American cockroach. Television was new then, and the room was packed with reporters and cameramen who were fascinated by this innocent young girl addressing a roomful of scientists on this strange topic. And, of course, the eviction case was still going through the courts, so it was brilliant publicity for Bunting. I was standing outside the conference room when a horribly twisted figure, really distorted, came hobbling up. It was Bunting. He looked so pitiful I asked if he'd like a wheelchair. He just looked at me and growled, 'I'd let air into my veins first.' "

Though Bunting can be, in the words of Peter Skidmore, the Doncaster Museum's Keeper of Natural Sciences, "the epitome of the English gentleman," he is often insufferably rude, even to his friends. "I'm a bad-tempered old sod," he says, and so he frequently is. There are two parts to Bunting's rudeness, and they are equally unpalatable: his own natural arrogance and a calculated offensiveness he uses to test the mettle of enemies and allies alike. He subjects correspondents, interviewers, and would-be supporters to a formidable series of hurdles from a seemingly inexhaustible supply. His speech is peppered with curses and obscenities, employed as much for their shock value as for their expressiveness. Anyone who buckles under this treatment is summarily dismissed: Bunting has no time for wimps. In a letter to a colleague in 1979, he described his treatment of Jane Smart, who is now the director of the British plant-conservation group Plantlife; at the time she approached Bunting, she was a student at the University of Sheffield, working toward a doctorate in the ecology of peat bogs. "If she can be put off by Bunting at his rudest and crudest . . . well, I did my best to put her off," Bunting wrote. "If she comes back she will be helped [and] she will certainly have earned my assistance." Smart did return, and Bunting agreed to take her out on the moors, where he insisted she prove that she could fire a pistol.

Bunting makes no attempt to conceal his contempt for those who fail to live up to his standards: they are "corrupt," "pea-brained," "charlatans," or "prats." John Barwick says, "Bunting doesn't have much sense of the practical limitations many people are under from their job or their circumstances. If they don't do what he thinks is right, they're corrupt, as far as he's concerned. That puts a lot of people's backs up." Peter Skidmore agrees. "You can't have an attitude like Bunting's without polarizing people," he says. "I mean, either you're strongly in favor of him or you're dead against him." Nonetheless, Bunting has won many unlikely allies over the years. One is Paula Haigh, a smallholder, retired headmistress, and local Conservative Party councillor. "With Bunting, everything is subservient to the cause," she has said. "That's why we admire him, and put up with his language. Because we admire what he stands for, if not the way he stands for it."

Bunting's grumpiness is to some extent a pose—a way of stiffening the backs of conservationists, most of whom he believes to be far too pliable, too complacent, too willing to bargain away what is left of mankind's heritage. To a young man who asked for his help in developing a compromise over the plan to dump toxic waste on a nearby marsh, Bunting replied, "I suggest that the essence of conservation lies with one simple word, NO. . . . Don't become like those prostitutes in the Nature Conservancy. Say NO . . . mean NO . . . fight to retain the places we have."

OVER the years, Bunting discovered a taste and an aptitude for research and archival work. The High Court judge David Herbert Mervyn Davies has called him "a learned man in the matter of tracing and expounding local historical documents." Bunting's approach has been more robust than that of most archivists, who tend to be a mild-mannered lot. He has refused to take no for an answer, particularly when, as has often happened, he believes that public documents are being wrongly withheld. "I had to fight the buggers physically, some of them," he once told me. "I grabbed them by the throat and said, 'If you don't find the damn things, I'll find them over your body.' But I made them find the bloody things."



Bunting is genuinely excited by original source material. Not long ago, describing a set of detailed maps he had discovered that show land ownership throughout the country, his voice fell to an awestruck hush, and he said, "Twenty-five inches to the mile—for every part of England!" County councils across the nation have adopted a method of determining the existence of rights-of-way which is based on what one archivist calls Bunting's "pioneering research" on official records. Bunting also unearthed a long-lost account of the Dutch drainage of Hatfield Chase, and was instrumental in its being republished and deposited in various libraries throughout Britain. Though most of his papers have already gone to York University and other libraries ("BUGMAN PAPERS GO TO 'VARSITY,' " read the headline in the Doncaster *Star*), his study is still awash in documents—parish records, seventeenth-century court orders in spidery script, and ancient maps.

Bunting's archival work led him to try to restore Thorne Moors to common-land status. His effort began in 1952, when he went to the Thorne library to study the town's old records. In "How It All Started" he recorded what happened next. The caretaker "eventually produced them, two beautiful books dealing with the period from 1817 to 1895," he wrote. "I found much of what I was looking for." The following day, Bunting returned to the library to continue studying the books and was told by the librarian, who was also Thorne's town clerk, that the books could be seen only by appointment. He made an appointment to return the next day. "The oldest of the two books had been mutilated, back broken, pages missing," his account continues. "The later book did not appear to be damaged until one tried to read, then it was noticed that complete pages had been removed . . . further on some pages had been crudely cut out."

Bunting became convinced that the books were damaged in an attempt to hide the illegal transfer of the moors from the overseers to private owners in 1879. Whatever their ancestors' feelings about the transfer—and Bunting says that local comment was stifled because Thorne's local leaders were all in on the deal—most people in Thorne long ago accepted the fact that Thorne Moors is now in private hands. Bunting does not. The deed conveying Thorne Moors to the Thorne Moors Improvement Company "is blatantly fraudulent," he says. "They'd never heard of it at the Public Record Office; they hadn't heard of it in the County Clerk of the Peace's office, which has to have copies of every land transaction." Thorne's past is real to Bunting, and a century-old wrong is as obnoxious to him as if it had happened yesterday. He often talks about historical events as if he had been part of the action. Telling me about Lord Irwin's attempt to gain control of Thorne Moors, in the mid-eighteenth century, he spoke as one of the commoners: "There was a court case, and when we were asked for our charter we couldn't produce it, because the agent for the lord of the manor was suppressing it."

Throughout British history, there have been many cases of powerful landowners' simply appropriating common land, and the legal status of many areas that were once common land is confused. In 1965, Parliament adopted the Commons Registration Act, under which only those areas that were registered by the government before a certain date would be legally recognized as common land—land over which the public has certain specified rights. The Thorne Parish Council decided to apply to register the moors and asked for Bunting's help in doing so. Despite objections from Fisons and from the more powerful Thorne Rural District Council, Bunting submitted the parish council's application for registration in 1968, along with identical applications that he had prepared on behalf of himself, his wife, and his son, Neil. The rural district council took the Buntings to court in an effort to force them to drop their applications. The matter went to the High Court, which supported Bunting, and the registrations remained in force. The parish council, however, was finally pressured into withdrawing its registration; it did so in 1973, on the last day that changes were allowed. From then on, Bunting was fighting for the commons on his own. He added an eighteenth-century verse to his visiting card:

The law locks up the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common.
But lets the greater villain loose
Who steals the common off the goose.

In 1976, the Commons Commissioner, Alfred Baden-Fuller, ruled against Bunting's application to register Thorne Moors as common land. Baden-Fuller is someone for whom Bunting has nothing but scorn. "As a person who could not read seventeenth-century English, he was totally unfit," Bunting later remarked. Bunting appealed the finding to the High Court, but his hearing was delayed until 1983, and by that time he was suffering from pernicious anemia, and his other illnesses had seriously worsened. Wearing a surgical collar that stretched from his breastbone to his chin, and unable, because of spondylitis, to sit for long periods, he stood before the judge for as long as eight hours each day during a ten-day hearing. On several occasions, he collapsed in court.

Bunting seems to have enjoyed cordial relations with Justice Mervyn Davies, who was impressed by his knowledge of history and law. Their polite exchanges entertained the courtroom and the reporters covering the case. As Bunting introduced documents from the sixteenth century and earlier, the judge remarked, "Quite interesting, eh, Mr. Bunting, to see these old historical figures emerging?"

"Indeed," Bunting replied. "Sir Francis Bacon was involved and he was sacked for corruption, and I can bring an ancestor of mine in who was sent to Australia."

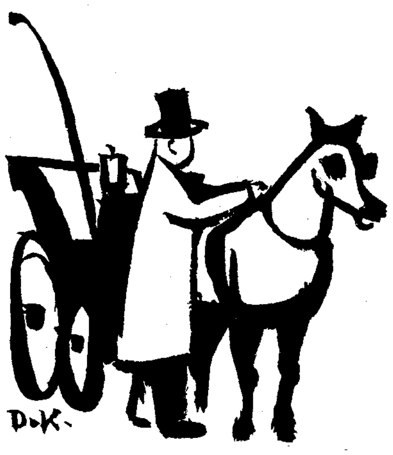
On another occasion, Bunting began, "Turning to the decree of 1609 . . ."

"Shouldn't it be 1610?" the judge asked. "It is in the seventh year of the reign of James I, who came to the throne in 1603."

"Ah, but the seventh regnal year of James I started on 24 March, 1609," Bunting replied. "The decree is quite clearly 1609."

When Bunting referred to Fisons' high-powered barrister, Raymond Kidwell, as "my learned adversary," Mervyn Davies asked, "Don't you mean 'my learned friend'?"

"No, my lord," Bunting said firmly. "I mean adversary. I am not of your profession."



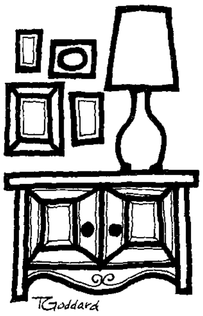
Bunting won the case. The court found that he had established that the commoners of Thorne had the right to turbary—the medieval term for peat cutting—over Thorne Moors, and ordered Fisons to pay Bunting's legal costs. Since Bunting was the only commoner to have applied to have his rights recognized, however, he was the only person to whom they were granted. The judge's decision was only a partial victory, for several reasons. One was the judge's refusal to consider whether or not Fisons' title to the land was based on fraud, as Bunting claimed. Another was the judge's finding that in the seventeenth century the residents of Thorne had traded away many rights over the land, including the right to fish, hunt, and graze cattle on the moors. If those rights, and especially the right to graze, had been recognized, they would have interfered with Fisons' peat-cutting operations. As it is, the peat cutting goes on, and Fisons is confident that Bunting's right of turbary, which attaches to him and to all future owners of his house in Thorne, will not hinder its peat extraction or influence its future plans for the moors.

Bunting is old now, and very ill. He is afflicted not only with spondylitis and pernicious anemia but also with dropsy and near-total blindness. In 1989, he had four strokes. "My wife keeps picking me up off the floor," he told me. He believes that an appeal to have more of the ancient rights recognized could succeed, but says he won't be the man to pursue it. He would like "someone with guts" to take over the house and continue the legal battle, he says. It is not only courage that is required, however, but also commitment and a grasp of the complex legal and historical issues involved—a commitment and a grasp that no one but Bunting seems to have.

BY the time Bunting's case was settled, in the mid-nineteen-eighties, the effects of twenty years of peat extraction from Thorne Moors were disturbingly clear. A survey published in 1986 by the Doncaster and District

Ornithological Society concluded that "the past fifteen years have seen a change from a scientifically rich and inspiring moorland, with additional appeal beyond the confines of science, to a fragmented habitat with vulnerable wildlife, which could now so easily turn into a wasteland." Among the species that disappeared from the area during that period were the fen violet and the carnivorous long-leaved sundew.

But the most dramatic damage to the moors was still to come. In 1987, Fisons introduced a new technology— surface milling. Instead of taking blocks of peat from narrow trenches, surface-milling machines skim a thin layer of peat from a very large area, hundreds of acres in extent, and skim additional layers every few weeks. Before a peat bog can be milled, it must be deep-drained, and for that process the top layer of living vegetation must be scraped off and the peat exposed. Thus, though the area to be milled may have a twenty-year supply of peat, the living bog is destroyed in the first year. Surface milling has been the norm in Canada, Russia, Finland, and Ireland since the nineteen-sixties or earlier. "Fisons were about the last to adopt surface milling," I was told by Donal Egan, who managed the company's Thorne Moors operation until his resignation, in December. "If we had been earlier, we might not have a problem about Thorne Moors, because it wouldn't be worth fighting for." Already, surface milling has turned great expanses of Thorne Moors into utterly barren ground—marked only by tractor lines stretching away to the horizon. Fisons says the peat of Thorne Moors can be milled for at least forty years longer. But milling will destroy the area's wildlife long before all the peat is removed. "The way they're working the moor now, you can see them wiping out the interest—well, in not many more years," one worried Doncaster council official told me.



To accommodate its new machines, Fisons is draining the moors faster than ever. In 1989 alone, the company installed twenty-two miles of deep drains on Thorne Moors, more than doubling the existing deep-drainage system. Because these drains are cut into the underlying clay and silts, they are incredibly dangerous. They not only dry out the bog but also contaminate its acidic water table with nutrients that many peat-adapted species cannot tolerate. "Fisons have done more damage in the last two years than since they owned the moors," the Sheffield University paleoecologist Paul Buckland, who has studied the moors for almost twenty years, told me. "They've put in more drains than ever in the history of the moors." In the spring of 1990, Fisons also ended Thorne Moors' run as the largest roadless area in lowland Britain by putting a three-mile-long road made of crushed limestone through the middle of the moors. The alkaline dust from the road, which is from thirty to fifty feet wide, is likely to damage the bog's alkali-intolerant species. According to Brian Eversham, the son of a Thorne peat worker and now a peatland ecologist who works for the locally financed Institute of Terrestrial Ecology, "Thorne Moors is being destroyed so fast that in only one or two years we'll be in the position not of preserving an intact habitat but of trying to rebuild a wildlife habitat on a derelict industrial site."

Even though the moorland is one of Britain's élite Sites of Special Scientific Interest, Fisons is entirely within its legal rights in destroying it, because in 1951 the two local councils that have jurisdiction over Thorne Moors granted the company permission for peat cutting over almost the whole area. "It's probably the largest single planning permission in the country, and there are no restrictions on it," a Doncaster council spokesman told me. "All they've got to do is keep within the boundary." Unfortunately, Fisons has found that impossible. Outside the peat-extraction boundary was a small area of undisturbed bog—Snaith and Cowick Moors. That area is part of the Site of Special Scientific Interest, and was the home of several species not known on the rest of Thorne Moors, including the grizzled skipper butterfly and stag's-horn club moss. Fisons illegally drained Snaith and Cowick and cut peat from it for more than a decade. In 1988 the local authorities discovered the work and asked the company to stop. The peat cutting destroyed much of the area's conservation interest:

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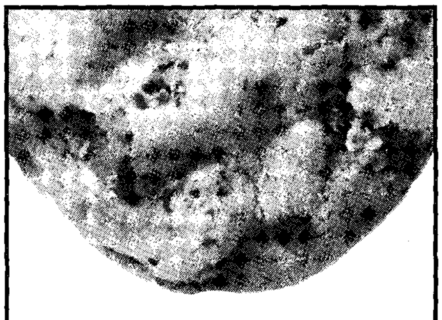

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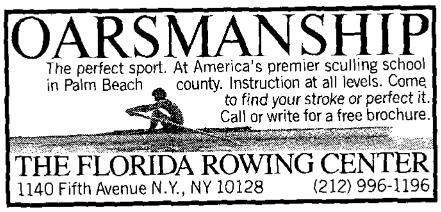
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stag's-horn club moss, for example, disappeared from the moors, and today the area has been stripped of all vegetation. The Nature Conservancy Council could have prosecuted Fisons for taking peat illegally from a Site of Special Scientific Interest, but one of the many loopholes in British wildlife-protection legislation makes companies and individuals immune to such prosecution as soon as they apply, as Fisons has, for retroactive planning permission to take peat from the site. Fisons has offered to compensate the Nature Conservancy Council by giving it a hundred and thirteen acres of already drained and cut-over land adjacent to the National Nature Reserve, and the conservancy is ready to accept the offer, but conservationists consider it inadequate.

Such incidents and the new and shocking sight of hundreds of acres of stripped-bare land have convinced many people that the government should step in and stop peat extraction on the moorland. "If the government asked the advice of Brian Wheeler and Jane Smart and me and the other peat experts, we'd say leave as much peat as possible, compensate Fisons, and have Fisons follow our instructions to leave the bog so that it can recover," I was told by David Bellamy, a peatland ecologist and well-known TV conservationist. Friends of the Earth and Plantlife are calling for a ban on peat cutting on all Sites of Special Scientific Interest, and for a review of all planning permits for peat extraction. Drastic as that may sound, West Germany did something similar in 1972. It withdrew all existing mineral licenses, including those for peat extraction, without compensation. Companies were required to apply for new licenses, and those were issued with strict conditions governing methods of extraction and standards for restoration.

Under British law, however, a license to extract peat cannot be revoked unless the owner is compensated for all profits forgone. In the case of Thorne Moors, Donal Egan says, that would amount to more than a hundred million pounds. Faced with such huge sums, the Doncaster Metropolitan Borough Council, which is the local planning authority, has little or no leverage over Fisons' peat operations. Though the council has been pressing the company to manage Thorne Moors so that the bog will not be permanently damaged, progress in such discussions depends largely on Fisons' good will. The Nature Conservancy Council—being without strong backing from central government—is equally at Fisons' mercy. Confidential official minutes of a Nature Conservancy Council meeting about Thorne Moors in 1977 quote the council's regional officer as saying, "The N.C.C. has to go along with Fisons, to humour them, and to hope for better circumstances in the future."

I asked an official in the Department of the Environment—which in addition to overseeing conservation in England regulates peat extraction—whether the Secretary of State for the Environment would get involved in the battle over the destruction of one of the country's most important nature-conservation sites. She told me no—in these words:

> The debate [about peat extraction] is not turning upon the solution to an individual site. Rather our general remit is to set down general guidance assessing the extent of peatlands in England and Wales, their relative importance for nature conservation, their importance for peat extraction and the extent to which those interests conflict, and making an updated assessment of alternatives to peat. Whether we should have a new minerals policy guidance paper for peatlands is part of the consideration. This would include principles from which acceptable solutions could be found for individual sites, which is, of course, a matter for individual minerals planning authorities.

In the spring of 1990, British conservation groups launched a campaign to dissuade the public from buying peat. The campaign has had considerable success, as measured by the degree of publicity it has received. Britain is a nation of gardeners, and "gardeners go berserk when they discover what they have been helping to destroy," Jane Smart says. Several local authorities have stopped using peat, declaring themselves "peat-free zones," and even the Department of the Environment, despite its reluctance to get involved in controversial issues, advises gardeners to "avoid using peat to improve the soil," saying, "It is expensive and its extraction can damage the environment." And Britain's Forestry Commission published a report last March warning that peat is overused in tree planting. Many trees are killed or damaged during dry spells when their peat-based planting compost dries out, the commission reported. Among the converts to the cause is Prince Charles. "If we would like other countries to stop regarding their rain forests as 'useless jungle,' " he said recently, "we would do well to set an example by not treating our peatland habitat as 'useless bog' to be drained, dug up, and scattered about in our gardens."

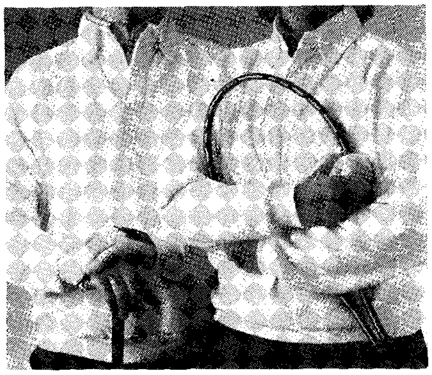
Even Bunting's old nemesis, the local council in Thorne, has joined the campaign to save the moors. "Our next big project is to try and stop Fisons, by public opinion and by getting legal advice," says Ted Tattersall, a Thorne councillor and longtime Bunting foe. It was local interest in the moors that pushed the council into action, and the local interest was sparked largely by two events. In 1989, many people in the village saw a television program about Thorne Moors which featured well-known conservationists and gardeners. For the first time, they realized that their local moorland, which they had long taken for granted, was regarded by famous outsiders as being of national importance. At the same time, local conservationists began a program of guided visits to the National Nature Reserve, enabling people living in and near Thorne to see for themselves both the beauty of the moors and the encroaching devastation. On one of the tours, a gray-haired man who runs a printing shop in Thorne founded by his grandfather told me he had never been on the moors before. "We weren't allowed," he said. "It's always been off-limits." The others in the group, ranging in age from thirty to seventy, nodded in agreement. Many in the group knew Bunting, or knew of him and his enthusiasm for Thorne Moors. "If it was now, we'd all be behind him, but then we just laughed at him," one woman said. "We didn't understand."

n. gustafson

Ninety per cent of the peat from Thorne Moors is augmented with fertilizers and used as potting compost or in "grow-bags," which are plastic bags of soil (largely peat) that people put outdoors, cut open, and plant seeds in. The rest is sold straight, for use as a mulch or a soil conditioner. There are many alternatives to straight peat—straw, bark, and rice husks, to name a few—but finding a replacement for peat in potting compost has been more difficult. The obvious alternative is homemade compost, which is what all gardeners used until the horticultural peat industry was born, twenty-five years ago. The convenience of pre-bagged peat has won it a loyal following, especially among city dwellers, including Margaret Thatcher, who proclaimed her loyalty at 1990's Royal Chelsea Flower Show, saying, "What some of the conservationists would say to us for using peat today I don't know, but I don't know what a gardener can do without peat. I intend to go on using it." In Switzerland, however, where a national law came into effect this year banning all commercial peat cutting, city composting is common. Donal Egan says that for years Fisons has been searching for an alternative potting material, without luck. But a recently published study that scientists at the University of Manchester undertook for Friends of the Earth concludes that there are several promising alternatives to peat, ranging from leaf mold to composted sewage sludge. One British company, Hensby Biotech, in Cambridge, has recently put a peat-free potting compost on the market, and other companies have announced plans to follow suit.

Fisons dominates the peat market in Britain—and ninety per cent of its peat holdings are in Sites of Special Scientific Interest—but the bulk of the company's profits comes from its scientific-equipment division and from its pharmaceutical division, whose products include Sanatogen vitamins and dietary supplements and Desenex foot powder. In 1989, the horticultural division produced less than five per cent of the company's pretax profits, of a hundred and sixty-nine million pounds. Fisons sells peat-based potting mixtures under the Levington brand in Britain and under the Sunshine brand in the United States. The United States has few deep peat bogs, and most of the peat sold here comes from Canada's dwindling bogs.

According to Fisons, the campaign has not affected its peat sales. "If anything, it has highlighted to many people the benefits of peat," Egan told me as we sat in his office, near Thorne Moors. "There has been panic buying



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in some areas." The people want peat, Egan says, and there is no reason for them not to have it. "Apart from some species and wildlife, the use of peat enhances people's lives, it doesn't take away from them," he said. "And that is why [the outcry over peat] won't last—because at the end of the day people will ask, 'How does it hurt me?' "

Nonetheless, public pressure has had an effect on the company. "We started talking to Fisons around 1978," a planning officer for the Doncaster Metropolitan Borough Council told me. "But we didn't get anywhere until quite recently. Until then, there was no pressure on them." Brian Wheeler, a peat specialist from Sheffield University, who has a three-year contract with Fisons to study the regeneration of Thorne Moors, says, "We've seen a sea change in the attitude at Fisons, from one that was grudging at best about any proposals we made to a completely different attitude, which actually welcomes coöperative action. I think it's a genuine change. I hope it is."

In response to environmentalists' criticism, the British Peat Producers' Association, of which Fisons is a member, announced on February 22, 1990, that it was adopting a non-binding code of conduct that would "encourage peat producers to do all in their power to reduce the impact of their operations on the environment." The code does not advocate leaving intact peat bogs alone, but it does suggest that peat companies "identify areas of greater environmental interest and where possible leave them undisturbed" and "avoid land preparation"—that is, draining and clearing land—"too far ahead of need."

A month before the code was unveiled, a consortium of conservation groups concerned about Thorne Moors asked Fisons for permission to survey one of the least disturbed sections of the moorland—a hundred-and-forty-three-acre area known as Pony Bridge Marsh, which was due to be worked in the spring of 1991. Pony Bridge Marsh is the only site on the moors where the rare raft spider has been found. The groups hoped that if Pony Bridge Marsh proved to be as rich as they suspected Fisons would agree to protect it as a biological refuge, in line with the Peat Producers' code of conduct. Fisons agreed to the survey and indicated that it wanted to help pay for it. Then, just six days before the code was announced, Fisons told the groups that it intended to cut Pony Bridge Marsh in the next few months—a year earlier than had been planned. That eliminated the possibility that a full survey could be conducted and that the area might be set aside as a refuge. Two days later, conservationists discovered that Fisons had already drained the marsh. According to Egan, the company had merely "hacked out" existing drains to make the site safe for survey work, but he acknowledged that "it did dry the area out somewhat." Aerial photographs indicate, however, that existing drains had been substantially deepened, and that five miles of new drains had been constructed on the site. After conservationists complained to the Peat Producers' Association, Fisons blocked the drains and agreed to delay its cutting of the marsh until the biological survey could be completed.

Several conservation groups—notably Friends of the Earth and Plantlife—are open in their skepticism about Fisons' good intentions. They charge that the studies the company has commissioned and its negotiations with conservationists are intended merely to buy time so that Fisons can strip what remains of the moors without interference. David Bellamy says, "Fisons could have done so much over the last twenty-five years. They could have been working away, making little hydrologically healthy pockets and so forth. And the fact that they haven't makes me wonder about what they really plan to do with the land after they've worked it." Members of the conservation consortium, which is still holding discussions with Fisons, privately admit the possibility that Fisons is just stringing them along, but say that Fisons' powerful legal position makes it dangerous to attack the company openly. One member of the consortium, who asked not to be identified, told me, "We are afraid to alienate Fisons or to threaten them. They could, and I think they would, rush to destroy the moors. If the ecological interest is gone, they've won. How long would it take them to destroy the moors? A very short time, I suggest."

Fisons has been taken aback by the onslaught of criticism of its operations on Thorne Moors. "The attacks came out of the blue," Egan told me. "But it's not as though I wasn't aware that we had a conservation responsibility. In fact, *we* were the ones who instigated the conservation interest in Thorne Moors. In 1974, our board endorsed a conservation plan with the Nature Conservancy Council"—for the area that is now the National Nature Reserve. "The N.C.C. didn't actually buy the land until 1985, if you can believe it, but we were honoring this agreement all that time. . . . If Fisons made one mistake, they didn't educate the people, didn't highlight the conservation work they were doing down the years." On the other hand, Egan says it would be easy to overstate the value of Thorne Moors. "It's of conservation interest, but to a very specialized group of individuals."

The company now has three public-relations people working full time on conservation issues. And Egan, who was supposed to be managing the Thorne Moors operation, found himself "spending one and a half to two days a week dealing with conservation issues"—activities that ranged from talking with journalists to negotiating with county planning officials and consulting with the Nature Conservancy Council. "I feel sad that so much time and effort is being spent in protecting an area that would have been protected anyway," he told me.

Egan argues that Fisons, and not its environmentalist critics, is the true conservationist, because it, and not the environmentalists, knows how to manage peat bogs. "None of it is textbook," he said. "Each moor is different—each has to be drained in a different way. We are the experts in this field, and we feel we can do a lot for conservation—more than the conservationists. Conservation means management. And management can also mean peat extraction."

Fisons' plan is to take all but the last eighteen inches of peat and then restore at least part of the moors—the company won't say exactly which part—and leave it as a nature reserve. "We won't do away with any particular species, or anything like that," Egan told me. The plan, he said, will encourage regrowth by transferring plants from uncut parts of the moors to areas that the company is finished with. That does not mean transplanting whole sections of turf, I was told this summer by Brian Wheeler. "Lots of people have tried transplanting turves from one ar-

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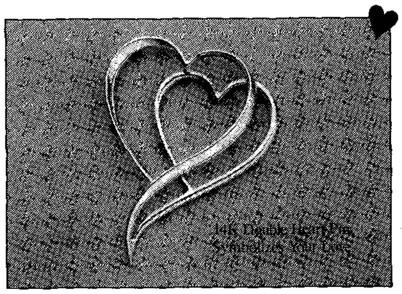
ea to another, but, really, the results are not particularly good—basically nothing happens," he said. Nor will Thorne Moors recover if it is left on its own. Older peat cuttings, there and elsewhere, have regenerated successfully, but bogs that were surface milled as much as thirty years ago have yet to recover, according to Richard Lindsay, the Nature Conservancy Council's peat specialist.

Wheeler is experimenting with a new approach. Working on a twenty-five-acre cut-over site, he is trying to set up the conditions from which Thorne Moors evolved over the past several thousand years, starting with the colonization of open water by cotton grass (several species of sedge that grow in shallow water), in the hope that nature will repeat the process, eventually creating a new raised bog on Thorne Moors. "But you can't just flood the system as it is," Wheeler says. "We think you need to even it out"—into a "corrugated surface" of ridges and hollows to eliminate "high and dry" spots. Wheeler estimates that it will be ten to twenty years before he can say how the worked-out peatlands should be landscaped.

Once the experimental plot is landscaped and flooded, cotton grass is to be transplanted there, on the theory that the floating plants will allow sphagnum mosses to colonize the area, and turn Thorne Moors back into a raised peat bog. No one knows how long this might take. Wheeler thinks that there would be "some good regrowth in fifty to a hundred years," but that the complete evolution to a raised bog, if it does occur, would take much longer.

There is uncertainty about how much peat Fisons would have to leave behind to make the experiment a success. According to David Bellamy, who has done surveys on Thorne Moors for Fisons, "they've got to leave at least a metre of peat"—roughly forty inches—"and then they can cut down another half metre" to form the hollows. Brian Wheeler is considering hollows from one to two metres deep—three to six feet. Yet Fisons has often said that it intends to leave just half a metre—slightly under twenty inches—of peat behind when it pulls out. However much peat the company and its scientific advisers finally agree should be left, there is the additional problem that it is difficult to know exactly when that point has been reached, since the peat



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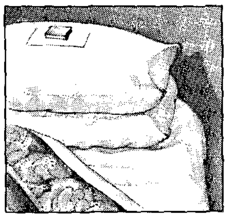

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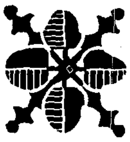
sits on an uneven layer of clay. In looking at cross-section views afforded by drains dug into the moors, I noticed several areas that appear to have less than half a metre of peat left now. Fisons' own records state that on parts of the illegally cut Snaith and Cowick Moors the company has left less than a fifth of a metre of peat. In a few places on Thorne Moors, Fisons has already taken all the peat, leaving the clay subsurface exposed. The Doncaster and District Ornithological Society reported in 1986 that the peat on Thorne Moors "is nowhere deeper than about 2.5 meters."

Wheeler acknowledges that his plan may not work. He is wrestling with an untried technology. The difficulties are myriad: from the mundane problem of how to obtain enough cotton grass to the profound one of whether it is possible to re-create the centuries-long evolution of a habitat without re-creating the environmental conditions (climate, for example) that existed over that period. Of the chances of re-creating a raised peat bog Roger Meade, a peatland specialist and the Nature Conservancy Council's officer responsible for Thorne Moors, says, "It's speculative." And Brian Eversham says, "You might be able to grow sphagnum moss, but sphagnum moss doesn't make a peat bog, any more than pine trees make a forest. A peat bog is a community of hundreds of plants and animals, and you can't just grow those."

A key question is whether the plants and animals left on Thorne Moors after Fisons goes will survive long enough to be able to recolonize a second-generation moor. Company spokesmen point with pride to roughly seven hundred and fifty acres of "nature reserves" now on the moors, which they say will constitute a refuge for insects, birds, and plants displaced by peat operations. "In that area, you should be well able to house all the particular species that are of value to the site," Egan says. Only the hundred-and-eighty-acre National Nature Reserve, which is owned by the Nature Conservancy Council, and a hundred and eighty-five acres of land managed by a local naturalist trust under an agreement with Fisons have legal protection, however. The remainder, less than four hundred acres, consists of small parcels of unprotected land that have already been cut over or contain too little peat to be worth extracting. Some of these parcels are being used as "donor" sites for Wheeler's restoration experiment; that is, the vegetation has been scraped off by heavy machinery and taken to the experiment site, so that suitable plants can be transplanted.



There are many species that the total reserves are too small to support in viable numbers, including birds of prey such as merlins and hen harriers, which rely on the moors as a winter habitat, and the northern eggar moth which requires a square mile of peatland to forage over. Nor are the reserves representative of the full range of habitats on Thorne Moors. Several of the most important habitats on the moors are unprotected and are scheduled for complete elimination within the next five years. "The raft spider's habitat will disappear from the moors within a year, according to Fisons' cutting plans," Brian Eversham says. In addition, the reserves, though they are not being drained themselves, are threatened by drainage elsewhere. So far, no way has been discovered to maintain the high water tables they need to survive while the land all around them is being drained.

No peat bog in Britain has been successfully restored, and the experience of peat-restoration projects elsewhere is not encouraging. In the early nineteen-eighties, after spending thirty-three million pounds on an attempt to restore five tiny parcels of bog, at a cost of two million pounds per square metre, Dutch conservationists decided that it made more sense to protect unspoiled bogs. Since all Holland's peat bogs have already been destroyed, Dutch conservation groups have bought several of Ireland's most severely threatened peat bogs.

Critics may doubt whether Fisons will really pay for such an expensive and uncertain restoration project, but Egan insists that the restoration will happen, because it makes good business sense. "We see Thorne Moors as being a wetland habitat," he told me. "There's not much else we can do with it, and it wouldn't be good for Fisons to walk away leaving a desert landscape behind. It's important to retain a good public image. Besides, everybody wants his little monument, and we'd like to leave behind something we're proud of." Those who dwell on the difficulties of re-creating a peat bog also exasperate him. "What are we trying to do?" he said. "Every eight hundred years, it's been a different landscape. At one time, it was under water. Do we keep it always the way it is now? I mean, a peat bog formed before; it'll form again if conditions are right."

Whatever the likelihood of Fisons' creating a new peat bog on the site of the one it has destroyed, many ecologists and conservationists are disturbed by the notion that it is all right to destroy an ecosystem if something else can be made to grow in its place later on. "The fact that eventually something, maybe even some kind of peat bog, will grow again on this site—if the developers are kept off for several centuries—is no excuse for destroying the living community that is there now," Jane Smart says. Brian Wheeler agrees with this argument—in part, at least. "I would very strongly resist any attempt to drain a pristine ecosystem on the ground that it could be re-created," he told me. "But Fisons is cutting away at a highly damaged raised bog. . . . Much of what is left there is appallingly miserable, a mixture of birch and bracken."

No ecologist would argue with the contention that Thorne Moors is no longer a pure raised bog. Man's actions there over the centuries have turned parts of it into a fen habitat, with a completely different set of plants and insects from the ones that can survive in the acid parts of the moorland. Other parts have dried out so much that they have been colonized by birch trees and bracken, and these parts have become important breeding and feeding places for some of Britain's rarest and best-loved birds, including nightjars, whinchats, and long-eared owls. This patchwork quality, some ecologists argue, is all the more reason for protecting the moorland. "Its great diversity and its size are what make Thorne Moors valuable—not just the fact that part of it is a raised bog," Brian Eversham says. And Jane Smart says, "You can't look at this thing just as a botanist or just as a peat-bog person. You have to look at the mixture that nature and history have given you, and not set a level of purity and ignore anything that falls short. How we treat our working land, the land that has produced for us, is a better measure of our society and of our future than how we treat the few pristine places we have left."

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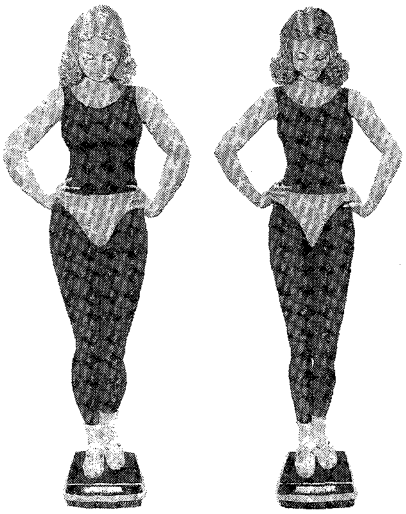

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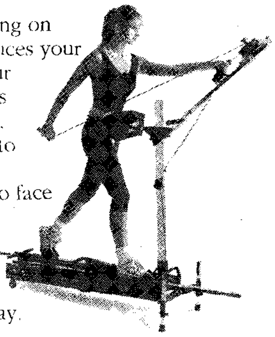

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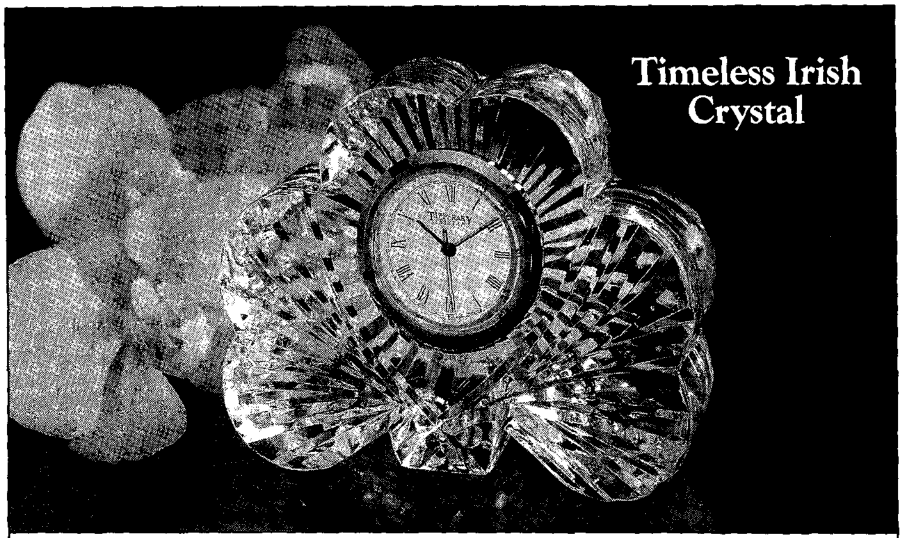

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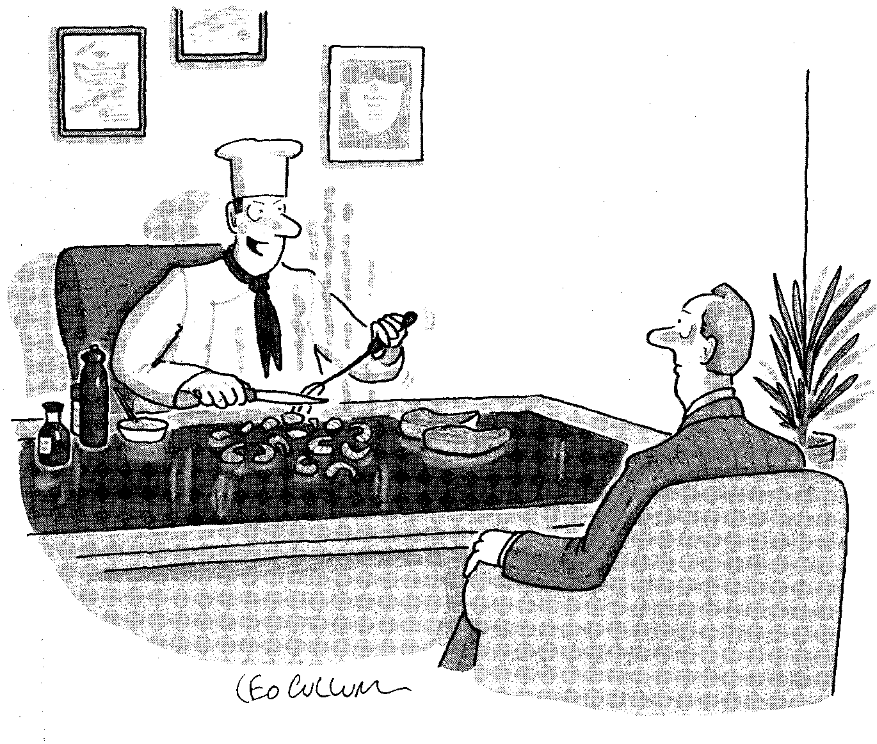
MUSICAL EVENTS

Reconstruction

IN six full-length and three one-act operas Carlisle Floyd has striven, as Smetana once strove, to create a national repertory. All but two of them—"Wuthering Heights" and "Markheim," a one-act opera after the Robert Louis Stevenson story—have American settings. And three of them have been very widely performed. "Slow Dusk" (1949), Floyd's first opera, a one-acter set in the Carolina hills, has had more than seventy-five productions. "Of Mice and Men" (1970), his fourth full-length opera, has been played in over twenty cities (including Augsburg, Amsterdam, and Wexford). "Susannah" (1955), his first full-length opera, has been the most successful of all. After the New York City Opera première, in 1956, Winthrop Sargeant called it in these pages "a very important artistic experience" and "probably the most moving and impressive opera to have been written in America—or anywhere else, as far as I am aware—since Gershwin's 'Porgy and Bess.' " In 1982, I reviewed its two-hundredth production (again at the City Opera), and since then "Susannah" has received perhaps fifty further productions. "The Passion of Jonathan Wade," Floyd's third full-length opera, had its première, at the City Opera, in 1962. Mr. Sargeant wrote, "The new work contains some lovely, soaring arias, duets, and so on, and, beginning with the second part of the second act, it grips the audience with a strong sense of drama as well as with some fine music." He found the earlier scenes somewhat static, partly because of a libretto that was "dreadfully complicated for operatic treatment" and "often very prosy," but he concluded that the opera was, despite those flaws, "an interesting and musically quite inspired work." In a personal letter, Floyd now reveals, Mr. Sargeant urged the composer to ignore the largely unfavorable reviews that the opera had received. But the City Opera did not revive it, and no other company took it up. Nearly thirty years later, Floyd has revised and reworked "The Passion of Jonathan Wade." The new version—a joint presentation of the Houston, Miami, San Diego, and Seattle opera companies—had its first performance last month, in Houston (where the premières of Floyd's "Bilby's Doll," in 1976, and "Willie Stark," in 1981, were given, and where "Susannah" and "Of Mice and Men" have been played). The Miami production is due next month, San Diego's in April, and Seattle's in October of next year.



"And should you retain us, Mr. Hodal, you'll find that we're more than just a law firm."

In a 1956 essay Floyd set out some thoughts about contemporary American opera. Librettos (Floyd writes his own) should "meet all the stipulations of competent playwriting—for instance, careful, logical structure, thorough motivation both in plot and in character development, a reasonable balance between characters and situations . . . as well as a sustained emotional atmosphere and a well-defined conflict and at least partial resolution." Then, "the presence of a 'theme' which is never tiresomely didactic" is desirable, since it is "time that opera took it upon itself to make some comment on contemporary life and timeless human problems." Music and drama, "if necessary, should be capable of existing autonomously," but "the fusion of the two should enhance and make each more significant." Finally, "When composers of operas in this country have managed to create works as unequivocally American in spirit and locale but as universal in theme and application as we find, say, in 'The Scarlet Letter,' I believe we can feel that we have developed a type of lyric theater that may stand without apology yet in graceful acknowledgment of its predecessors in Europe."

"Susannah" (the Biblical tale retold in a Bible Belt valley), "The Passion of Jonathan Wade" (with a plot, Floyd's own, set in the South during Reconstruction), "Of Mice and Men," "Bilby's Doll" (which is drawn from Esther Forbes' 1928 novel "A Mirror for Witches," about a New England witch hunt), and "Willie Stark" (which is based on Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men") meet most of the composer's requirements: interesting matter; a "theme" at once American and universal; a sustained and particular atmosphere; a conflict at least partially resolved. The only bother has been the music. Is it apt in idiom? Is it good enough? Is it—the question always arises with play-set-to-music operas—necessary? Let me leave those hard questions aside for a while.

Mr. Sargeant (also naming the eminent singers of the première) summarized the plot of Floyd's 1962 opera thus:

> Colonel Jonathan Wade, of the Union forces (sung by Theodor Uppman), is a kindly and upright man who falls in love with Celia, a Southern belle (sung by Phyllis Curtin); marries her against the wishes of her likable aristocratic father, Judge Brooks Townsend (sung by Norman Treigle); and becomes so inextricably entangled between the evil and corrupt forces of both South and North that he is on the point of desertion when he is shot, by nobody knows which side.

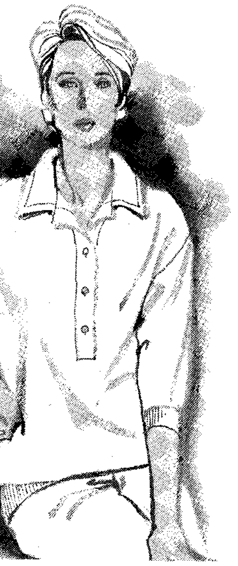
Wade, Celia, and the Judge are baritone, soprano, and bass-baritone. The setting is Columbia, South Carolina, where Wade, the military governor, works for reconciliation with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, until he is driven to despair and desertion. Two tenors represent the opposed forces that, between them, destroy him: Enoch Pratt, a fanatical Northern politician, a Radical Republican, subverts Wade's men, and schemes for his dismissal; Lucas Wardlaw, a Southern dandy who resents the loss of his slaves, leads the Klan to Wade's house. The mezzo is Nicey, a bighearted black retainer in the Judge's house. Between the main scenes—three in the outer acts, two in Act II—there are "episodes," vignettes: black children with their jaunty song "I free as a frog," a charlatan pardon seller, a pair of carpetbaggers, a crowd assembled for the unveiling of a Confederate war memorial, and so on.

The need for making changes to "Jonathan Wade," Floyd said in an essay, "was the result in some instances of the haste with which I had had to write the opera, and in others the lack of the kind of more mature dramatic and compositional skills that can only come with the experience of writing for the musical theater over a period of time." He estimates that about forty per cent of the libretto has been rewritten and that nearly eighty per cent of the music is "totally new or recomposed." (I did not see the original production, but have compared the 1962 and the 1991 vocal scores.) The big structural revision is a condensing of the action from a long span of over four years—May, 1865, to October, 1869—into just seven months of 1865. As a result, Celia is deprived of the two-year-old baby she has in the original last act, and with him she loses a certain Butterfly poignancy. Pratt's wife, Amy, has also disappeared; he now sings his villainous "credo" (the "three years" of vain appeal to Wade revised into "six months") alone onstage—with a slightly stagy effect such as Dr. Bartolo might make were he to address his "Vendetta" aria solely to the audience, no Marcellina present. One change I do not understand. The second-scene sequence of Wade and Celia's first real meeting—her angry aria "You 'know'! You 'understand'! You know nothing," his aria "For four years I felt drowned in blood," and, when he has left, her aria "My face has lost its mourning veil; Has my heart also lost its shroud?"—is now interrupted by an exit for Wade after the first aria. In added recitative, Celia summons Nicey to fetch him back. Did Floyd think that the pair fell in love too quickly? I think that the original unbroken lyric sweep—recalling the "Che gelida manina . . . Mi chiamano Mimì . . . O soave fanciulla" sequence of "La Bohème"—might be more effective, more convincing. To the penultimate scene Floyd has added a quarrel for the couple that adds little to the plot. (The opera did seem to me to need shortening; the acts lasted about sixty-five, fifty, and sixty minutes. I wondered whether some of the episodes—touches of local and historic color—are needed now that only months, not years, pass.) All three act finales have been extensively revised: the first and second are stronger; in the third, instead of Celia alone, mourning, we have Nicey crooning over her, "Love him, blessed Jesus."

"The Passion of Jonathan Wade" has a "theme." It is a pacificist opera. The Houston company when it scheduled the production cannot have known how intently, how solemnly its audience would hear the climax of Wade's first aria:

Butchery, terror, slaughter, and tears:
These are the things of which war is
 made.
Well, I have made a solemn vow to God
That I will never fight again.
I'll spend all the passion in me
To fight for peace,
But never again will I be charged
With the death of another man.
Never again . . . never again.

Nicey, Pratt, and Wardlaw are stage clichés; the Judge, a fine old Southern gentleman until adversity crazes him,



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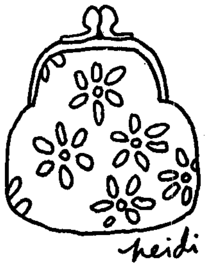
comes close to cliché. But Wade and Celia have more individual substance, and Wade's dilemma is a real one. Yet there is something unsatisfactory about the resolution: his decision to evade responsibility—to desert, to flee, in disguise, to Brazil. It seems unworthy of the steadfast hero we have been admiring. Floyd's intention may be to sound a bleak, realistic moral: even the best of men cannot withstand for long the machinations of ambitious, unscrupulous politicians but sooner or later gives up the struggle for decency. Intentional, perhaps, is a hollowness in Wade's self-justificatory lines at the height of his "passion":

> Desertion! It's the only way! . . .
> They've won in forcing me to this
> But I also win in choosing to leave . . . .
> For the first time in months
> I am an undivided man . . . .
> I am strangely, strangely at peace.

The music? There's the rub. That question I raised about play-set-to-music operas is sometimes easily answered. Verdi's "Don Carlos" and "Otello," Berg's "Wozzeck," Stravinsky's "Oedipus" are not redundant works. Powerful performances of the Schiller, Shakespeare, Büchner, and Sophocles originals may make music seem needless, but to musical listeners the operas offer new and different adventures for heart, mind, and understanding. Great creators meet as equals. The composer offers another vision, an interpretation, of the playwright's noble matter; the manifold powers of music join those of the spoken word. On another level, great composers can by their music transfigure paltry plays, giving them substance and lasting life. And they can do so for plays not paltry but neglected: Beaumarchais's "Le Barbier de Séville" and "Le Mariage de Figaro" are good and unforgotten plays—but millions more people have seen Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro." About thirty years ago, I enjoyed André Obey's "Viol de Lucrèce" in a way-off-Shaftesbury Avenue theatre; I have come across no revivals since but have enjoyed Britten's "Rape of Lucretia" many, many times. Composers can also produce pop versions of difficult, demanding masterpieces. Goethe's "Faust" is one; millions more people have seen and enjoyed its reduction to Gounod's "Faust." On a lower level are the merely effective, and for a while commercially successful, plays and the operas that are based on them. Because the theatre public willingly attends new plays while the opera public prefers old plays, the operas continue to be done long after the plays disappear. Scribe's "Adrienne Lecouvreur," Sardou's "La Tosca" and "Fédora," Belasco's "Madame Butterfly" and "Girl of the Golden West" no longer live on Broadway, on Shaftesbury Avenue, [illegible] anywhere else, but musical versions of those plays by Cilea, Puccini, and Giordano continue to enjoy frequent revivals the world over.



Where does Floyd stand in all this? Musically, I think, beside Cilea and Giordano. His melodic lines, his harmonies, his forms recall theirs. He follows the text, clothing it in the conventional lyric gestures of early-twentieth-century Italian opera. The numbers (self-consciously evident, and often closed by signal-for-applause cadences) are usually constructed by the repetition of short-breathed motifs. "Of Mice and Men" seems to me an "unnecessary" opera, for the music adds nothing to the Steinbeck play. In "The Passion of Jonathan Wade," there are American touches—the "Free as a frog" song, a spiritual that Nicey sings at Wade and Celia's wedding—and there are superficial borrowings from the Britten of "Peter Grimes." But, essentially, this is another after-Puccini score composed by one without Puccini's melodic genius, formal ambition, or self-critical conciseness. The dramaturgy aims high; the music is unchallenging. Still, Floyd has skill. His work falls easily on the ear. He sets English well. He scores well. He writes roles in which singers can shine. He offers Puccini-attuned American singers and audiences an American alternative to Puccini and post-Puccini that they can readily grasp. The revision shows much striking and effective recomposition. In 1962, the Klansmen and the Union forces, after Wade had been shot, embarked on a double-chorus recriminatory fugato on "You killed him. It was one of you!" In the revision, the words are idiomatically reinflected into a new shape and the fugato is cut short before it begins to suggest the exchanges of a Gilbertian chorus. Comparison of almost any page where the original idea has been retained shows that it has been given a new and apter inflection.

The Houston performance, conducted by John DeMain (with the Houston Symphony in the pit) and directed by the composer, was accomplished. Dale Duesing gave a sensitive, intelligent account of the title role. Sheryl Woods, an attractive Celia, pushed into impurity and an all-purpose vowel when she sang loud and high, but in softer passages she was often moving. The other principals were Debria Brown (Nicey), Julian Patrick (Judge Townsend), Joseph Evans (Wardlaw), and John Duykers (Pratt). Donnie Ray Albert was impressive in his short solo as a black judge who renounces the struggle ("A court of law is a farce here!") and returns to Washington. Eric Perkins brought a healthy young tenor and clear, naturally projected words to the small role of Wade's lieutenant. Expert décor and lighting by Günther Schneider-Siemssen mingled projected with built scenery, and included, for some of the episodes, that happy device of an illusionistic flat drop so skillfully painted that it seems to hang on diagonals and create a three-dimensional scene. Allen Charles Klein's costumes were at once authentic and becoming.

Floyd is a large presence on the American opera scene. He is performed all over, and even those temperamentally ill-attuned to his musical idiom must reckon with him. Dislike of his musical manner is usually tempered by regard for his intentions. One fierce critic of the original "Jonathan Wade"—Conrad Osborne, in *The Musical Times*—wrote, "Floyd has avoided no stereotype of character, no cliché of dramatic situation that I can think of. . . . The score has no choice but to find literal, plodding solutions for the literal, plodding inspirations of the text. Gone entirely is the fresh, spontaneous feeling of lyricism that invested 'Susannah' or the unashamed romantic spirit that made 'Wuthering Heights' intermittently effective."

But he continued, "Floyd is a composer one can't help liking—free from academic strictures, unashamed of the conservative, tuneful mode which comes naturally to him. And of course his attempt to fill out a large frame, and the high-minded sincerity with which he goes about it, are entirely admirable." —ANDREW PORTER

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

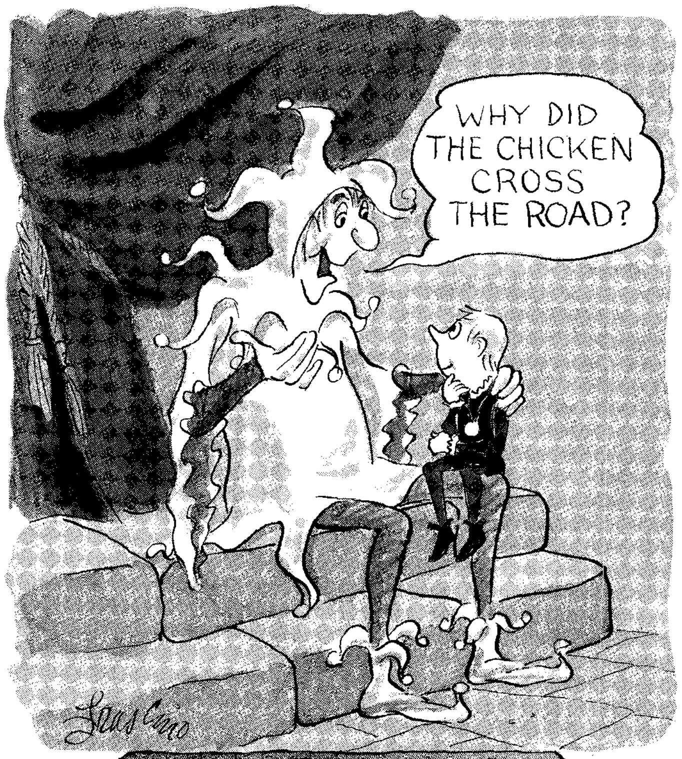
JANUARY 25

LONG after the war with Iraq is over, long into the future, people will be going over and over the story, trying to figure out how we got into this war, and whether it was necessary. The extent to which the latter question will be studied will depend on things that can't be known now—not only on how actually successful the war is but also whether it is a political success. There have been wars that a lot of people opposed at the time, and also thought were botched and not worth the cost in lives lost, but that have gone down in myth as political successes. Grenada is a fairly recent example. As people positioned themselves on the Iraqi war—before it broke out—they knew that when it was over they would be politically called to judgment. They also knew that the war would be of a scale we haven't seen since Vietnam and in an area that held all sorts of near-term and long-term dangers.

A lot of people here had seen this war coming for a long time—whether or not they supported it—but as it drew nearer many of those who didn't want it to happen went through a process of denial. Some were still grasping at straws, thinking there still could be some deal, an hour before the bombs started falling. But the possibility of war had been clear ever since Bush said, on August 5th, that the aggression against Kuwait "will not stand." It was evident from conversations with Administration officials from very early on that some of them believed it would come to war—and that some thought that just as well. Once the President committed the nation to the liberation of Kuwait, the policy of starting with sanctions and of at least appearing to pursue the diplomatic course while the troops and equipment were dispatched to the Gulf region had its own logic, whether the outcome was to be a peaceful solution or war. It was clear from very early on that some officials saw sanctions and diplomacy as the necessary political precursors of war—that each would be, as one official put it, "a box to check." In the early days, an official said to me that by the time we went to war the President would be able to say that he had tried sanctions and tried diplomacy. They were also the necessary logistical precursors of war: the military needed time to build up its forces in the Gulf region.

It isn't the case, as so many people believe, that the Administration gave no thought to the long-range implications of such a war, or its downsides. From almost the beginning, I heard people who seemed to accept the idea of a war acknowledge its possible negative consequences. They were as aware as outside people of the dangers of creating a power vacuum that Syria or Iran might fill and of encouraging fundamentalist Muslim extremism. But, for these officials, smashing Saddam Hussein's military machine—and, if possible, his regime—had priority. It was a case of first things first. Some thought has been given to post-crisis security arrangements, and some papers have been written—even if far more thought has been given to ridding the region of the threat posed by Saddam Hussein, and more time was devoted to that end. The same policymakers had to think near term (what the President should say today; how to respond to peace initiatives by others) and long term. It is out of awareness of some of the long-term dangers that the war has so far been conducted with the aim of not destroying Iraq itself but destroying Iraq's most dangerous military wherewithal. The idea, as a senior Administration official put it recently, is "just to substantially reduce Iraq's ability to threaten its neighbors." He went on, "But we realize there's a place for an Iraq with some military capability once this is over. It will always be a major player, by virtue of its location and population. We don't want to alienate the Iraqi people—just deal with their leader, who has taken them down this dangerous path."

Of course, the President's issue with Saddam Hussein has never been simply about Kuwait. Over the months, Bush has told us that it's also about oil, about Iraq's possession of chemical weapons and effort to achieve a nuclear weapon, about the threat Hussein poses to his other neighbors, and about the need to establish a "new world order" in the wake of (what seemed to be) the end of the Cold War. Trying to read Bush's mind and to understand his impulses on Iraq has been a major pastime here—an exercise that takes people into geopolitics and amateur psychoanalysis. Some people who know Bush maintain that for him the rape of Kuwait was an issue of principle. Over the months, in meeting with congressional leaders, Bush spoke with evident feeling about Iraq's brutal treatment of Kuwait. Not long ago, a White House aide said to me that on Iraq Bush "is unlike he is on any other issue." The aide went on to explain, "Usually, he sees the complexities, and doesn't care all that much. He didn't care all that much about capital gains. But this touches some deep inner core. He was deeply offended by the aggression against Kuwait. Later, the atrocities also upset him deeply." Not long after that conversation, Bush said in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HAMLET AND YORICK
THE PREQUEL

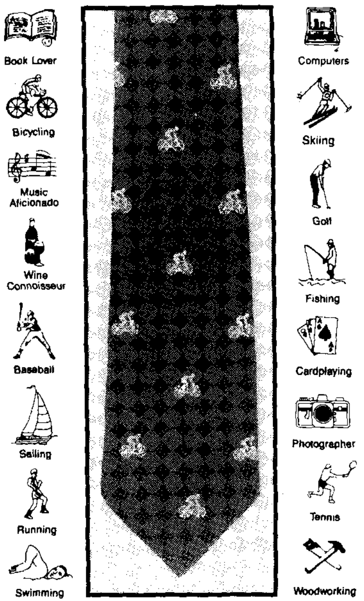
a letter to college students, "There is much in the modern world that is . . . washed in shades of gray. But not the brutal aggression of Saddam Hussein. . . . It's black and white."

The theory that Bush had been influenced by Henry Stimson—William Howard Taft's Secretary of War, Herbert Hoover's Secretary of State, and then Franklin Roosevelt's Secretary of War—recently enjoyed a certain vogue here. A biography of Stimson, by the British writer Godfrey Hodgson, was published last fall, and Bush was said to be reading it. Like Bush, Stimson was a New England blue blood, a member of the Yankee establishment—even a Yalie who belonged to Skull and Bones—and, Hodgson points out, Stimson gave the commencement address when young George Bush was graduating from Andover. (Bush mentions this in his autobiography.) Stimson was one of the founding fathers of the Eastern foreign-policy establishment, and stood for collective security and resistance to aggression. There is also a theory that Bush's resolve was strengthened by Margaret Thatcher when the two met in Aspen on August 2nd, that Mrs. Thatcher saw the invasion of Kuwait as a matter of principle.

But there is another view of what was going on with Bush—which he reinforced by his own rhetoric—before the war began. In this view, Bush was proving something to himself and the world—showing what a tough guy he is. When he personalized the issue as one between him and Saddam Hussein, when he swaggered and did his Clint Eastwood routine, when he said that Hussein is "going to get his ass kicked," he gave credence to the idea that he was proving something. This is a speculation that members of Congress—even ones who don't much admire Bush—are reluctant to talk about openly. A senator said to me recently, reluctantly, "We all know instinctively this is not a strong man. It's greatly disturbing. I try not to think about it. I don't know anyone who's honest with himself who doesn't think this." One important member of Congress said to me not long ago that before the war began "a good many people" in Congress were concerned about Bush's behavior—about what this person called Bush's "obsession" with Iraq, his "fixation" on it, "to the exclusion of everything else. A lot of people who met with him did get concerned." The answer is probably some blend of both theories. Last fall, an important member of Congress who had met with Bush several times said, unhappily, "I don't know whether he's convinced Saddam Hussein, but he's sure convinced me." It seems most likely that some very important principles are involved for Bush—ones he might not apply in a less strategically situated place, or in an area without oil, or one that didn't pose a threat to governments headed by friends of his—and that he is proving something. Unfortunately, his rhetoric and manner at times compromised the seriousness of his purpose.

There is also reason to conclude that Bush was spoiling for a fight with Saddam Hussein for some time. Hussein's obduracy raises the question of whether a political settlement was ever possible, but—deliberately or not—Bush left little room for one. It was clear for some time that some of Bush's top advisers thought that in the long run it would be better to take Saddam Hussein on now, before he was in a position to cause more trouble. (It became known here not long ago that John Sununu, the President's chief of staff, was telling people that a short, successful war would be pure political gold for the President—would guarantee his reëlection. It's also believed by some here that among the reasons for the President's deciding to bring things to a head in January, getting the United Nations to set a deadline, were both economic and political ones; according to this line of thought, the President didn't want to risk a protracted war in an election year.)

In fact, at the first National Security Council meeting the President held in August, after the invasion of Kuwait, it was understood that the question had to do with stopping Hussein from menacing other Arab states and from eventually going after Israel with chemical or nuclear weapons. Once other important Arab nations—primarily Saudi Arabia and Egypt—signed on to this rationale, the United States was committed to reducing Iraq's military strength irrespective of Kuwait. (The Saudis are said to be more concerned about reducing Iraq's million-man Army than about its possible weapons—or about Kuwait.) From the beginning, one of Bush's stated goals was "stabili-



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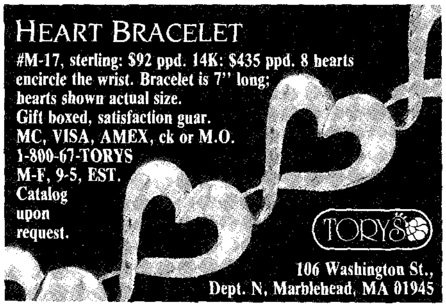

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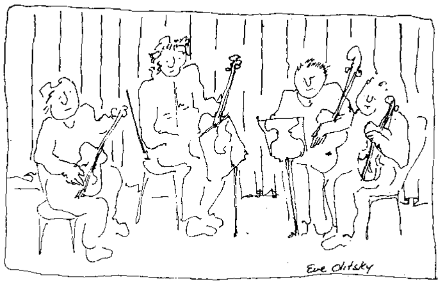
ty in the Persian Gulf region," which could mean a lot of things. This is why it eventually became the Administration's explicit position that even if Iraq withdrew from Kuwait a return to the status quo ante wouldn't suffice—that, one way or another, Iraq's weaponry had to be reduced. This goal wasn't explicitly part of the United Nations resolutions, but the last one adopted, which authorized the use of force, also said a goal was "to restore . . . security in the area." Some officials believed all along that the only way to achieve it was by military means. When Brent Scowcroft, the national security adviser, was asked on "Meet the Press" on the Sunday before the invasion whether Hussein's chemical weapons and nuclear potential could as effectively be eliminated by other than military means, he answered quickly and flatly, "No." A couple of months earlier, Scowcroft had asked a strategically placed member of Congress if he didn't feel that war was the more effective way of getting rid of these weapons. Scowcroft, whose mild demeanor masks a very tough inner core, has been believed to be, next to Bush, the most "hawkish" of the policymakers. Scowcroft is a kind man, and a thoughtful one, but also a very tough infighter; he prevailed in some important instances even over Secretary of State James Baker. However, by various accounts, the President needed no pushing toward a showdown with Saddam Hussein.

Two things made the dealing with this particular policy issue unusual. The first is that very few people were in on the policymaking. The secretive President held the decisions very tightly; out of the entire government, no more than a dozen—and probably fewer than ten—were actually in on them. (Only three people had been in on the decision, later overturned, to send Baker to Baghdad.) A lot more people kibitzed, worked on pieces of the policy, were willing to talk about the policy, but only a tiny group was in on the decisions. Such an arrangement isn't conducive to fully airing opinions. From the time the first commitments were made, there appears to have been no great internal debate; there were differences in degree, but this war had no George Ball. Baker had been reluctant to get involved militarily, fearing the political effect of body bags, but he appears to have let no great distance develop between himself and the President. It is worth remembering that the biggest decision was taken early and hastily: that, one way or another, Iraq would be completely forced out of Kuwait. The line was absolute. The second thing that made this issue unusual was the amount of dissembling that went on. Publicly, and even in most private conversations, no one, of course, was for war—even though some saw it as the preferred solution. Everyone was for a "peaceful resolution." But those words don't mean much; the real issue was how "peaceful resolution" was defined. Candor came in short blips. On this more than any other issue, one had to try to figure out why someone was saying what he was saying.

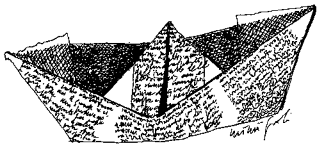
In early December, a senior official referred to what he called the "messy solution": Saddam Hussein withdraws from less than all of Kuwait and remains in power with his weapons intact. But any removal of weapons would be temporary; the only way to be sure that the Iraqi regime doesn't menace its neighbors with terrible weapons for some time to come is to remove the Iraqi regime *and* its weapons. War, of course, provides its own messy solutions. This was, in fact, a major factor in the thinking of many of those here—congressmen, former officials—who preferred to stay with sanctions longer or actually (whether they said so or not) opposed a war.

Just as officials all said they preferred a peaceful solution, they said—virtually up to the point where Marlin Fitzwater, the President's spokesman, announced a week ago Wednesday evening, "The liberation of Kuwait has begun"—that the President hadn't made a decision to go to war, even though it seemed that the President had long since decided on war. Toward the end of November, shortly before the United Nations deadline of January 15th was set, a senior official indicated that, for credibility, we wouldn't be able to wait long after the deadline had passed. We could never be quite sure, as we passed the markers on the way to war, exactly what the President was thinking or how many of the "diplomatic" paths were real. It was noticeable that Administration officials described any partial withdrawal from Kuwait—one that left the disputed islands and oil field in the hands of Iraq—as "the nightmare scenario." The "nightmare" may have been less Hussein's acquisition of territory than his remaining well armed and in power. It was also noticeable that as the deadline drew near some officials spoke with obvious anxiety about the possibility that Hussein might make enough of a move toward withdrawal that it would become politically impossible for us to go to war. There will always be some mystery about this story. The memoirs won't necessarily tell us the truth; historians will draw various conclusions. There is little question that American policy toward Iraq before August 2nd will be looked upon with disfavor, but though the subject is in the air people here feel now is no time to argue about that. The real measurement of the "success" of this war can't be made for years—until we have seen its aftereffects.



IT seems clear that some of the President's advisers were more interested in a negotiated outcome than others. One has to be careful about this, because of the self-servingness of officials and their aides, but there is real evidence that Baker and his closest advisers believed longer than others did that there could and should be a political settlement. A lot of people here think that the President, by his terms for a settlement and by his rhetoric, pushed Hussein—as well as himself—into a corner. A former Pentagon official says, "You don't talk to Arabs like they're dogs in the street; you don't say you're going to kick their ass. This is not to say he would have backed down, but that level of discourse isn't conducive to a diplomatic solution." A key senator says that the threat of war "stirred Saddam's Arab macho." Scowcroft didn't like the idea of Baker going to Baghdad: he was concerned that something that the President had done, as an official puts it, "for domestic reasons," would raise questions in our Arab allies' eyes about our resolve, and signal weakness to Saddam Hussein. It was for these reasons—and because of suspicions that Baker might be too interested in negotiating—that the President refused to bargain on dates for the Baghdad meeting. In the end, the President scuttled the trip, blaming the Iraqis for refusing to set a date for the meeting before January 12th. And no sooner was the possible trip to Baghdad announced than the President defined its terms in a manner that made it difficult for Hussein to accept—saying "There can be no face-saving," "I'm not in a negotiating mood," "They must withdraw without condition," "There will be no give" on the Middle East peace conference. When I asked a senior Administration official in early January why Saddam Hussein had stuck on a meeting on the twelfth, not offering an earlier date, he said, "Initially, the Iraqis were interested in the offer of meetings, but when they realized we wouldn't play the game with dates, and wouldn't negotiate, they backed off."

The State Department did in fact appear more interested in trying to make a deal with Hussein than the White House was, and, after it was announced that Baker would meet Iraqi Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz in Geneva on January 9th, an official confirmed to me that the President and Scowcroft had reined Baker in by moving the meeting to Geneva, and having it held with Aziz rather than Hussein. Though Baker partisans have taken care during this crisis to portray him as more the man of peace than the President and Scowcroft, and one must be chary of the Baker people's efforts, of which there have been many, to paint Baker as the good guy, it is apparently the case that Baker, who is congenitally more of a dealmaker than other officials, was more inclined than others to try to work something out. Bush and Baker are very close, and Baker has a great deal of influence with the President, but it appears that in this instance the President's (and Scowcroft's) will prevailed. As soon as the Geneva meeting was announced, there arose the question of whether Baker might go on to Baghdad if invited by Aziz. The President, in one of his Friday-afternoon pre-helicopter-boarding press availabilities on the South Lawn of the White House, said, in answer to this question, flatly, "No." It was noticeable that Baker, on a television interview program over that weekend, and even in his press conference in Geneva, was careful to say that "the President" had decided that he couldn't go on to Baghdad. (On the interview program, he added, "I'll leave it right there.") Publicly, Administration officials said that the Baghdad meeting—on the twelfth or any time after the Geneva meeting—had been nixed because it would give Saddam Hussein an opportunity to drag us into negotiations past the deadline, and, while that was true enough, it wasn't the whole truth. Baker was sent to Geneva with very little maneuvering room, but, as it happened, so was Tariq Aziz. A trip to Baghdad might not have made any difference, but State Department officials, perhaps in an attempt to cover themselves, concede privately that Baker's not going to Baghdad omitted a step from "going the extra mile" (as the President pledged) for a peaceful settlement.



The rationale for our no-concessions, no-compromise policy was that anything that made Saddam Hussein appear to have gained anything from his attack on Kuwait would make him a hero in the eyes of the Arab world, and a future menace. But not everyone in the Arab world, including some of our allies there, saw it that way—nor did everyone here. Some people here thought that Hussein would never withdraw from Kuwait voluntarily—that in order to stay in power he didn't dare. Some people's claiming now to have thought that all along may be retroactive wisdom, but as the crisis played out there were people in both camps—that he would, and that he wouldn't—but more people, including some experts in the Arab world, who thought that he would. After the war broke out, one well-placed official told me—honestly, I think (even though he hadn't mentioned it before)—that he had never thought Saddam Hussein would withdraw from Kuwait, as a matter of survival, particularly after he had given up his gains from his long war with Iran. This person said, "Saddam didn't think he'd be challenged over his invasion of Kuwait, and, once challenged, Arab pride was involved. He couldn't have two losses in a row."

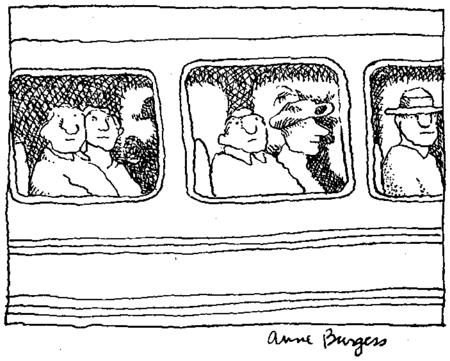
Historians—in the middle distance and far into the future—will pore over the question of whether there were missed opportunities. The question will arise—it is already with us—as to whether the Administration foreclosed efforts by other countries to make a settlement. Not long ago, word circulated here that an Algerian initiative, in mid-December, had the concurrence of the Saudis as well as the Iraqis but was scotched by Washington. Officials here deny that. There will remain questions about whether, by insisting that there be no "linkage" between a possible Middle East peace conference to deal with the Israeli-Palestinian issue—not even "the appearance" of linkage—the Administration closed off an exit. The Administration was correct when it argued that Saddam Hussein hadn't invaded Kuwait to help the Palestinian cause—that his call for a peace conference was a diversion—and at the end he failed to respond positively even to a French proposal, openly opposed by us, that came as close as anything to linking a withdrawal by Iraq to a peace conference. (The French actually worded the proposal to take care of some of our concerns about a peace conference.) On the Saturday before the war began, Bush, speaking about United Nations Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar's trip to Baghdad, then under way, said that it was acceptable for the Secretary-General to talk to Hussein about a peace conference, but "it depends on how it's put forward," which seemed to raise the possibility that we might go to war over semantics.

Another influence on Bush, it seems, has been his friends who head moderate Arab regimes—President Hosni Mubarak, of Egypt, and King Fahd, of Saudi Arabia. Bush prides himself on developing personal relationships with foreign leaders, and his friendships with these particular leaders had been a source of concern to people deeply committed to the interests of Israel. Now these people find Bush's being pals with these Arab leaders just fine, because of the coincidence of Egypt's and Saudi Arabia's and Israel's interests in ridding the Middle East of the menace of Saddam Hussein. Throughout the crisis, we were told that the Saudi and the Egyptian leaders were most eager to see the end of the dangerous Iraqi regime. One of the more interesting and colorful figures in this whole story is the Saudi Ambassador to the United States, Prince Bandar bin Sultan—a dashing forty-one-year-old former fighter pilot, who has a very friendly relationship with Bush as well as with a lot of other people around town and has been in and out of American policy (including the Iran-Contra affair) for years. Bandar, who is King Fahd's nephew, is described by people who know the situation well as being more hawkish than the king (or than his father, the Saudi Defense Minister) and also, as the king's *protégé*, as having been an influence on him of late. Bandar made well known here his unhappiness with the original announcement of the Baker mission to Baghdad—both because he hadn't been told about it ahead of time and because he thought it gave Saddam Hussein a trophy. Bandar was also upset that Bush had proposed that our allies would sit in on the discussions, because that made them look all the more like our patsies—and that proposal, one of a few that hadn't been thought through when the trip was first announced, was quickly dropped, for various reasons.

THE congressional debate over authorizing the President to use force to drive Iraq from Kuwait was, as described, serious, and even sombre, but for the great majority of the members it was not as difficult a decision as has been suggested. As one congressional aide explained it to me afterward, "it was the most difficult *vote* any of them had ever cast; it wasn't the most difficult decision." What he meant was that by far most of the members of Congress decided without difficulty where their vote would come out, but few savored actually casting it. The aide said, "The vote was a potential career-killer—either way." The members of Congress knew that they could be caught on the wrong side of history—but when they voted there was no telling which side that would be. This is one reason so many people wanted to speak on the issue, forcing both the House and the Senate to meet in overnight sessions on Friday, January 11th. Most of those who voted to authorize the President to use force understood that they were committing young Americans to war. A Republican congressman, who supported the use-of-force resolution, said to me afterward, "Last year, I went to a memorial for a serviceman who died in Panama. Twenty-three of our military people died there. That number doesn't sound so big until you look the family in the eye."

The vote was more partisan than the issue is—in Washington as well as in the rest of the country. Not all Republicans, and certainly not all people who have supported the military or military action in the past, were behind the idea of going to war over Kuwait—or of going to war at all. However, the President had got himself, and the country's prestige, so committed to the deadline set by the United Nations (at our behest) that by the time the debate began, on Thursday, January 10th, there was no question as to the outcome of the vote. Similarly, there is a natural tendency, especially strong among Republicans, to rally around the President—but the vote was a close call for a few Republicans. Two Republican senators and three Republican representatives opposed the use-of-force resolution. And not all of those in what has come to be termed the war party care a fig about Kuwait. Still, they do think that the menace of Saddam Hussein has to be put an end to. There is also a significant group of people—many but not all of whom have former ties to the military—who have been "hawkish" in the past but don't think that the invasion of Kuwait should have been defined as threatening our vital interests. (Some point out that there is no oil shortage now.)

Some of the ten Democrats in the Senate and the eighty-six Democrats in the House who supported the use-of-force resolution did so in large part because of their overriding concern for the fate of Israel, which wanted to be rid of the danger posed by Saddam Hussein. Not all the Democrats who backed the use of force did it because of Israel, and those who did gave other reasons as well, but everyone knew it was an important factor. And not all Democrats close to Israel supported the use-of-force resolution; in fact, according to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), Jewish members in both chambers were divided roughly fifty-fifty. Before the voting, on Saturday, January 12th, the White House, working closely with AIPAC, lobbied Jewish members of Congress and other Democrats who had close ties to Israel. Some of this lobbying wasn't very subtle: on the Friday morning before the vote, over a hundred members of Congress, a large proportion of them Jewish, were invited to a breakfast meeting with Bush; a few of the invited were very liberal members who had never voted a dime for defense and were most unlikely to vote for the war (and didn't).



The White House had also been instrumental in the setting up last December of the Committee for Peace and Security in the Gulf, headed by Richard Perle, a defense conservative who had served in the Reagan Administration; Ann Lewis, a liberal Democratic activist; and Representative Stephen Solarz, of New York, a senior Democrat on the Foreign Affairs Committee. Solarz co-sponsored the resolution authorizing the President to use force, in the process angering several of his Democratic colleagues. (There was less anger directed at him than at Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, who had started out questioning the wisdom of going beyond the policy of deterring an attack on Saudi Arabia and ended up a champion of the Administration's position.) But the anger wasn't as bitter as that over aiding the Contras; many people on each side thought that the other side might have a point; people seemed to want to avoid bitterness. The issue was too big, and the political outcome too uncertain. Defense contractors also lobbied for the President's position. AIPAC turned loose its nationwide network of contributors, prominent businessmen, and social friends of members. It is impossible to get inside a politician's head and know what combination of factors—merits, Presidential calculations or other long-term ambitions, friendships—motivated him. The politician himself may not know.

There is good reason to suspect that some members of Congress voted to continue sanctions in the comfortable knowledge that their position wouldn't prevail—and they wouldn't have to live with the consequences. Not all those who voted for the resolution to keep sanctions in place longer, with the use of force as an eventual option, actually thought that the option should be used. Some Democrats reasoned that, either way, this would be Bush's war—if it was politically successful, he would get the credit, and if it wasn't he would get the blame—so there was more percentage in voting against it. For some Democrats, arguing that sanctions should be stayed with longer was a way of extending the horizon, buying time and hoping something would happen. Senate Armed Services Committee Chairman Sam Nunn's support for the sanctions approach was a major factor in making the vote closer in the Senate (where the sanctions approach was defeated by a vote of 46–53) than it was in the House (where staying with sanctions was defeated 183–250). Nunn, who had been a strong supporter of the military (thus sometimes putting himself at odds with his fellow-Democrats), gave other Senate Democrats "cover" for voting against the use of force.

Nunn, who had said that the use of force is "justified" but not necessarily "wise" or "in our national interest," was a co-sponsor of the sanctions resolution. That he played such a prominent role was a surprise to the White House, which had expected him to go with what was becoming the prevailing wind in Washington—and to not confront the President on such an issue. Nunn was (and remains) convinced that sanctions were wrecking Iraq's economy and weakening its ability to maintain its military machine, and that, over time, this might have ended with an uprising against Hussein (we have seen successful uprisings against brutal dictators in the past year), if not a withdrawal from Kuwait. Even if it hadn't, Nunn's thinking went, the Iraqi military machine would be all the weaker the longer sanctions remained in place. Nunn was also concerned about the long-term effects of the war.

Because the vote was so close in the Senate, some Democrats there were angry with Majority Leader George Mitchell (whom they generally admire) for not having called them into session in early December, shortly after Nunn held his hearings that bolstered the sanctions cause, when the momentum on Capitol Hill seemed to be going their way. They argue that if the vote had been taken then they could have stopped the war. But it is quite likely that even if there had been such a Senate vote Bush would have found a way to go to war. House Speaker Thomas Foley argues that in December some people who opposed going to war would have voted its authorization—following upon the United Nations vote—on the ground that this gave the President another means of diplomatically pressuring Saddam Hussein to withdraw. Since Bush was publicly arguing then that he needed the threat of force in order to reach a peaceful resolution of the matter, many Democrats were painfully aware that if they voted to deny him that authority they would be accused of undermining the President's diplomatic efforts. Also, at the time the White House didn't want a vote (there had been a fierce internal argument over this), because Foley had warned the President it would be a contentious and close one. When the Democratic leadership held off the vote in December, it was aware that the President's position would gain strength with the passage of time if diplomatic efforts failed and Hussein didn't withdraw.

Shortly after the New Year, the White House, discerning that it had the votes in both the House and the Senate, decided that it was preferable to have a close vote rather than no vote at all—and that this would remove the argument that the President was going to war without regard for Congress's opinion. Many members—even supporters of the President's policy—were insisting upon Congress's constitutional prerogative of being the institution that can declare war. In the end, the constitutional issue wasn't so much settled as detoured. At the same time that the White House was changing its mind on having a vote, many Democrats, including the congressional leadership, were concluding that to continue to forestall a vote on the issue was untenable. Besides, liberals were clamoring for a vote before a war began. They wanted to go on record. They got their vote. The Democratic leadership quietly asked the President for his assurance that he wouldn't start the war before they had a chance to vote, sometime around or just after January 15th, and the President replied that he could make no such guarantees.

The resolution that was adopted by both chambers on January 12th didn't

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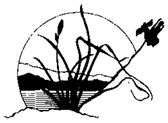

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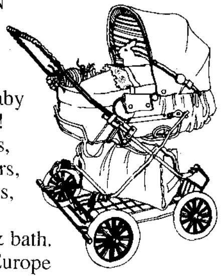
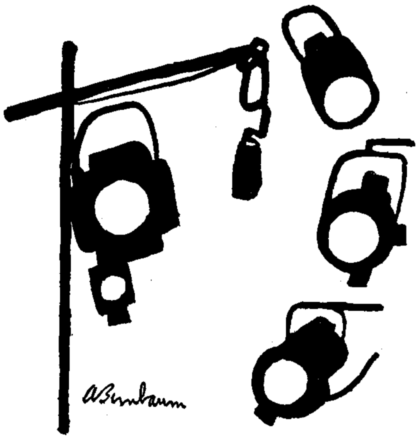


declare war, but everyone knew—or should have known—that that was its effect. To the end, some of its supporters were arguing that it was simply a diplomatic maneuver. As Foley warned the House in his speech on Saturday, just before the vote, "Do not do it"—authorize the President to use force—"under the notion that you merely hand him another diplomatic tool. . . . The President has signalled no doubt about this. He has said again and again that if given the power he may well use it, perhaps sooner than we realize." (At the breakfast the day before, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney had quietly told some congressmen, in effect, "Don't vote for this if you think we're not going.") Many members of Congress were angry at being put in such a position: they had been presented with a fait accompli, and vowed, "Never again." A President had found a new way to take the country to war. In an irony of historic proportions, several Democrats were hoist: over the years, they had argued against the United States' taking unilateral action in foreign crises. But George Bush, by working multilaterally through the United Nations (and unilaterally making troop commitments), had rendered Congress irrelevant.

IN the days immediately following the vote, as the deadline approached, Washington became increasingly sombre. Even many of those who wanted a war became solemn. For those who had hoped that such an outcome could be averted, there was a feeling of helplessness. As the last hopes for a diplomatic settlement evaporated—Pérez de Cuéllar's mission to Baghdad failed, the French proposal failed, a last-minute appeal on the night of the fifteenth by Pérez de Cuéllar went unanswered—an almost surreal atmosphere settled over the capital. The Administration was set against anything that might enable Saddam Hussein to postpone the deadline—the only thing it would have accepted, officials said, was the sudden and unmistakable movement of masses of Iraqi soldiers north, out of Kuwait. It had also decided not to attack immediately after the deadline, because we would look too eager, but to attack soon, so as to make the deadline real. (Actually, there had been some confusion as to exactly when the deadline expired, and it was finally decided that that would occur at midnight, Eastern Standard Time.) An early attack would also preëmpt any efforts to delay by Saddam Hussein. People outside the Administration spent a lot of time speculating as to when the attack might come—some continuing to disbelieve it might happen. (The Pentagon leaked dates that turned out to be later than the attack.) Worry and anxiety ran deep. On Capitol Hill, members felt it inappropriate to introduce bills, or go about their business as if nothing else were going on. One senator quietly instructed his staff not to schedule political events in February—he would probably need the time, he said, to attend funerals. A senator said to me on the afternoon of the sixteenth, "It seems like everything has stopped." Another senator said that he had gone to the senators' private dining room expecting his colleagues to talk about the impending war, but "they were talking about what's going on in the Ethics Committee—nobody wanted to talk about the war."

Two days before the war began, the President was described to me, by someone who had seen him recently, as convinced we could have a short war, and prepared to wage it—as "very composed." Around the same time, a very senior Administration official said that the policymakers took as their model previous short Middle East wars—the Six-Day War, in 1967, and the 1973 "Yom Kippur War," which lasted eighteen days. The open terrain in the Middle East, he said, is conducive to short wars, and to an air war. On the sixteenth, members of Congress and their staffs received briefings on potential terrorist acts on Capitol Hill and elsewhere, and came away shaken. The sixteenth was a gray, cold, rainy day—almost eerily still. People had run out of things to say to each other, and seemed to clasp the silence to them, knowing it wouldn't last.



BY the first weekend after the war had begun, Administration officials knew that they were in for a trickier and more difficult situation than they had anticipated. They hadn't foreseen the difficulty of removing the Iraqis' Soviet-designed mobile Scud missiles. It was clear over the first weekend that they had no idea how many of those missiles Iraq still had. The continued search for Scud launchers diverted attacks from other planned targets. Though an Iraqi attack on Israel had been seen as a possibility for months, its actual occurrence, a week ago yesterday, came as a shock even to people within the Administration, and sent them into an intense late-night session in Scowcroft's office, seeking to contain the Israeli reaction and reaffirm our Arab allies' promises to not leave the coalition if Israel retaliated. (Baker had gone over this with them beforehand.) Israel retained the right to respond—it had to, given its history—but assured the Administration it wouldn't do so immediately. The cloud cover over Iraq for a few days after the first night made our air attacks more difficult, as it did finding out the effects of the raids. The inability to quickly sever the Iraqi command-and-control system was another frustration. (The Soviets are said to have taught their clients to build in a lot of redundancy.) For some time, there had been arguments within the Administration over the nature, timing, and efficacy of a ground war against Iraqi troops in Kuwait. In his testimony last December, Colin Powell, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said that we would wage "a combined overwhelming air-land-sea campaign," but in the weeks leading up to the war those in the Pentagon who had wanted to use the ground troops sooner rather than later were restrained—there were two schools of thought even within the Army—and the early success of the air war pushed the ground war back further. A number of officials—in Congress as well as within the Administration—worried that the ground war would lead to a lot of body bags, and undermine public support for the war. After the war is over, we will learn a lot more about the controversy over the ground war, but it clearly has been going on in several forms. Earlier, civilian officials had been concerned that the military was intent on sending in ground troops to meet the Iraqi forces head on—on engaging in what some civilians referred to as a "Wilderness strategy"—and this strategy was eventually changed.

At the end of the first week, in light of our early successes, there was still some hope that not much use would have to be made of the ground troops—this depended on breaking the will of the Iraqi soldiers—and much of the early talk of an impending ground war was a deliberate attempt to keep Iraqi ground troops pinned down in place, so as to make the air war against them more successful. Though the President tried to tamp down the early days' "euphoria," the military's official public briefings remained upbeat. At the first weekend, some people in and out of the Administration thought that the war might last only two weeks—if there was a psychological breakdown of the Iraqi Army within that period of time. If that didn't happen, the estimates were that the war could take anywhere from thirty days to four months—perhaps longer. (When the war began, some former military officials were pessimistic about its being short.) But our leafletting of ground troops in Kuwait, urging them to give up, hadn't yet led to as many defections as had been hoped, and the question remained of what effect the bombing by B-52s of the Republican Guard, Iraq's best troops, would have. At that point, it wasn't known how many planes might be remaining in underground hangars, and whether those planes could get off the ground despite our bombing of runways. The early success of some of the high-tech weapons we used has led those who had championed them—this includes Nunn and Vice-President Dan Quayle—to feel vindicated, and may have breathed new life into the Strategic Defense Initiative, of which the Patriot missile that had intercepted Scuds is an offshoot. The frustration that the mobile Scuds have caused us has given new hope to the champions of mobile land-based missiles. People who had supported the war felt that Hussein's behavior in the first few days made their point.

By Wednesday, with the war one week old, the reality had set in here that it wouldn't be a quick one—in any event, not a two-week one. Saddam Hussein, who had kept our officials guessing for months about his intentions, is now keeping them guessing about his military strategy. It appears that he's held back his own force more than our military planners had anticipated, and though we have had substantial military successes, he appears to have large numbers of aircraft intact, not to mention his as yet unused artillery. He has been able to repair airfields, and make it appear that repaired facilities are still damaged (to prevent another attack). He still has command-and-control capability, and there is no sign yet that his army is collapsing. (Though it has said it isn't "targetting" him, the Administration undoubtedly wouldn't mind if Hussein himself was removed by a bomb—but the military, perhaps with past embarrassments in mind, has always expressed doubt whether it could find him.) By the end of one week, the allied forces had conducted more than twelve thousand air sorties—the most intensive air campaign in history. Powell said this week, "I think we have been awfully good in avoiding collateral damage"—civilian casualties. There is much about this war we don't know—for example, what effects the B-52 raids on Iraqi troops are having (it's hard to tell whether one has hit a man in a hole), or even what the B-52s are actually doing—and the Pentagon is exercising unusually tight control over the information it is giving out. Much of this control is valid, in order not to give the Iraqis useful information, but some of it is questionable. Inevitably, tension has arisen between the press and the Pentagon, and at Wednesday's White House briefing Fitzwater said that calls had been running a hundred to one saying that the press was reporting "too much information that could be helpful to the enemy." It seems a little early for that.

The briefing this past Wednesday by Cheney and Powell—their first since the morning after the war began—was one more exercise in mood-alteration by the Pentagon as well as a defensive design to get more information out. By the time of this briefing, the news about the war had been fairly sobering, so Cheney and Powell appeared to be trying both to give a more positive picture of events and to warn against too much optimism. It had been in part their own demeanor (and in part the apparent

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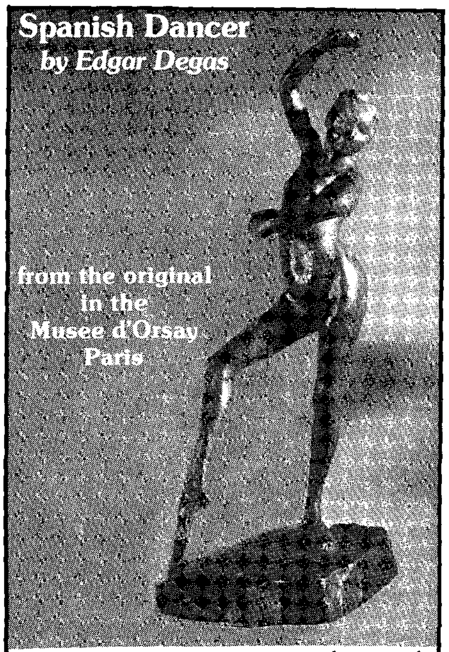

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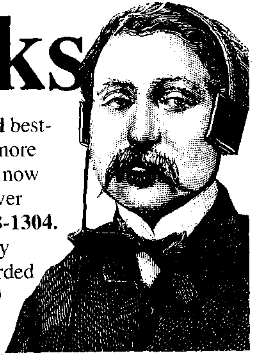

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immediate successes and lack of Iraqi response) in briefings on the first night of the war and the next morning—even though they had struck a cautionary note—that led people to think the war would be quick and easy. Powell's saying that the strategy toward the Iraqi army in Kuwait is "First we're going to cut it off and then we're going to kill it" wasn't meant to convey, another official says, that the entire Iraqi Army must be destroyed.

This week, members of Congress—while complaining about the lack of information in their own briefings—settled into the idea that this is a real war, not the video game, or cakewalk, it had appeared at first. Yesterday, Fitzwater said, "We would prefer not to talk in terms of days or weeks but months." Numerous members were becoming anxious. Some who had supported the war were visibly upset. "They had supported a short war," one of their colleagues said. There's also deepening worry about how much the war will cost, and what that will do to our already troubled economy. About a possible ground war, Powell said that the Army was ready to "finish off the job should that be necessary." The question of whether there should be a ground war, or how soon there should be one, is becoming the new political issue about this war. The Scud mobile launchers continue to elude us—it came out this week that Iraq is deploying decoys—and there has arisen the possibility that Iraq might be able to build new mobile launchers. In the briefing, Powell said, "We're dealing with an enemy that is resourceful . . . that is ingenious." Tel Aviv's actually being hit earlier this week—and Israel's immediate forbearance—seems to have done wonders (for the moment, at least) for the relationship between the Bush Administration and Israel, which had been quite strained. Israel still said that it would respond; attempts are being made to find a way to do that without Israel's getting into military conflict with Jordan. There is still a question of whether Iraq is able to put its chemical capability on the Scuds. Powell said Wednesday that we now had air superiority. Though he said that Iraq's two nuclear reactors had been destroyed, there remains some question of whether it still has radioactive material it could spread through something other than a bomb. Powell also said that we have concentrated on destroying chemical-weapons manufacturing facilities but haven't gone after all possible chemical weapons because "there are hundreds of bunkers out there" that contain such weapons and it "would have been a waste of our effort" to try to destroy them all. Powell added that the Iraqis still have a "chemical-weapons capability"—that is, chemically equipped artillery, the ability to drop chemicals from airplanes (as Iraq had done to the Kurds)—that is "still a threat to allied forces in the region." For this and other reasons Cheney said, "There may well be surprises ahead for us." Today, there was another, large, Scud attack on Israel; the Patriots we supplied and helped man intercepted most or all of the Scuds, but the falling debris causes casualties and damage. There were also Scud attacks on Saudi Arabia. This afternoon, Fitzwater announced that the Iraqis had dumped huge quantities of Kuwaiti crude oil into the Persian Gulf.

SINCE the war began, Washington has been a subdued place. The war has displaced virtually everything else. There is an awareness that something *terrible* is going on in the Baltics, and that Gorbachev has either lost control of the Soviet Union or thrown in with reactionary forces in order to try to hold the union together—it seems to hardly matter which—yet all but a very few people in the Administration have difficulty concentrating on that. Most of us are prisoners of our television sets; idle chatter about other matters, when we try to get off the subject, is strained, but many of us feel talked out about the war, too. We go about our business with a certain grimness. We have been through big events before and found them exciting, but this one is different. On the eve of the war, a journalist friend of mine said, "This is the biggest story of my life, but I don't feel any exhilaration." Large social events already scheduled have been toned down, and some canceled; small dinner parties already planned go forward—people tended to want to be with friends the night the war began—but no one feels like planning any future ones. Our normal lives are suspended. The war makes many of our decisions for us. We know that sometime life will get back to normal, but at the moment that seems almost as hard to envision as did, no matter how much we thought about it, the realities of war. —ELIZABETH DREW

BOOKS

Dynasty

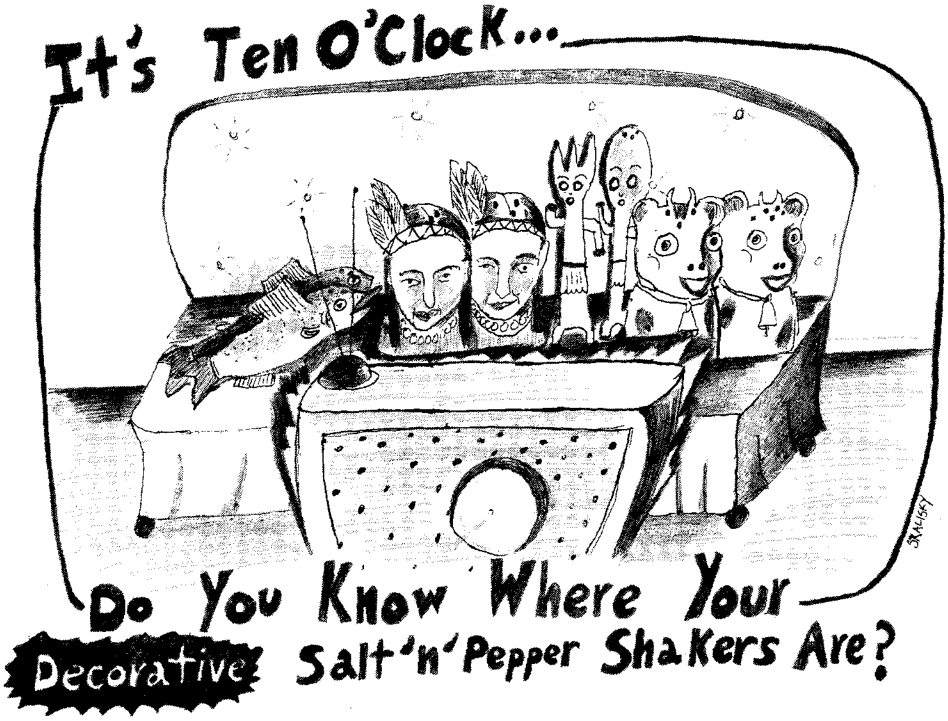
"YOU can't hurt me!" little John Barrymore would call out to the evil spirits in the attic. "I have a wonderful power!" The entire family had a wonderful power: the titanic matriarch, Louisa Lane (Mrs. John) Drew, representing what was already the third generation of an acting dynasty; her droll comedienne of a daughter, Georgiana; Georgie's dashing husband, Maurice Barrymore; and, especially, Georgie and Maurice's three children, Lionel, Ethel, and John. They thrived in an age, the last third of the nineteenth century and the first third of the twentieth, when the very basis of theatre was the presentation of remarkable personalities—not playwrights, not directors, and not even actors so much as fascinating people. Looks and an air were everything. After Presidents, victorious generals, and tycoons, Richard Mansfield, Lillian Russell, Mrs. Fiske, James O'Neill, Maude Adams, William Gillette, and their colleagues were our national figures.

The Drews and Barrymores stand out even in that colorful company for the archetypal nature of their personal lives. This is a readable family, from any point of view. Reconstructive-sociohistoric: Mrs. Drew, perhaps alone among women in her day, ran her own theatre (and seems to have borne an illegitimate child). Adventurous-ironic-tragic: Maurice Barrymore was involved in an outrageous murder case in Texas; wrote the play that Victorien Sardou stole to create "La Tosca," the source of Puccini's opera; and died literally raving mad. Cultural-panoramic: Lionel, Ethel, and John Barrymore symbolized the stage actor's relation to film, in Lionel's embrace of it, Ethel's shudder at it, John's amiable degeneration in it. Many have written about these lives, including the Drews and Barrymores themselves—six of them, all blithely uninvolved in their own books, some of which were so heavily ghosted that the subjects are scarcely to be detected under the sheets. Lionel's "We Barrymores" is an effective Halloween costume: Who's there? And Ethel's "Memories" is a portrait with all the paint wiped clean: No one's there.

Ruthless outsiders can squeeze the Drew reticence, shake the Barrymore insouciance. It may help if a biographer likes or admires his subject, but, even so, he must be ruthless. James Kotsilibas-Davis's "Great Times, Good Times: The Odyssey of Maurice Barrymore" tells us a lot about the man who invigorated Drew gravity with a lazily swaggering sense of devilry—an astonishing amount of information, considering that the book was published in 1977, seventy-two years after Maurice died. Barry, as he was known to his friends, comes alive.

His children have been more elusive. Gene Fowler's "Good Night, Sweet Prince: The Life and Times of John Barrymore"—a number-one best-seller on its publication, in 1944—is, if nothing else, a wryly loving portrait by a close friend of some thirty years' standing. But it *is* nothing else. And John Kobler's "Damned in Paradise: The Life of John Barrymore", of 1977, expands Fowler's survey only slightly, presenting a more critical view of the same facts. Barrymore might have become (may well have been) America's finest actor. He ended up as Hollywood's biggest joke, sloshing to the floor during takes, reading his lines off slates, and forever playing an irreverently gambolling wreck: himself. In this, Fowler sees the noble renegade, biting his thumb at his genes, at tradition and the stage, at the very notion of a Drew, a Barrymore. Kobler sees the apostate—or, at least, a man who traded something that meant a great deal to many people for something that was meaningless even to him.

It is worth noting that, aside from the six family autobiographies, books on the Drew-Barrymore line tackle either the whole crowd or the wild men—father Maurice and son John. The two were much alike. Both had immense charm and wit. Both harbored dreams of being graduated to "higher" vocations—playwriting, in Maurice's case; drawing, in John's. Both were alcoholic, womanizing rowdies, unavailable husbands and fathers, the kind of men who spend their time with other men. Both continually disappointed enthusiasts of their talent, and both ended in disaster, Maurice dying of paresis, and John going off on a suicidal bender that lasted twenty years. But Maurice, whose best roles were in such works as "Captain Swift," "Roaring Dick & Co.," and "The Heart of Maryland," is long forgotten today, rubble in an archeologist's dig. The name is famous, but Maurice isn't. John, however, is very much with us, not only in his still vital legend but in movies first-rate ("Twentieth Century," "Dinner at Eight," "Counsellor-at-Law"), amusing ("Midnight," "Romeo and Juliet"), poor ("Marie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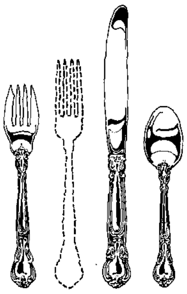

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Antoinette"), even ridiculous ("Rasputin and the Empress"), even unspeakable ("Moby Dick"). John is the ultimate Barrymore—the most charming, the most beautifully accursed of them all. Mrs. John Drew, poor Georgiana, and Maurice died with their age, but John spans eras, with, on the one hand, a "Hamlet" designed to run just long enough to break Edwin Booth's record in the part and, on the other hand, "Don Juan," the first feature film with a soundtrack. And it is not only the work that intrigues but the life. John may have struck attitudes—a reasonable release for an imaginative child neglected by his parents and reared by a tyrant grandmother—but he quietly, steadily, and fiercely nourished a doom so electrically stubborn that Eugene O'Neill, another scion of the gilded stage, might have feared to set it down.

So writers tend to focus on John. Ethel baffles them; Lionel is embarrassing. At least, Ethel was glamorous—Alice Roosevelt's only rival, in the early nineteen-hundreds, as the Great American Girl. When a yacht that Ethel was cruising on happened to pass a ship in distress, one headline ran "ETHEL BARRYMORE SEES VESSEL SINK." And Ethel was witty and Ethel was cantankerous—a tempting combination for the chronicler. Like Thomas Beecham and Samuel Goldwyn, she is a stockpile of anecdotes: on her deathbed, when a friend, keeping the conversation up as Ethel's mind wanders, mentions that Bette Davis and Gary Merrill are touring in a poetry concert, "The World of Carl Sandburg," Ethel suddenly murmurs, "Thanks for the warning."

What lay between Ethel's mots is all mystery, because that's how Ethel wanted it. Lionel is harder still. When Cameron Shipp worked with him on "We Barrymores"—in fact, wrote it, on information he pulled from Lionel like teeth—he found that Lionel could say nothing about the eighteen years during which he was married to his first wife. He didn't even recall her name. When Shipp tried to rally his memory with a few facts, Lionel simply cried, "*Well*, you don't *say!*"—which sounds uncannily like the codgers Lionel played in so many movies. All the world's a stage, because those Barrymores never quite came off it. Meeting the tetchy, offensive old bohemian Sadakichi Hartmann (Fowler tells us), John observed, "What a wonderful part you would be for Lionel!"

SO it is with pleasure that we greet Margot Peters' "The House of Barrymore" (Knopf; $29.95), because, for the first time, all three of the children with the wonderful power are pulled off that stage of theirs and brought to book. Peters' endpapers bear the Lane-Drew-Barrymore line to eight generations, but the dust-jacket photographs tell us whom the chronicle weighs upon: Lionel, Ethel, and John. Peters enjoys crucial advantages over her predecessors—surpassing scholarship, for one. Fowler, Kobler, Kotsilibas-Davis, and others have been consulted, along with primary sources. But Peters' investigation was dense and insistent, as her notes, which run to sixty-seven pages, reveal. Her honesty, too, affirms her book's superiority. If Fowler is little more than a eulogizer, Kobler is so discreet that he can seem unknowing, like the Barrymores themselves. He is comfortable with the debunked theory that John Gilbert's movie career collapsed because his "natural voice was thin and reedy," whereas Peters, well aware of the vendetta that L. B. Mayer was running against Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's biggest male star, tells us, "His voice was quite low, though lacking warmth. What seems to have sunk him is how he was made to use it." Peters raises a point apparently never considered before: "His Glorious Night," the feature that at once heralded and destroyed the notion of a talking John Gilbert, was abysmally directed—possibly with L. B. Mayer's connivance—by Lionel.

Similarly, Kobler's treatment of Barrymore's relationship with the playwright Ned Sheldon typifies the sensibility that separates the prudent biographer from the eliciting one. It was Mercedes de Acosta, that professional intimate of other greats and near-greats, who first wrote that the mysterious crippling disease that turned Broadway's handsomest, merriest, and wisest young writer into a breathing corpse was a psychosomatic manifestation of Sheldon's terrified love for the virulently homophobic John. Medically, the case bewilders, but everything about Sheldon points to a tensely closeted homosexuality, and he and John were very close. Kobler quotes de Acosta only to suggest that

Sheldon's sexual frustration, if any there was, centered on the actress Doris Keane. Pushing the tragic Sheldon even deeper into the closet thirty years after his death serves neither history nor the reader. Peters' treatment of Sheldon is characteristic: graceful, forthright, and fair.

Peters has yet another advantage, readability. She is good company. And while some biographers run for stretches on automatic, Peters, one senses, is always reacting to the events she recounts. She is as interested as we are. Aren't all biographers? No—Kobler drones from time to time, as if his subject might be making one provincial tour too many, or taking too long to decline and fall at R.K.O., or getting divorced too often. Kotsilibas-Davis, generally straightforward, occasionally veers into a kind of literary hyperspeak, as here, on Maurice's last days:

> When his children visited, rationality was approximated only by aspersing what he imagined to be their current activities.

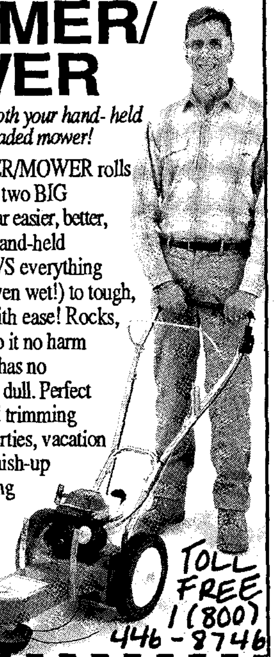
Fowler's style is the worst of the lot, polished but overinflected. Every page of "Good Night, Sweet Prince" is wreathed in newspaperese Proust. Here's Fowler on John's second marriage:

> The principals themselves, Michael Strange in a memoir *Who Tells Me True*, and Barrymore in his poppings-off to the recording angels of Park Row, alternately evidenced their ardor and their disillusionment. . . . They dressed alike for a time, a symbol of their unity; yet it also might have been a precautionary vesture designed by one to prevent the ego of the other from drawing ahead by so much as a stitch, seam, or button.

Lack of perspective is another problem built into Barrymore biographies. The writers are Barrymore buffs and seem to want to float like Barrymores. They get elegant and unreliable. Fowler's book constantly raises "Why?"s that he is unwilling to answer. Kobler, with access to Fowler's papers and more freedom to speak about the principals—all of them were dead by then—frames John's tale as rise and fall based upon simple self-destruction. Surely there's more to it—for one thing, a profound loneliness. As Peters emphasizes, the relative whom John was closest to was neither parent nor sibling but his formidable, unfondly loving grandmother Louisa Drew: "a rock to which [John] could cling . . . also a stone that could bruise." The self-protective bonhomie that John developed was in fact a kind of revenge—a restlessness, masked in charm, that created a chaos in everything, and especially in his love and work. Maurice, the stranger among Drews, originated the type—certainly he had the charm and applied the chaos. But John perfected the type with his wonderful power. This is the core of Peters' reading: how the dedicated but somewhat passionless Drews blended with the irresponsible but lovable Barrymores, yielding talent beyond definition. As the story runs, Louisa Drew loathes Maurice Barrymore, but Louisa's daughter finds him irresistible, to her sorrow. The daughter dies young, crying, "Oh, my poor kids, whatever will become of them?" They become great, varying in how well they cope with their inheritance—Ethel as Broadway's First Lady, Lionel as Hollywood's Grandpa, and John as the Adonis figure of early-twentieth-century American show business.

Laced into all this are career reversals, the evolution of theatre craft from era to era, the arrival of the talkie, the American meaning of stardom—and here, again, Peters' command of the background structures is impressive. She knows not only the Drews and Barrymores but also the people with whom they did their deals—the Charles Frohmans and Jack Warners, the Clyde Fitches and Augustus Thomases. Peters does not make us worry that she is guessing, or inadvertently recording other writers' mistakes, and she is as strong in detail as she is in her panoramas.

What is biography but data and perspective? The one builds the other, and that is why Ethel's "Memories," with its random selection of this and that, never provides a foundation upon which the platonic concept of Ethel Barrymore might be built; and it is why Fowler's delicately expurgated "Good Night, Sweet Prince" has all the great lines but only a ghost of a Hamlet. In Ethel's book, her marriage to the society wastrel Russell Colt is glossed over; in Peters' book, he beats her, and she divorces him. In Fowler's book, John is a man's man and woman's victim; in Peters' book, the women emerge as people, including even Elaine Barrie, John's twenty-year-old fourth wife (Ariel, as he described her, to his Caliban), who added to the air of recklessness and ruin in their abundantly publicized courtship, marriage, battles, and divorce, complete with ubiquitous



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mother-in-law and Barrie's artificial and temporary acting career.

Peters understands the nature of being famous in America. And one of the few things about the Barrymores that everyone agrees on is that they were celebrated. For what? Lionel seemed an opportunist to some, a stumbling, sweet also-ran to others. Ethel was a termagant, a loyalist, an élitist, a democrat, a great actress, a hypnotist of the green room. John was the greatest lover, wit, rogue, lush, and Hamlet of his day, and that sounds relatively wonderful, but try being related to him. His fans knew him better than his children did; he must have thought technical orphanhood the natural state.

At least, the three Barrymores were able to inherit their destiny with a sense of entitlement. Succeeding generations have been humiliated by the very weight of the names they bear. Peters is instructive not only about how the nature of being a Barrymore changed but about how their indicated workplace did:

> Analyzing why a tradition that had sustained an acting family for more than two hundred years suddenly collapsed is as complex as trying to analyze society itself. Yet surely a primary reason for the failure of the next generation is that a theatre of superstars no longer existed. . . . No one could have been Ethel Barrymore in the American theatre of the 1950's and 1960's. . . . The personal power of the actor had dwindled: from the all-powerful actor-managers to the stars created by impresarios . . . to the screen images created by Hollywood make-up and publicity departments, the director, and the camera.

Peters' book is a study in the perception and marketing of personality—in how quirky people turn themselves into artists. The Drews acted because it was the family business. Maurice Barrymore fell into it because it looked like fun. But to his three children it was something between a passion and a cross. All his life, Lionel maintained that he hated acting. He wanted to paint, and late in life he took up composing symphonic works. Ethel loved the stage, because it suited her notion of how glamour worked: someone beautiful happening into luxuriant stories and surrounded by worshippers. It's Ethel in Wonderland. John, too, might have been a painter; Fowler wistfully decorated the endpapers of "Good Night, Sweet Prince" with reproductions of John's drawings. Yet of the three it was John who most tested the limits of what the word "actor" meant to an audience: in incessantly closing his hits or varying his performances, because long runs bored him; in playing that legendary Hamlet and immediately fleeing to Hollywood, as if fearful that he had topped himself; in appearing in some of the best and the worst movies made in his time; and in making his Broadway comeback—his very next stage booking after "Hamlet"—in "My Dear Children," a sluggish farce prodded by John's ad libs, practical jokes on cast members, and other facetiae. (During the long Chicago run, Barrymore habitually answered the sound of police sirens with "My God, it's my wife!" One night, a truck backfired in reply: "And she's got her mother with her!") Some thought the whole thing a scandal, others an absurdly great occasion. Certainly the play, arriving just after John's explosive union with Elaine Barrie, made a statement about what Barrymore fame had come to mean, how thoroughly the Drew strains of neatness and dedication had been sucked out.

"My Dear Children" was but the latest in a long series of self-portraying roles, for John's film career had followed the public's perception of what John represented—and not just as a personality, for all movie stars of his day played themselves or exegetic variations of themselves. John was more than a personality; he was a public figure who had been absorbed by the movies. In this, again, he stands apart from his siblings. The public held no concept of Lionel. He could play Rasputin or Dr. Gillespie, the touchingly honorable shipping prince of "Dinner at Eight" or—the most hateful character available in golden-age Hollywood—the villain in the Frank Capra movie "It's a Wonderful Life." The public did entertain a particular idea about Ethel, the First Lady of the Stage. But, except in making seven films in 1917, she was not an energetic movie actress until the last years of her career.

Almost from the beginning, John was making movies about being what he was: "Don Juan," "When a Man Loves," "The Beloved Rogue," "The Mad Genius," "The Great Profile." Even in "Svengali," with the idol's awesome face masked behind globlike eyes and a lobster-claw beard, the lover's courtship rituals reduced to hypnotic manipulation, and the Apollo translated into a sort of Golem of the Opera—even then this odious construction remains John Barrymore. He is still the older man who enchants younger women, who quotes "Hamlet" in citing his credentials. He obviously relishes this holiday out of town, as if to say, "The less profile I show, the more profile I have." Svengali is John guying his reputation; sometimes he simply humiliated it. In the ghastly "Moby Dick," just a year before "Svengali," he plays his assigned combination of Ishmael and Ahab as an [illegible] escaped from a cage. He *jabbers*. But "Svengali" gives us some idea of John's electric stage presence. The film itself is silly, in the way early-nineteen-thirties Warner Brothers films always were when they strayed from their accustomed urban-American haunts. Peters is acute here:

> [John] allows enough male sexuality to burn through a repellent exterior to attract. The nose is the key. His own long, quivering nose was phallic; Svengali's nose is an exaggeration of that symbol, rapacious and sensual. . . . He is like a tomcat watching a mousehole.

Peters correctly notes the film's "vaudeville lines" and "a hodgepodge of nationalities: posters in French, Svengali calling girls 'Liebchen,' Svengali playing a 'tallyho' hunt song —where *are* we?" Typically, Fowler doesn't discuss the film itself, though he quotes John on the need for a first-rate Trilby and assures us that John's coaching of the feckless Marian Marsh was purely "pedagogical." Kobler is perfunctory. Clearly, he has seen the film, but he fails to run it for us.

Yet John's movie work is essential witness, the saga of how one kind of American stardom turned into another kind while everyone in the country was watching. We see this in John, perhaps, more than in anyone else, for while countless stage actors were drawn to film, John remained the great apostate to two generations of theatregoers. Even then, everyone knew: Warner Brothers flourished their catch as "Mr. John Barrymore"—not just [illegible] movie actor but an *actor*. A thespian, the real thing. Then, a decade later, to the dismay of writers on the theatre beat, John is Hollywood property, a "character actor," inevitable in everything from Shakespeare to operetta, yet strangely extraneous, a joker in the deck, one of those guys who once played Hamlet. Still, how relieved he seems, as Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet" or as the down-

and-out matinée idol in "Dinner at Eight," not to have to be Mr. John Barrymore anymore, to be neither beloved nor rogue. To play the fool. He is a knowing fool, his own joker—unlike, for instance, Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, his so studious Romeo and Juliet, or Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who overpopulate "Maytime" while John catnaps. Well, they were movie stars. John was an actor.

In most of his movies, he runs on remote control, unless something in the script or in his fellow-actors startles him—or unless he can don the madcap, again "Twentieth Century," in which all his wicked humor and limitlessly inventive technique are poured into an over-the-top impersonation of Jed Harris as a Marx Brother. We see him superbly but prudently filling in the details of the Jewish Wasp in "Counsellor-at-Law," or throwing his entire part of "Grand Hotel" to Garbo in sheer worship, and we wonder what this man believed in. Now he really is a great actor, really *Mr. John Barrymore*, mannered but sharply aware of how the thespian presents himself onscreen—the John of "A Bill of Divorcement," say. Then he's a wage-earner waiting for someone to call "Cut!"—the John of "Night Flight." Now he's presenting outrageous old-man shtick in "Topaze," rivalling Lionel in the art of doodling around in the text. Then he's knowing and sophisticated in "Midnight," going Paramount with Claudette Colbert and the director Mitchell Leisen. And, finally, he's a tragic joke in "Bulldog Drummond" sequels and things like "Nightclub Scandal" and "Hold That Coed." How did he regard Hollywood? As vacation? Apotheosis? Corruption?

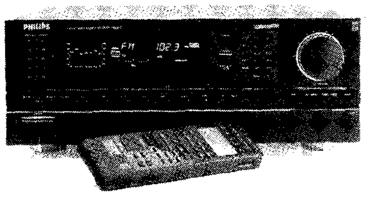
A major part of the Barrymore saga is how all three, sooner or later, abandoned the stage for films: Lionel so early he was there at Biograph with D. W. Griffith, Little Mary, and the Gish sisters; John a decade later; and Ethel, at last, as a gesture of helplessness, needing money and fearing retirement. In fact, Lionel, despite the occasional stage success, did not find himself till he reached Hollywood. If John was Broadway's loss, Lionel was Hollywood's company man. Not only did he direct as well as act but he notoriously sided with L. B. Mayer when Metro proposed cutting salaries during the Depression, then turned rightward politically, in the Metro manner—so much so that Eleanor Roosevelt had to object, decisively, when Lionel was to be cast as F.D.R. in "The Beginning or the End."

Lionel virtually *is* the movies: who else (other than Lillian Gish) churned out two-reelers in 1912 and was still playing leads in the nineteen-fifties? Yet can anyone name a great Lionel performance, or even a very good one? Like John, he is at his worst when contemptuous of his scripts: watch the two of them, cast as detective (Lionel) and thief (John) in "Arsène Lupin," ridicule their parts as they play them. Lionel never stops sneering, and John is either making faces or not listening.

Give Lionel a sharp director, however, and he'll work a little, as in "Sweepings," a long-forgotten 1933 B film from R.K.O. about the rise of a department-store magnate whose empire is threatened by disappointing progeny. Perhaps Lionel was responding to the director, John Cromwell—a surprisingly hard-edged naturalist for his day. Or perhaps Lionel was attracted by the irony of appearing in "Sweepings," with its view of a dynasty deconstructed, for here is the tale of a man with a wonderful power who cannot pass the magic on to his children—and Lionel, to the end of his life, insisted that he, alone among the Barrymores, had all the magic of a plumber.

Whatever the reason, "Sweepings" shows Lionel actually trying to place his character, *gauge* his performance. The results are erratic. Lionel's idea of playing a young man is to not overact, and he expresses aging by doing more and more with his eyes and hands, until at last, in a wheelchair, he has become Lionel Barrymore. Yet it's a refined Lionel, the clichés distilled. For once, he's not just playing business but listening to the story. Maybe his problem wasn't lack of magic but possession of the wrong kind. John and Ethel had the wild magic, genius. Lionel was a sort of thoroughbred workhorse, brilliant—they were all brilliant—but unwilling to be challenged.

So he took the easy road. He became the most strenuously mannered of actors, beyond ham—a turkey, so greasily overstuffed that when Mickey Rooney caricatures him in "Babes in Arms" it's less exaggeration than replica. But if



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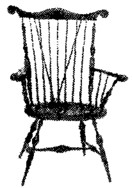

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Ethel loved acting, and John grew into it, Lionel considered it no more than the family trade, onerous yet unavoidable. Acting wasn't a calling but an occupation—what happens to plumbers. Lionel's performances, then, are perhaps less good or bad than appropriate. He was what Hollywood needed at the time from a pungently grouchy older man—from what in Vincent Crummles' day was known as the Heavy Father. Within this compass, Lionel makes his points—as when the rampaging Marie Dressler challenges him for the early-talkie ham championship in "Dinner at Eight" and Lionel responds with insidiously expert underplaying; and even in "It's a Wonderful Life," when his outrageous roaring and gasping are precisely what Capra needs to set the scoundrelly Lionel apart from the rest of Capratown, decent people who might have gone rotten but for the redeeming influence of St. Jimmy Stewart. Here Lionel is more than appropriate: he's definitive. He did, after all, create something immortal in Hollywood history, the "Lionel Barrymore type"—and, in Barrymore style, he began to cart it around offscreen. Introduced to a teen-age nephew, Lionel grabs the kid by the lapels, and wheezes, "Ee, how *are* you, boy?"

Peters is as careful a spectator of Lionel's films as she is of John's, but Ethel somewhat outwits her: the youthful films are lost and the later ones are probably not representative of Ethel's stage charm and ingenuity. Surely "Rasputin and the Empress"—the sole time the three Barrymores appeared in a single work—marks nothing more than a wish to take the money and run. Twelve years later, however, "None But the Lonely Heart" gives us a taste of what Ethel might have been like onstage, with her forty-six different Ambiguous Smiles (regretful-patient, mollified yet quizzical, bitterly pensive, and the rest), the intensity with which she listens to her fellow-players, so that one loses the line while concentrating on Ethel, and the way she strolls out of the frame as if confident that she's taking the whole movie with her. (She is.) This is not the glamorous Ethel, though R.K.O. bills her, John style, as "Miss Ethel Barrymore," as if reclaiming the Great American Girl who charmed Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines when divorce was a scandal and Fort Lee, New Jersey, was the movie capital of the world. In the film, she is not only aged but a Cockney pawnbroker; she does have Cary Grant for a son, though. Grant, confronted with the most gifted scene-stealer he has faced since his turns with Mae West at Paramount a decade earlier, works hard—dancing eyes, sudden turns, manfully worried frowns—but Ethel eats him with a spoon.

The Barrymores knew how. One thinks of Garson Kanin's awed description of John's ability to produce tears in varying sizes and styles when Kanin directed "The Great Man Votes" (recalled in Kanin's book "Hollywood" and quoted in Peters). "Did you like that little one first and then the big one," John asked Kanin, "or would it be better with the big one first and then the little one?" Kanin was awed because he came from a theatre that was working its way into feelings and naturalism. The Barrymores were reared in a theatre that knew only technique and style.

Understanding such distinctions is what makes a sound theatre biography. Too many writers seem to feel that the life is the life: encounters, itineraries, spouses, conversations. The life is also the work: what the plays were like; how the public regarded them; what an intellectual might have thought of Charles Frohman or Elaine Barrie; what is wonderful and what is power. Margot Peters has managed to trace the personality through the work, showing—as she did in her admirable "Mrs. Pat: The Life of Mrs. Patrick Campbell"—a keen predilection for and understanding of the entertainments of the day. The Barrymores' work was charm; Peters comprehends it. She knows why Lionel would go through life frustrated and insecure, why Winston Churchill adored Ethel, why John was allowed to make movies long after he had declared himself unsafe. God, to have known them! "What impressed you most about Jack?" Gene Fowler asked his son, and Will Fowler answered, "He was so young. He never seemed old, never at any time, and that was a wonderful thing." One might say a wonderful power.—ETHAN MORDDEN

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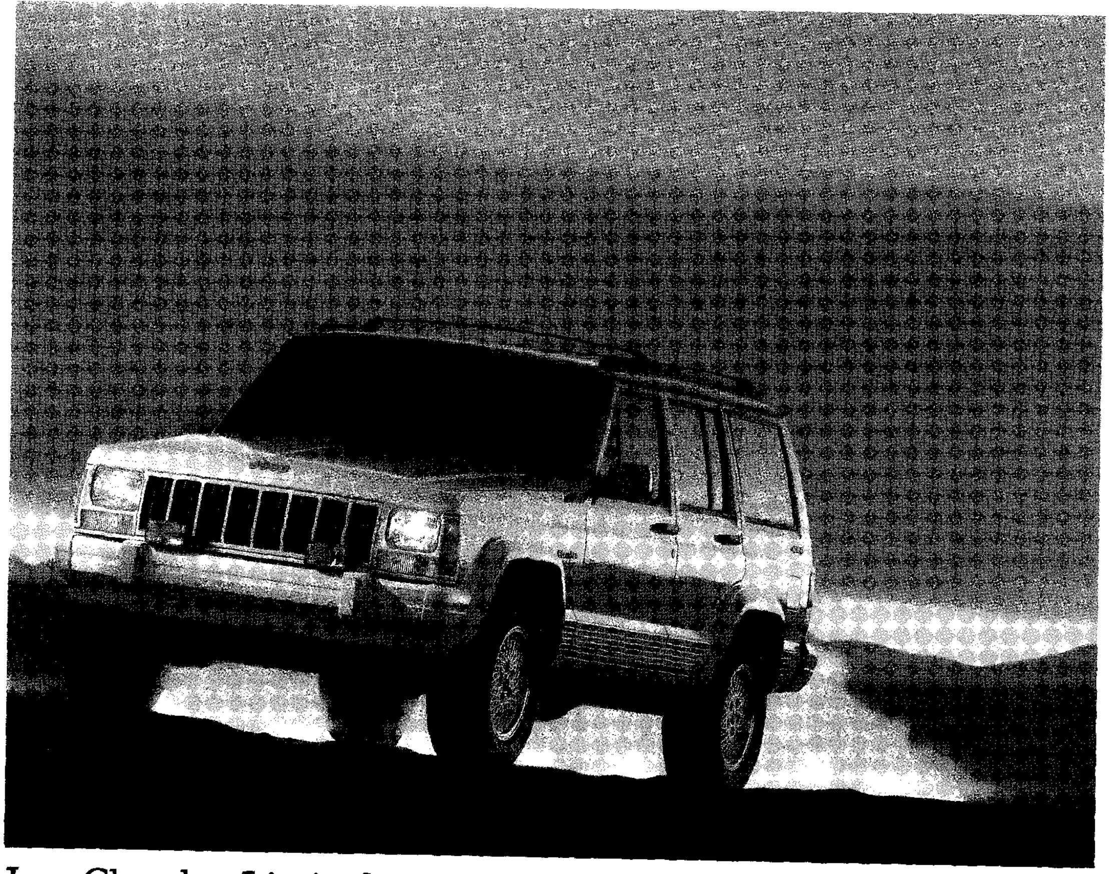

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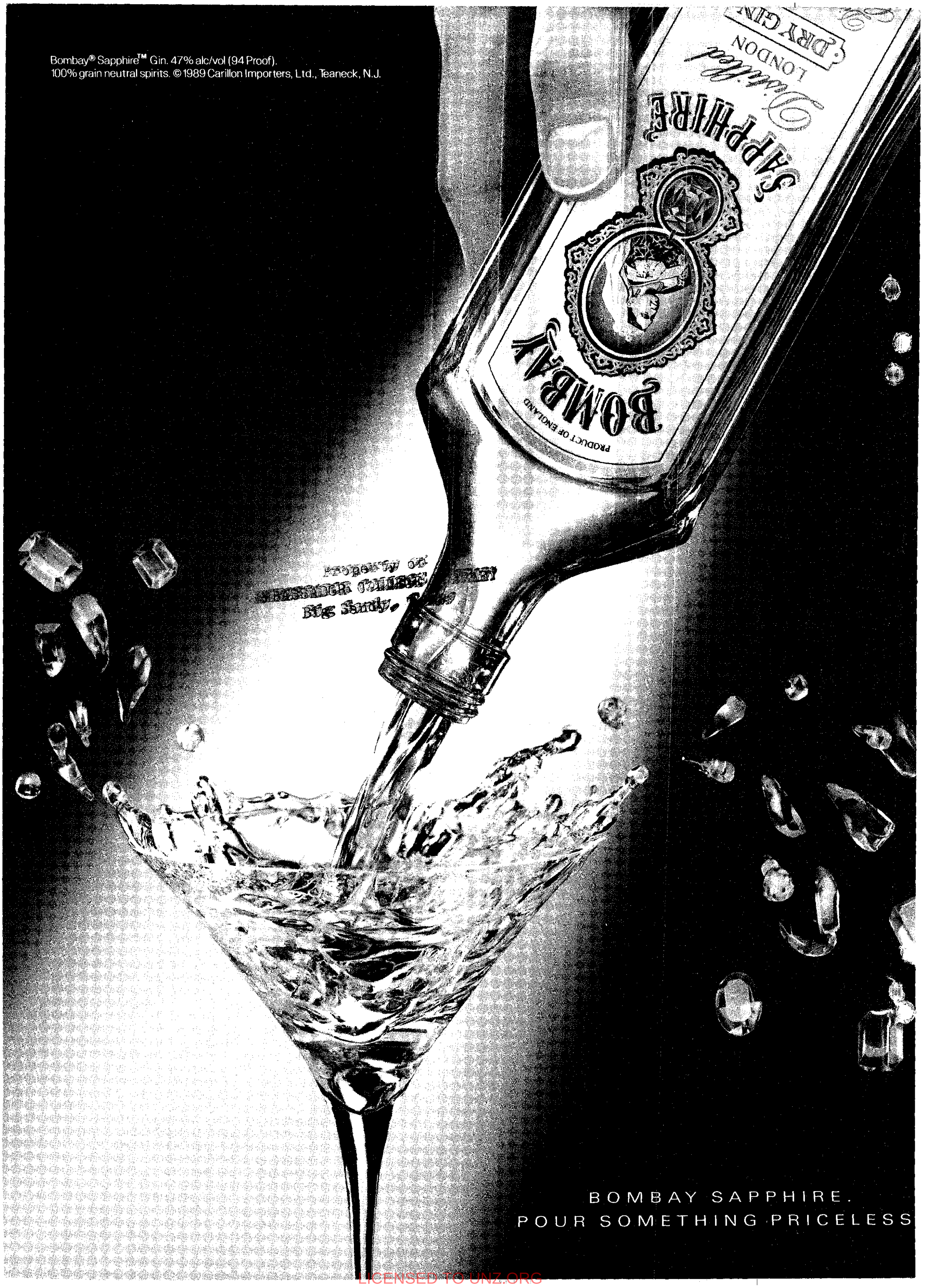
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